

*The*  
AMERICAN  
HYMNAL

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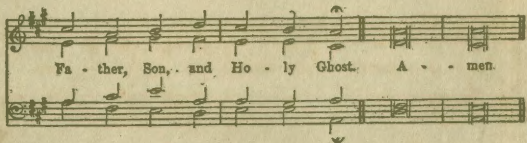
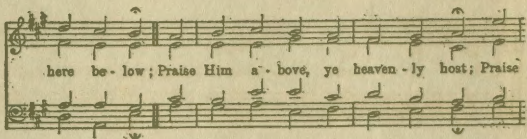
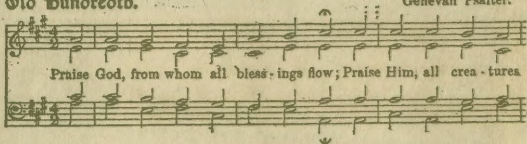
Praise ye the Lord, Sing unto the  
Lord a new song, and his praise in  
the congregation of saints.

59  
247  
PSALM CXLIX. I.

### The Dorology.

Old Hundredth.

Genevan Psalter.

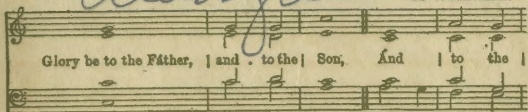


Praise ye the Lord: for it is good  
to sing praises unto our God; for it  
is pleasant; and praise is comely.

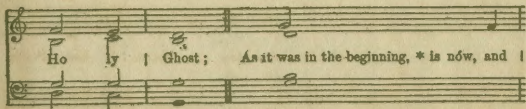
PSALM CXLVII. 1.

Gloria Patri.

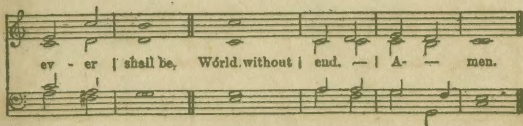
*Handwritten signature* R. WOODWARD.



Glory be to the Fátter, | and . to the | Son, And | to the |

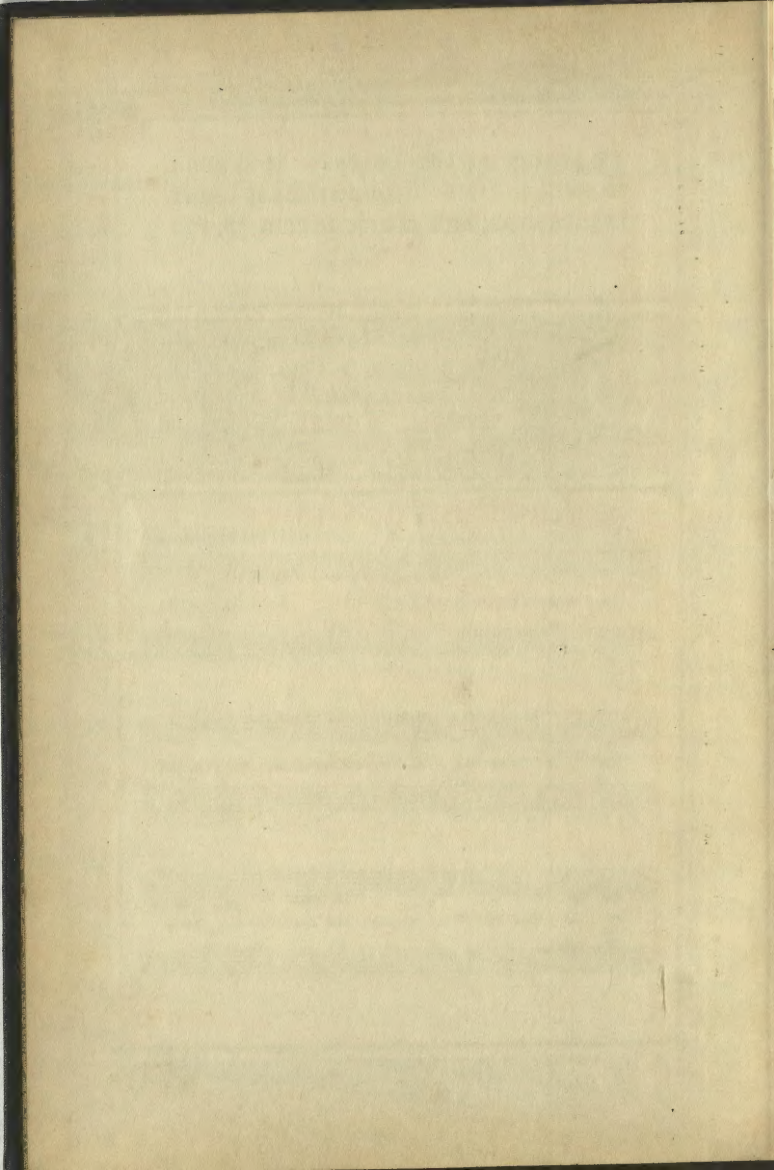


Ho ly | Ghost; As it was in the beginning, \* is nów, and |



ev - er | shall be, Wórd.without | end. — | A — men.







# The American Hymnal

For English Speaking People Everywhere

—Containing—

The Best Loved and Most Commonly  
Used Old Standard Church Hymns,  
the Most Popular Gospel Songs and a  
Wealth of New Songs

Compiled and Edited

by

ROBERT H. COLEMAN



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ROBERT H. COLEMAN  
DALLAS - - TEXAS

# Foreword

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HERE is a musical language to express every passion and emotion of the soul. A worthy Hymnal provides for the expression of a wide range of feeling in song; for, it has been said that "People sing out their feelings just as really as they talk them out."

We love the Grand Old Hymns and find joy in encouraging their use more and more. There are in this book some hymns which have been sung for 400 years, a number of others which have been used for 200 years and are being used every Lord's Day in our churches, and a still larger number which have been popular for the past 100 years. Some of the best and most popular Hymn Tunes were written by the world's greatest musical composers, such as Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and others. There are also many of our more modern Hymns and Gospel Songs which are very attractive and expressive, because they have been inspired by present day experiences and have the blending of appealingly strong music with the forcefully simple Gospel Message. Why acquire new Hymnals if they contain no new songs?

We believe there is a need for THE AMERICAN HYMNAL, and we send it forth, praying that multitudes of hearts and homes and churches may be blessed, and the great Savior of men honored in its use.

THE EDITOR.

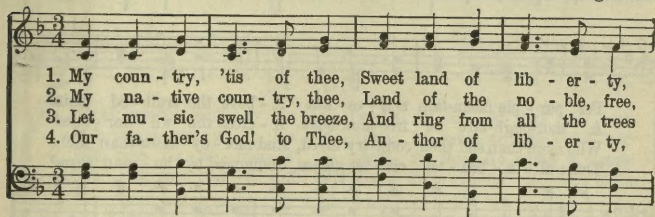
# The American Hymnal

## I My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

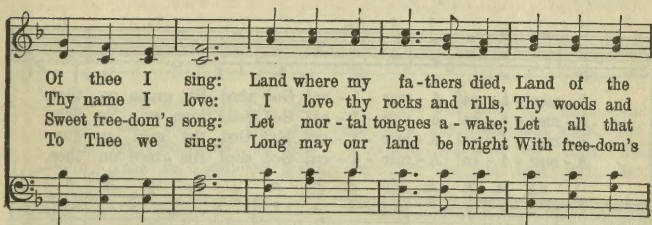
S. F. Smith.

*America.*

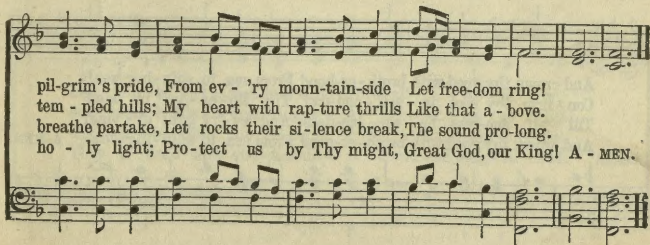
English.



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,  
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free,  
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees  
 4. Our fa - ther's God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the  
 Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and  
 Sweet free - dom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that  
 To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free - dom's



pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain - side Let free - dom ring!  
 tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.  
 breathe partake, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.  
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King! A - MEN.

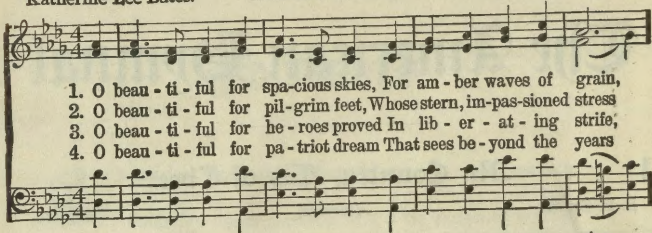


## America the Beautiful.

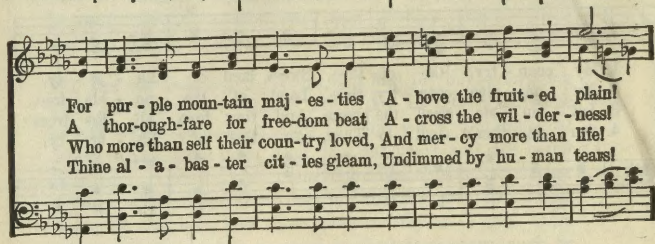
Katherine Lee Bates.

Materna. C. M. D.

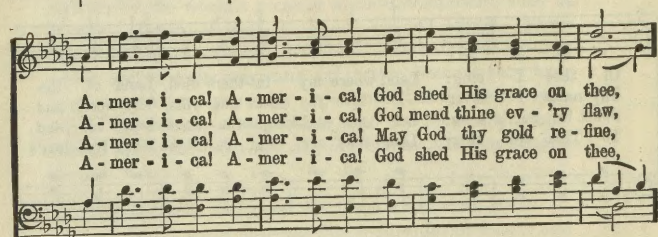
Samuel A. Ward.



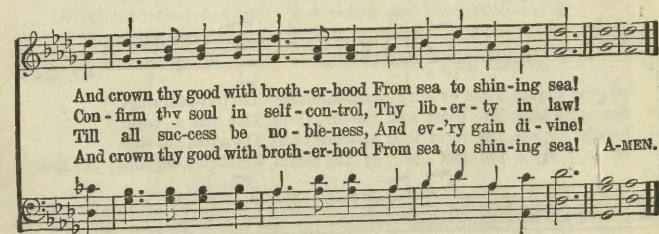
1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,  
 2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, im - pas - sioned stress  
 3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,  
 4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years



For pur - ple moun - tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!  
 A thor - ough - fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!  
 Who more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life!  
 Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam, Undimmed by hu - man tears!



A - mer - i - cal! A - mer - i - cal! God shed His grace on thee,  
 A - mer - i - cal! A - mer - i - cal! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,  
 A - mer - i - cal! A - mer - i - cal! May God thy gold re - fine,  
 A - mer - i - cal! A - mer - i - cal! God shed His grace on thee,



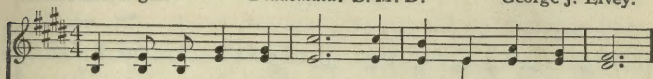
And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!  
 Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!  
 Till all suc - cess be no - ble - ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vinel  
 And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea! A - MEN.

## Crown Him With Many Crowns.

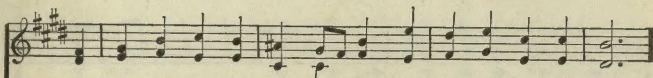
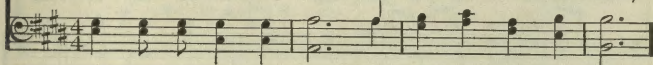
Matthew Bridges.

*Diademata. S. M. D.*

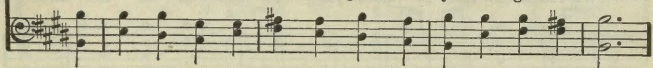
George J. Elvey.



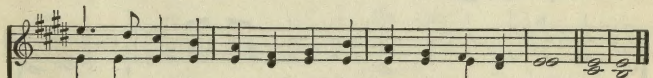
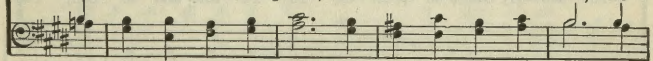
1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
2. Crown Him the Lord of love! Be - hold His hands and side,—
3. Crown Him the Lord of life! Who tri-umphed o'er the grave;
4. Crown Him the Lord of Heav'n! One with the Fa - ther known,



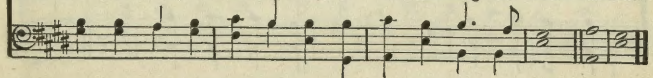
Hark! how the heav'n-ly an-them drowns All mu-sic but its own!  
 Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau-ty glo - ri - fied:  
 Who rose vic - to - rious to the strife For those He came to save:  
 One with the Spir - it thro' Him giv'n From yon-der glo-rious throne!



A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee; And  
 No an - gel in the sky Can full - y bear that sight, But  
 His glo - ries now we sing, Who died and rose on high; Who  
 To Thee be end - less praise, For Thou for us hast died; Be



hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.  
 down-ward bends his wond'ring eye At mys-ter - ies so bright.  
 died e - ter - nal life to bring, And lives that death may die.  
 Thou, O Lord, thro' end-less days A - dored and mag - ni - fied. A-MEN.

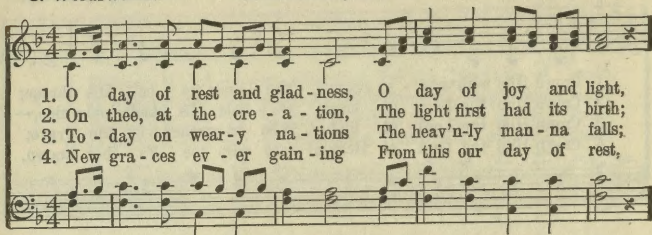


## O Day of Rest and Gladness.

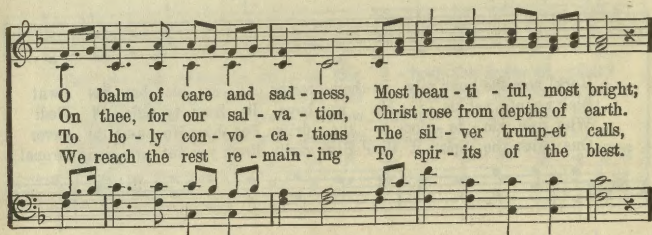
C. Wordsworth.

Mendebras, 7s. 6s. D.

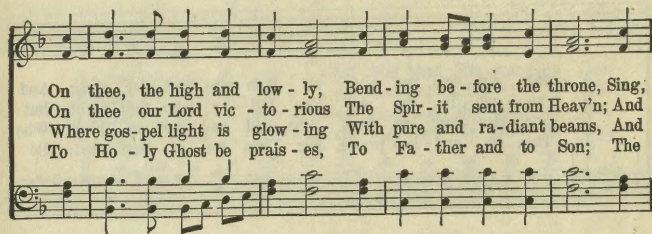
Arr. by L. Mason.



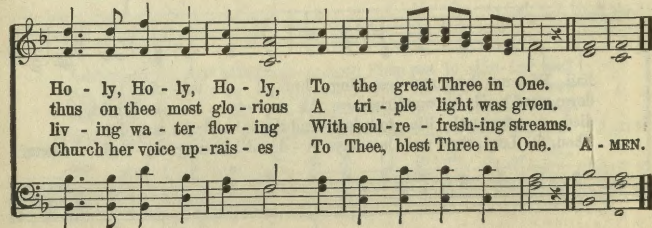
1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light,  
 2. On thee, at the cre-a-tion, The light first had its birth;  
 3. To-day on wear-y na-tions The heav'n-ly man-na falls;  
 4. New gra-cies ev-er gain-ing From this our day of rest,



O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright;  
 On thee, for our sal-va-tion, Christ rose from depths of earth.  
 To ho-ly con-vo-ca-tions The sil-ver trump-et calls,  
 We reach the rest re-main-ing To spir-its of the blest.



On thee, the high and low-ly, Bend-ing be-fore the throne, Sing;  
 On thee our Lord vic-to-rious The Spir-it sent from Heav'n; And  
 Where gos-pel light is glow-ing With pure and ra-diant beams, And  
 To Ho-ly Ghost be prais-es, To Fa-ther and to Son; The



Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, To the great Three in One.  
 thus on thee most glo-rious A tri-ple light was given.  
 liv-ing wa-ter flow-ing With soul-re-fresh-ing streams.  
 Church her voice up-rai-s-es To Thee, blest Three in One. A-MEN.

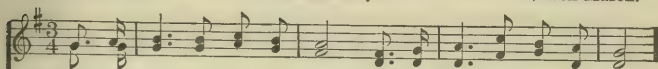


## Safely Through Another Week.

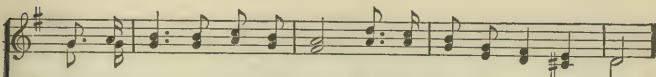
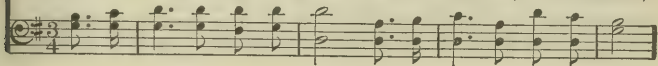
John Newton.

Sabbath. 75.

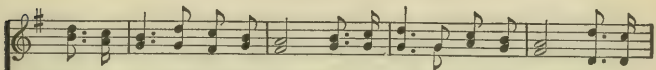
Lowell Mason.



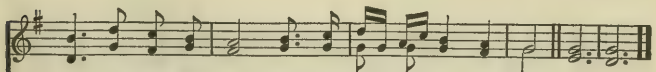
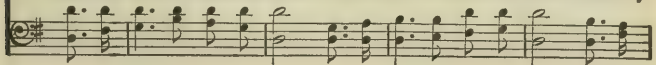
1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;
2. While we pray for par-d'ning grace, Thro' the dear Re-deem-er's name,
3. Here we come Thy name to praise, Let us feel Thy pres-ence near;
4. May Thy gos-pel's joy - ful sound Con-quer sin-ners, com-fort saints;



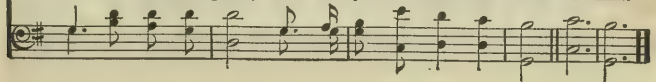
Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in His courts to - day;  
 Show Thy rec - on - cil - ed face; Take a - way our sin and shame:  
 May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear:  
 Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief for all com-plaints:



Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest: Day of  
 From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee: From our  
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast: Here af -  
 Thus may all our Sab-baths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove: Thus may



all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest.  
 world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.  
 ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.  
 all our Sab-baths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove. A - MEN.



## The Morning Light is Breaking.

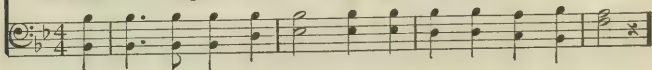
S. F. Smith.

Webb. 7s. 6s. D.

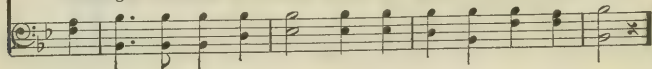
G. J. Webb.



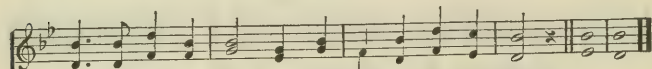
1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;
2. See hea - then na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God of love,
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur - sue thine on - ward way;
4. Rich dew's of grace come o'er us In many a gen - tle show'r,



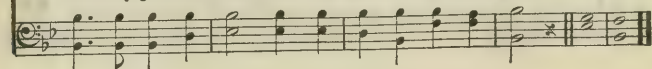
The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;  
 And thou - sand hearts as - cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove;  
 Flow thou to ev - 'ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich - ness stay;  
 And bright - er scenes be - fore us Are ope - ning ev - 'ry hour;



Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far, Of  
 While sin - ners, now con - fess - ing, The Gos - pel's call o - bey, And  
 Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - um - phant reach their home; Stay  
 Each cry to Heav - en go - ing, A - bun - dant an - swer brings, And



na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war  
 seek a Sav - ior's bless - ing, A na - tion in a day.  
 not till all the ho - ly Pro - claim, "The Lord is comel"  
 heav'nly gales are blow - ing, With peace up - on their wings. A - MEN.

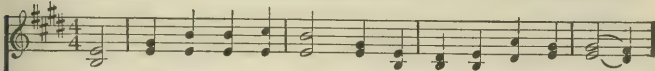


# 7 from Greenland's Icy Mountains.

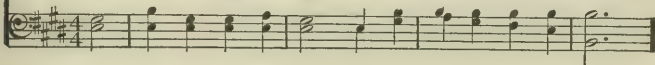
Reginald Heber.

Missionary Hymn. 7s. 6s. D.

Lowell Mason.



1. From Green-land's i - cy moun-tains, From In-dia's cor - al strand;
2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle;
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis-dom from on high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,



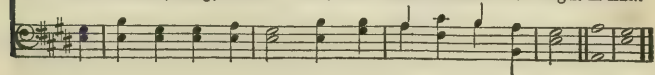
Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand:  
Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile?  
Shall we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?  
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole:



From man-y an an - cient riv - er, From man-y a palm - y plain,  
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown;  
Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,  
Till o'er our ran-somed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain,



They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.  
The hea-then in his blind - ness Bows down to wood and stone.  
Till earth's re-mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes-si - ah's name.  
Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign. A-MEN.



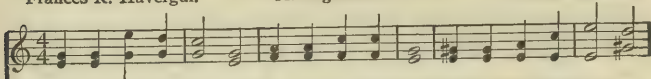


## Who is On the Lord's Side?

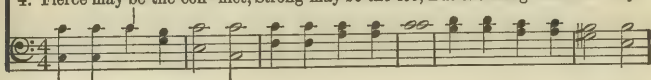
Frances R. Havergal.

*Armageddon.*

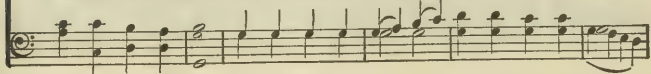
Sir John Goss.



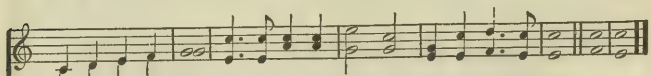
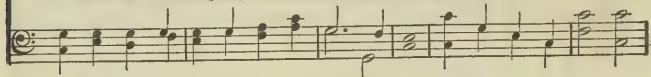
1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help-ers,
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the ar - my,
3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life-blood,
4. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own ar - my



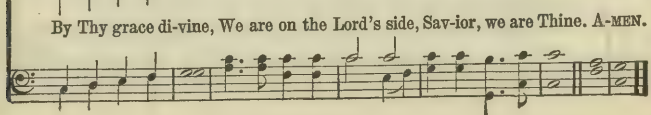
Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?  
 Raise the warrior-psalm; But for Love that claim-eth Lives for whom He died:  
 For Thy di - a - dem: With Thy bless-ing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee,  
 None can o-ver-throw: Round His standard rang-ing, Vic - t'ry is se - cure;



Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,  
 He whom Je - sus nam-eth Must be on His side. By Thy love con-strain-ing,  
 Thou hast made us will-ing, Thou hast made us free. By Thy grand re-demp-tion,  
 For His truth un-chang-ing Makes the triumph sure. Joy-ful - ly en - list - ing,



By Thy grace di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-ior, we are Thine. A-MEN.



# Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

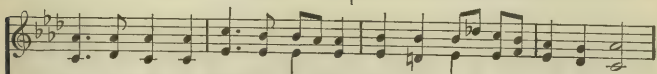
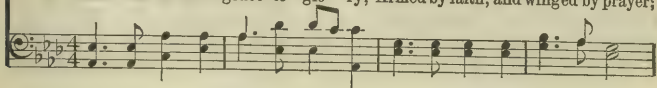
Henry F. Lyte.

*Ellesdie. 8s. 7s. D.*

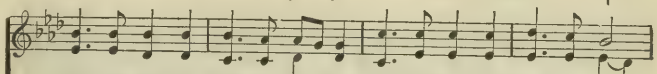
From Mozart.



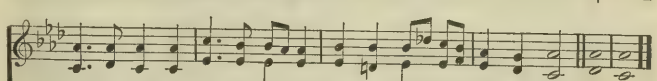
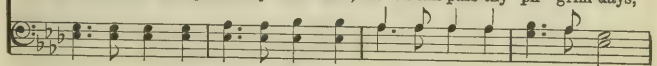
1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - ior, too;
3. Man may troub - le and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
4. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;



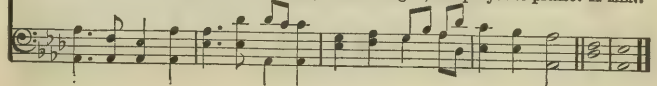
Des - ti - tute, de-spised, for - sa - ken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:  
 Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me; Thou art not, like man, un - true;  
 Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet - er rest.  
 Heav'n's e - ter - nal day's be - fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.



Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;  
 And, while Thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,  
 O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;  
 Soon shall close thy earth - ly mis - sion, Swift shall pass thy pil - grim days,



Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and Heav'n are still my own!  
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.  
 O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with Thee.  
 Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. A - MEN.



Charles Wesley.

*Love Divine, 8s. 7s. D.*

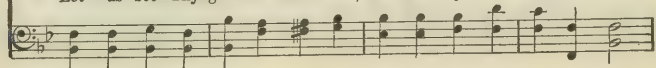
John Zundel.



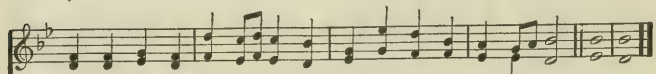
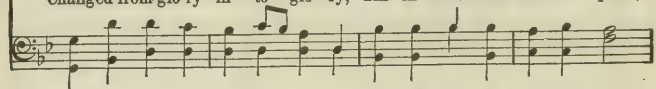
1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of Heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov-ing Spir-it In-to ev-'ry troub-led breast!
3. Come, Al-might-y to de-liv-er, Let us all Thy life re-ceive;
4. Fin-ish then Thy new cre-a-tion; Pure and spot-less let us be;



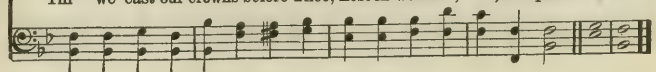
Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing; All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.  
 Let us all in Thee in-her-it, Let us find that sec-ond rest.  
 Sud-den-ly re-turn, and nev-er, Nev-er-more Thy tem-ples leave:  
 Let us see Thy great sal-va-tion, Per-fect-ly re-stored in Thee:



Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;  
 Take a-way our bent to sin-ning; Al-pha and O-me-ga be;  
 Thee we would be al-ways bless-ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a-bove,  
 Changed from glo-ry in-to glo-ry, Till in Heav'n we take our place,



Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion; En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart.  
 End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib-er-ty.  
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing, Glo-ry in Thy per-fect love.  
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in won-dor, love, and praise. A-MEN.



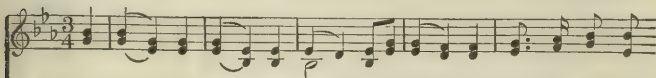


## O Could I Speak.

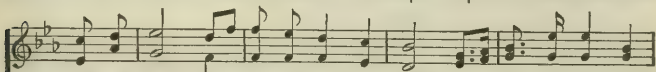
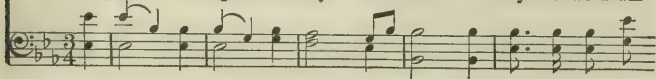
Samuel Medley.

*Ariel. 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.*

Dr. Lowell Mason.



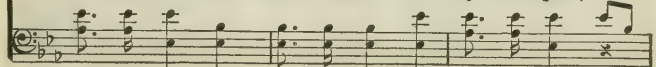
1. O could I speak the match - less worth, O could I sound the
2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My ran - som from the
3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters He bears, And all the forms of
4. Well, the de - light - ful day will come When my dear Lord will



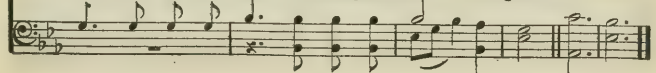
glo - ries forth Which in my Sav - ior shine, I'd soar, and touch the  
 dread - ful guilt Of sin, and wrath di - vine: I'd sing His glo - rious  
 love He wears, Ex - alt - ed on His throne: In loft - iest songs of  
 bring me home, And I shall see His face; Then with my Sav - ior,



heav'n - ly strings, And vie with Ga - briel while he sings In  
 right - eous - ness, In which all - per - fect, heav'n - ly dress My  
 sweet - est praise, I would to ev - er - last - ing days Make  
 Broth - er, Friend, A blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Tri-



notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.  
 soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.  
 all His glo - ries known, Make all His glo - ries known.  
 um - phant in His grace, Tri - um - phant in His grace. A - MEN.



# 12 When I Can Read My Title Clear.

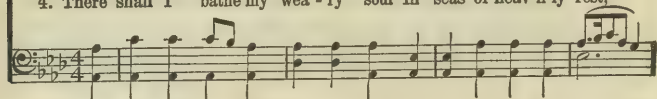
Isaac Watts.

*Pisgah. C. M.*

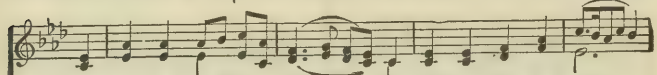
J. C. Lowry.



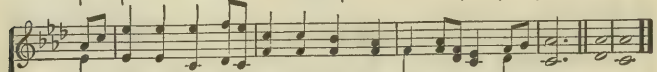
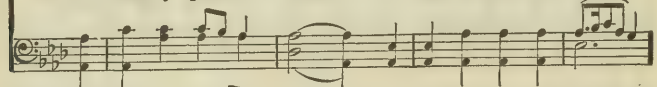
1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies,
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fie - ry darts be hurled,
3. Let cares, like a wild del - uge come, And storms of sor - row fall!
4. There shall I bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'n - ly rest,



I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.  
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.  
May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my Heav'n, my all.  
And not a wave of troub - le roll, A - cross my peace - ful breast.



And wipe my weep - ing eyes,	And wipe my weep - ing eyes,
And face a frown - ing world,	And face a frown - ing world,
My God, my Heav'n, my all,	My God, my Heav'n, my all,
A - cross my peace - ful breast,	A - cross my peace - ful breast,



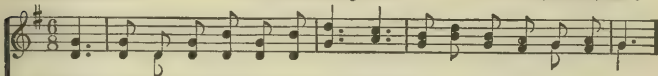
I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.  
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.  
May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my Heav'n, my all.  
And not a wave of troub - le roll, A - cross my peace - ful breast. A - MEN.



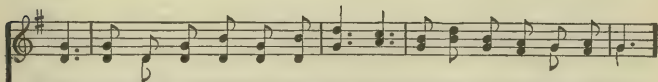
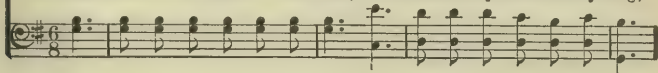
John Newton.

*De Fleury. 8s.*

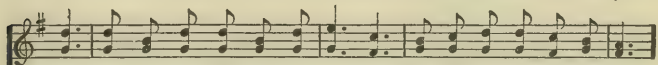
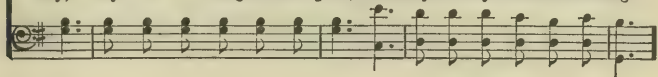
Lewis Edson.



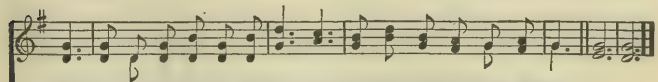
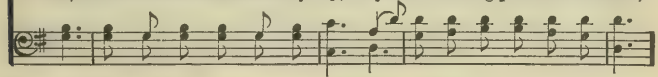
1. How te-dious and taste-less the hours When Je-sus no lon-ger I see!
2. His name yields the rich-est per-fume, And sweet-er than mu-sic His voice;
3. Con-tent with be-hold-ing His face, My all to His pleas-ure re-signed,
4. Dear Lord, if in-deed I am Thine, If Thou art my sun and my song,



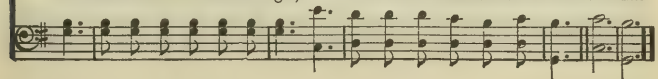
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness for me.  
 His pres-ence dis-pers-es my gloom, And makes all with-in me re-joice:  
 No chang-es of sea-son or place Would make an-y change in my mind:  
 Say, why do I lan-guish and pine, And why are my win-ters so long?



The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim; The fields strive in vain to look gay;  
 I should, were He al-ways thus nigh, Have noth-ing to wish or to fear;  
 While blest with a sense of His love, A pal-ace a toy would ap-pear;  
 Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky; Thy soul-cheer-ing pres-ence re-store;



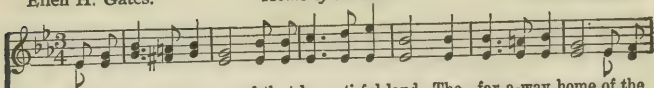
But when I am hap-py in Him, De-cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.  
 No mor-tal so hap-py as I; My sum-mer would last all the year.  
 And prisons would pal-a-ces prove, If Je-sus would dwell with me there.  
 Or take me un-to Thee on high, Where winter and clouds are no more. A-MEN.



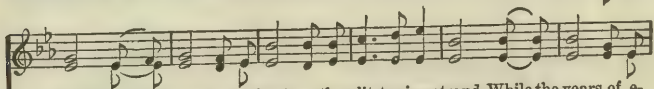
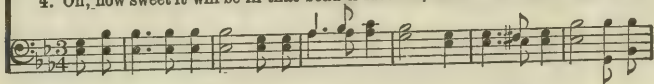
Ellen H. Gates.

*Home of the Soul.*

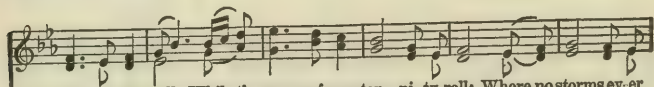
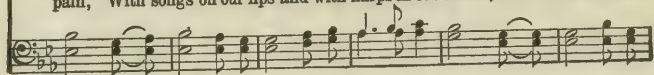
Philip Phillips.



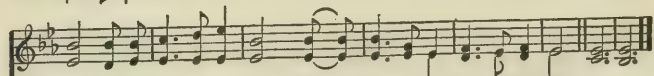
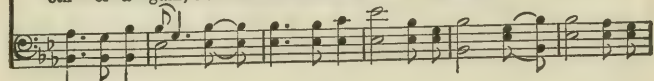
1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far-a-way home of the
2. Oh, that home of the soul! In my visions and dreams Its bright, jasper walls I can
3. That unchangeable home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of Naz-a-reth
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So free from all sor-row and



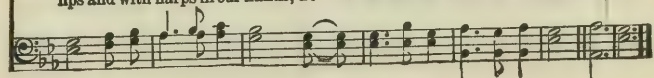
soul, Where no storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-see; Till I fan-cy but thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair stands; The King of all kingdoms for-ev-er is He, And He hold-eth our pain, With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-



ter-ni-ty roll, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll; Where no storms ev-er cit-y and me, Be-tween the fair cit-y and me; Till I fan-cy but crowns in His hands, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands; The King of all oth-er a-gain, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain; With songs on our



beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll. thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair cit-y and me. kingdoms for-ev-er is He, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands. lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain. A-MEN.

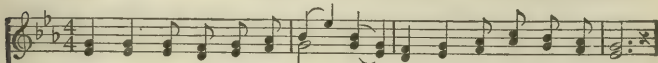




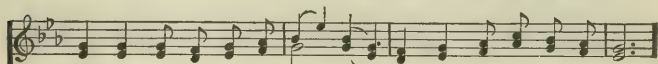
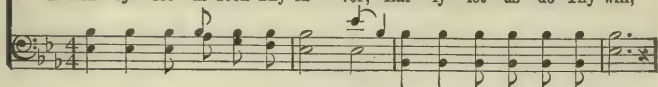
# 15 Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us.

Anonymous.

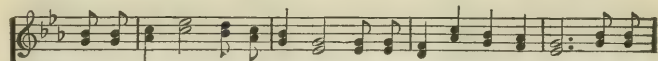
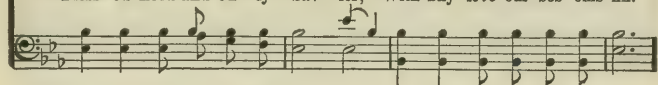
Shepherd. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7. William B. Bradbury.



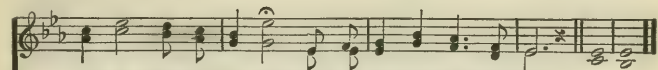
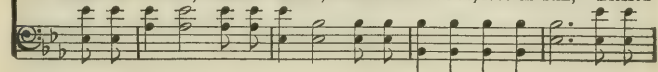
- 1 Sav - ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten-der care;
2. We are Thine; do Thou be - friend us, Be the Guard-ian of our way;
3. Thou hast prom-ised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin-ful though we be;
4. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor; Ear - ly let us do Thy will;



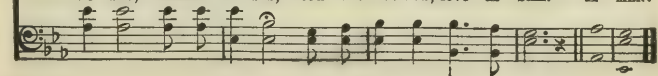
In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare:  
Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray:  
Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:  
Bless-ed Lord and on - ly Sav - ior, With Thy love our bos-oms fill:



Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Blessed  
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear the children when they pray; Blessed  
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee; Blessed  
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still; Blessed




Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.  
Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear the chil-dren when they pray.  
Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee.  
Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still. A - MEN.

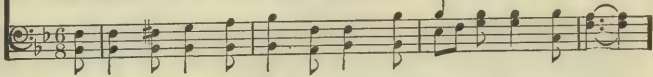


Edmund H. Sears.

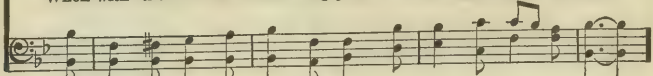
Carol. C. M. D.

Richard S. Willis.


- 
1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
  2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un - furled,
  3. And ye, be - neath life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low,
  4. For lo, the days are has - t'ning on, By proph - et bards fore - told,



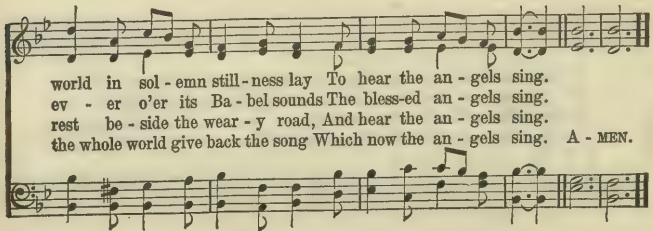
From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:  
 And still their heav'n - ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wear - y world:  
 Who toil a - long the climb - ing way With pain - ful steps and slow,  
 When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold;



"Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From Heav'n's all-gracious King:" The  
 A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - 'ring wing, And  
 Look now! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing: O  
 When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splen - dors fling, And



world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.  
 ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.  
 rest be - side the wear - y road, And hear the an - gels sing.  
 the whole world give back the song Which now the an - gels sing. A - MEN.

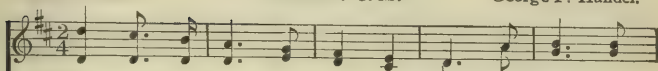


## Joy to the World!

Isaac Watts.

*Antioch. C. M.*

George F. Handel.



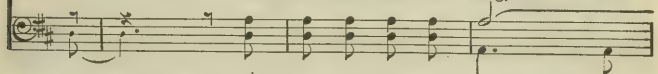
1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-  
 2. Joy to the earth! the Sav - ior reigns; Let men their  
 3. No more let sins and sor - rows grow, Nor thorns in-  
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the



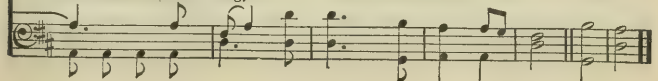
ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room,  
 songs em - ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains  
 fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings flow  
 na - tions prove The glo - ries of His right - eous - ness,



And Heav'n and na - ture sing,	And Heav'n and na - ture
Re - peat the sound - ing joy,	Re - peat the sound - ing
Far as the curse is found,	Far as the curse is
And won - ders of His love,	And won - ders of His
And Heav'n and na - ture sing, . . . . And	



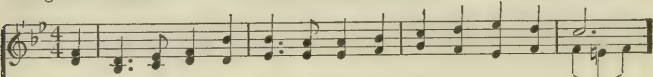
sing,	And Heav'n, and Heav'n and na - ture sing.
joy,	Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
found,	Far as, far as the curse is found.
love,	And won - ders, and won - ders of His love. A - MEN.
Heav'n and na - ture sing,	

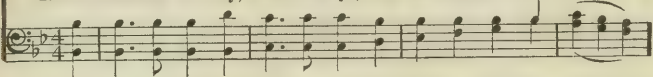


Reginald Heber.

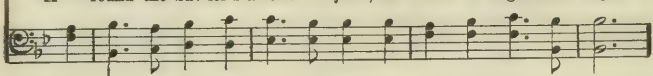
*All Saints New. C. M. D.*

Henry S. Cutler.

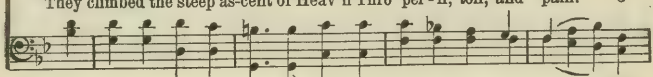
- 
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
  2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,
  3. A glo - rious band, the cho - sen few On whom the Spir - it came,
  4. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,



His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?  
 Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:  
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame:  
 A - round the Sav - ior's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed:



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um - phant o - ver pain, Who  
 Like Him, with par - don on His tongue In midst of mor - tal pain, He  
 They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The li - on's go - ry mane; They  
 They climbed the steep as - cent of Heav'n Thro' per - il, toil, and pain: O



pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.  
 prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in His train?  
 bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol - lows in their train?  
 God, to us may grace be given To fol - low in their train. A - MEN.

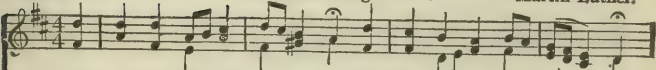
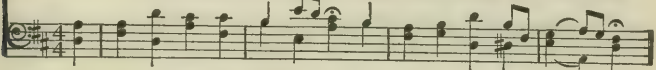


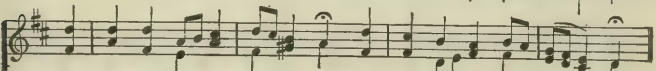
## A Mighty fortress.

M. L.



*Ein' Feste Burg. P. M.*

Martin Luther.



- 
1. A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail - ing;
  2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striv-ing would be los - ing,
  3. And tho' this world, with dev-ils filled, Should threaten to un - do us,
  4. That word a - bove all earthly pow'rs—No thanks to them—a - bid - eth;
- 



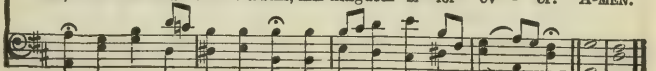
Our help-er He, a - mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre - vail - ing.  
 Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choos - ing.  
 We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph thro' us.  
 The Spir-it and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sid - eth.

For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are  
 Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je-sus, it is He; Lord Sabaoth is His  
 The prince of darkness grim—We tremble not for him; His rage we can en-  
 Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor-tal life al - so; The bod - y they may

great, And, armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his e - qual.  
 name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.  
 dure, For lo! his doom is sure: One lit - tle word shall fell him.  
 kill; God's truth a - bid - eth still, His kingdom is for - ev - er. A-MEN.

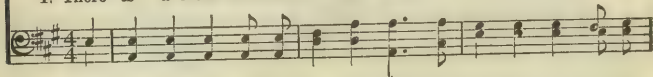


W. E. P.

Rev. W. E. Penn.



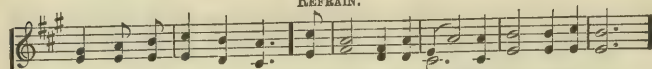
1. There is a Rock in a wea - ry land, Its shad - ow falls on the
2. There is a Well in a des - ert plain, Its wa - ters call with en -
3. A great fold stands with its por - tals wide, The sheep a - stray on the
4. There is a cross where the Sav - ior died; His blood flowed out in a



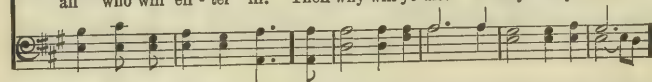
burn - ing sand, In - vit - ing pil - grims as they pass, To seek a  
treat - ing strain, "Ho, ev - 'ry thirst - ing, sin - sick soul, Come, free - ly  
moun - tain side; The Shep - herd climbs o'er moun - tains steep; He's search - ing  
crim - son tide, A sac - ri - fice for sins of men, And free to



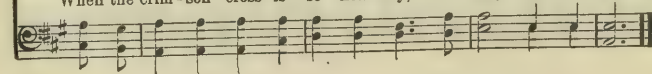
## REFRAIN.



shade in the wil - der - ness. Then why will ye die? O why will ye die?  
drink, and thou shalt be whole." Then why will ye die? O why will ye die?  
now for His wand'ring sheep. Then why will ye die? O why will ye die?  
all who will en - ter in. Then why will ye die? O why will ye die?



When the shel - t'ring Rock is so near by, O why will ye die?  
When the liv - ing Well is so near by, O why will ye die?  
When the Shep - herd's fold is so near by, O why will ye die?  
When the crim - son cross is so near by, O why will ye die?

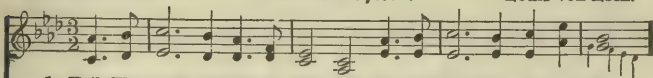


## Hail, Thou Once Despised.

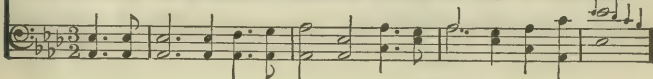
John Bakewell.

*Autumn. 8s. 7s. D.*

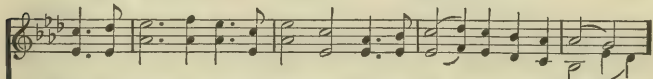
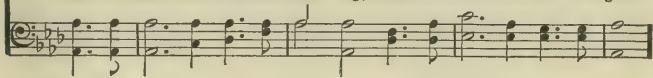
Louis von Esch.



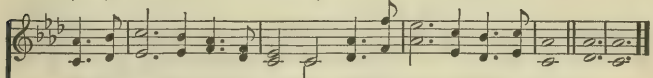
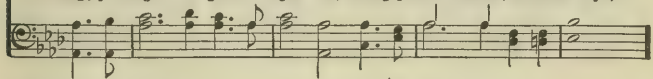
1. Hail, Thou once de-spis-ed Je-sus! Hail, Thou Gal-i-le-an King!
2. Pas-chal Lamb, by God ap-point-ed, All our sins on Thee were laid:
3. Je-sus, hail! enthroned in glo-ry, There for-ev-er to a-bide;
4. Wor-ship, hon-or, pow'r, and blessing, Thou art wor-thy to re-ceive;



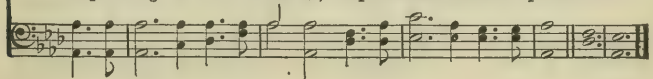
Thou didst suf-fer to re-lease us; Thou didst free sal-va-tion bring.  
 By al-might-y love a-noint-ed, Thou hast full a-tone-ment made.  
 All the heav'n-ly hosts a-dore Thee, Seat-ed at Thy Fa-ther's side:  
 Loud-est prais-es, with-out ceas-ing, Meet it is for us to give.



Hail, Thou ag-o-niz-ing Sav-ior, Bear-er of our sin and shame!  
 All Thy peo-ple are for-giv-en, Thro' the vir-tue of Thy blood;  
 There for sin-ners Thou art plead-ing; There Thou dost our place pre-pare:  
 Help, ye bright an-gel-ic spir-its; Bring your sweet-est, no-blest lays;



By Thy mer-its we find fa-vor; Life is giv-en thro' Thy name.  
 O-pened is the gate of Heav-en; Peace is made 'twixt man and God.  
 Ev-er for us in-ter-ced-ing, Till in glo-ry we ap-pear.  
 Help to sing our Sav-ior's mer-its; Help to chant Immanuel's praise! A-MEN.

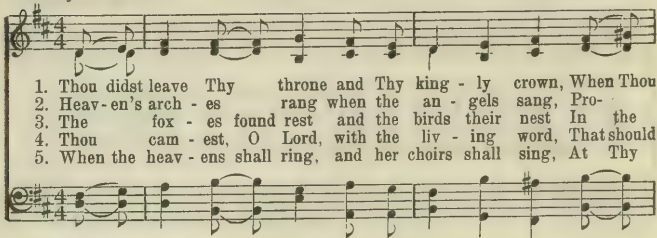


## Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne.

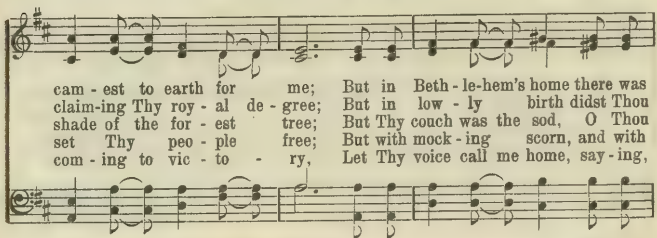
Emily E. S. Elliott.

Margaret.

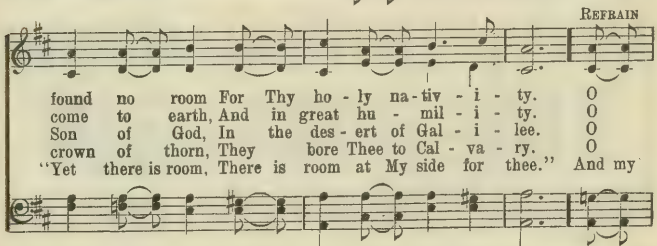
Rev. T. R. Matthews.



1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown, When Thou  
 2. Heav - en's arch - es rang when the an - gels sang, Pro -  
 3. The fox - es found rest and the birds their nest In the  
 4. Thou cam - est, O Lord, with the liv - ing word, That should  
 5. When the heav - ens shall ring, and her choirs shall sing, At Thy

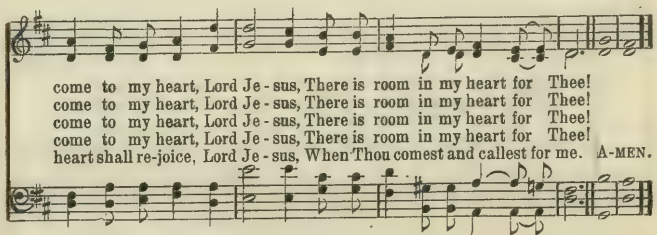


cam - est to earth for me; But in Beth - le - hem's home there was  
 claim - ing Thy roy - al de - gree; But in low - ly birth didst Thou  
 shade of the for - est tree; But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou  
 set Thy peo - ple free; But with mock - ing scorn, and with  
 com - ing to vic - to - ry, Let Thy voice call me home, say - ing,



REFRAIN

found no room For Thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty. O  
 come to earth, And in great hu - mil - i - ty. O  
 Son of God, In the des - ert of Gal - i - lee. O  
 crown of thorn, They bore Thee to Cal - va - ry. O  
 "Yet there is room, There is room at My side for thee." And my



come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee!  
 come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee!  
 come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee!  
 come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee!  
 heart shall re - joice, Lord Je - sus, When Thou comest and callest for me. A - MEN.

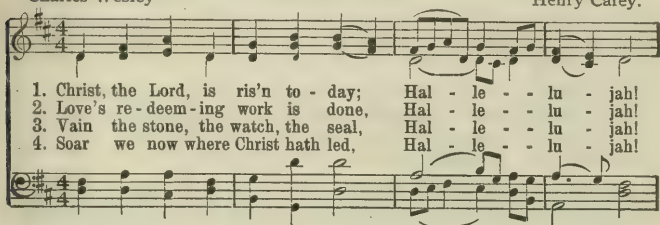


## Christ, the Lord, Is Risen To-day.

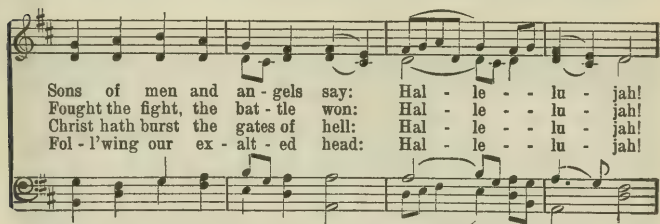
*Anglia. With Hallelujah.*

Charles Wesley

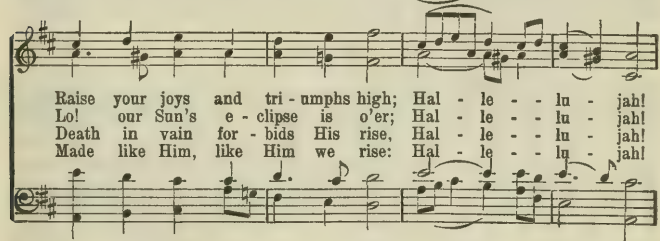
Henry Carey.



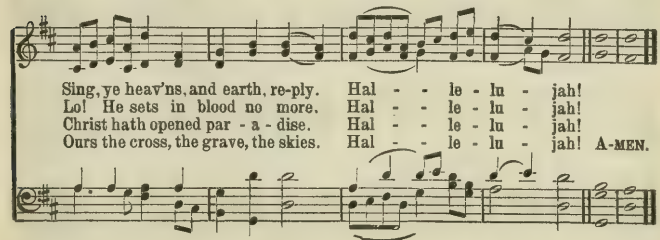
1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day; Hal - le - - lu - jah!  
 2. Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Hal - le - - lu - jah!  
 3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Hal - le - - lu - jah!  
 4. Soar we now where Christ hath led, Hal - le - - lu - jah!



Sons of men and an - gels say: Hal - le - - lu - jah!  
 Fought the fight, the bat - tle won: Hal - le - - lu - jah!  
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell: Hal - le - - lu - jah!  
 Fol - l'wing our ex - alt - ed head: Hal - le - - lu - jah!



Raise your joys and tri - umphs high; Hal - le - - lu - jah!  
 Lo! our Sun's e - clipse is o'er; Hal - le - - lu - jah!  
 Death in vain for - bids His rise, Hal - le - - lu - jah!  
 Made like Him, like Him we rise: Hal - le - - lu - jah!



Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth, re-ply. Hal - - le - lu - jah!  
 Lo! He sets in blood no more. Hal - - le - lu - jah!  
 Christ hath opened par - a - dise. Hal - - le - lu - jah!  
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. Hal - - le - lu - jah! A-MEN.

## The Wayfaring Pilgrim.

Words arr.

ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY B. B. MCKINNEY.  
ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

Arr. B. B. McKinney.

1. I am a poor way-far-ing pil-grim, While trav'ling thro' this world below;  
2. I know dark clouds will gath-er o'er me, I know my pathway's rough and steep;  
3. I want to sing sal-va-tion's sto-ry In concert with the blood-washed band;  
4. I'll soon be free from ev-'ry tri-al, This form will rest be-neath the sod;

There is no sick-ness, toil, nor dan-ger In that bright world to which I go.  
But gold-en fields lie out be-fore me, Where weary eyes no more shall weep.  
I want to wear a crown of glo-ry, When I get home to that good land.  
I'll drop the cross of self-de-ni-al, And en-ter in my home with God.

I'm go-ing there to meet my fa-ther, I'm go-ing there no more to roam;  
I'm go-ing there to see my moth-er, She said she'd meet me when I come;  
I'm go-ing there to see my classmates, Who passed be-fore me one by one;  
I'm go-ing there to see my Sav-ior, Who shed for me His pre-cious blood;

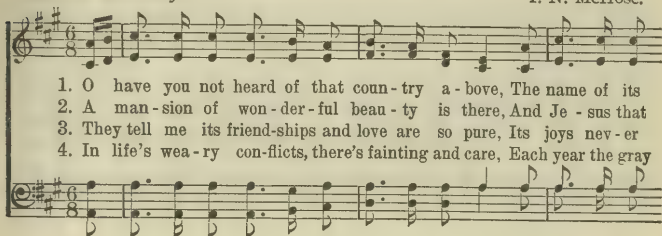
## CHORUS

I am just go-ing o-ver Jor-dan, I am just go-ing o-ver home.

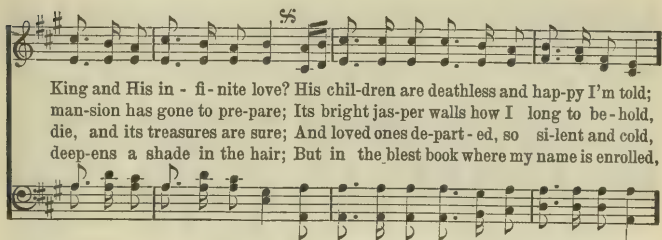
Rev. W. W. Baily.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY I. N. McHose.

I. N. McHose.

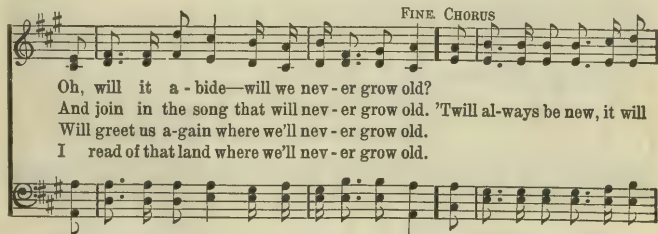


1. O have you not heard of that coun-try a - bove, The name of its  
 2. A man-sion of won-der-ful beau-ty is there, And Je - sus that  
 3. They tell me its friend-ships and love are so pure, Its joys nev-er  
 4. In life's wea-ry con-flicts, there's fainting and care, Each year the gray



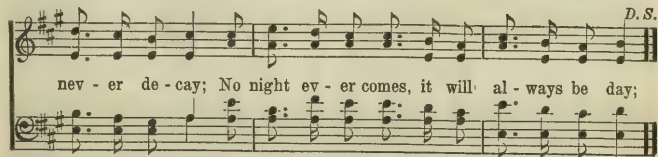
King and His in - fi-nite love? His chil-dren are deathless and hap-py I'm told;  
 man-sion has gone to pre-pare; Its bright jas-per walls how I long to be-hold,  
 die, and its treasures are sure; And loved ones de-part-ed, so si-lent and cold,  
 deep-ens a shade in the hair; But in the blest book where my name is enrolled,

D. S.—It glad-dens my heart with a joy that's un-told,



FINE. CHORUS

Oh, will it a - bide—will we nev-er grow old?  
 And join in the song that will nev-er grow old. 'Twill al-ways be new, it will  
 Will greet us a-gain where we'll nev-er grow old.  
 I read of that land where we'll nev-er grow old.

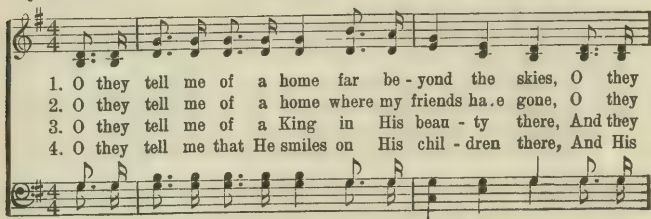
*To think of that land where we'll never grow old.*


D. S.

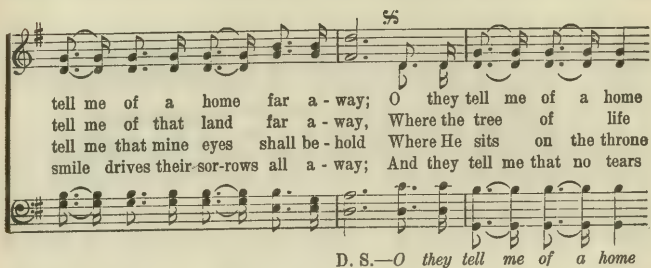
nev-er de-cay; No night ev-er comes, it will al-ways be day;

J. K. A.

Rev. J. K. Alwood.

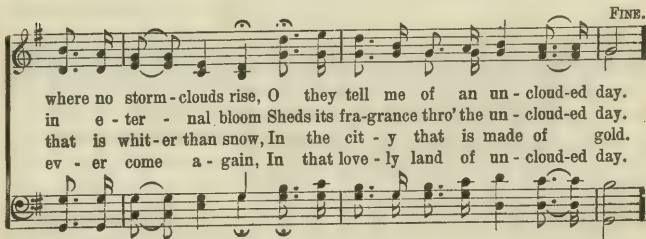


1. O they tell me of a home far be - yond the skies, O they  
 2. O they tell me of a home where my friends ha - ve gone, O they  
 3. O they tell me of a King in His beau - ty there, And they  
 4. O they tell me that He smiles on His chil - dren there, And His



tell me of a home far a - way; O they tell me of a home  
 tell me of that land far a - way, Where the tree of life  
 tell me that mine eyes shall be - hold Where He sits on the throne  
 smile drives their sor - rows all a - way; And they tell me that no tears

D. S.—O they tell me of a home

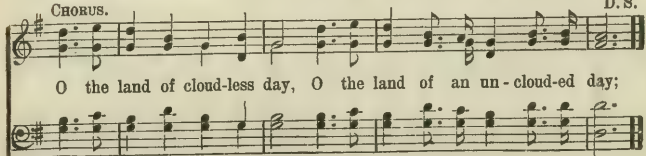


where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un - cloud-ed day.  
 in e - ter - nal bloom Sheds its fra-grance thro' the un - cloud-ed day.  
 that is whit-er than snow, In the cit - y that is made of gold.  
 ev - er come a - gain, In that love - ly land of un - cloud-ed day.

where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un - cloud-ed day.

CHORUS.

D. S.



O the land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un - cloud-ed day;

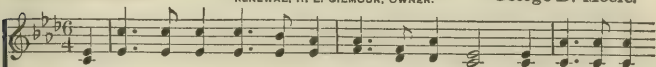


## The Haven of Rest.

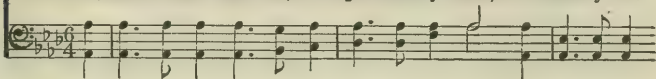
H. L. Gilmour.

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RENEWAL, H. L. GILMOUR, OWNER.

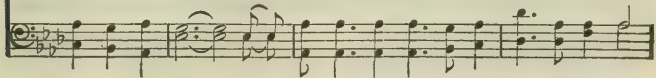
George D. Moore.



1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So bur-dened with
2. I yield-ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And, faith tak-ing
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old
4. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, He pa - tient-ly waits, To save by His



sin and dis - tress, Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your choice,"  
 hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I an - chored my soul:  
 sto - ry so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who-so - ev - er will have  
 pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the ha - ven of rest,



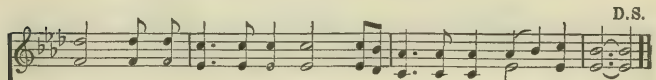
*D. S.*—The tem - pest may sweep o'er the wild storm-y deep,



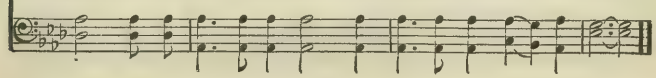
And I en - tered the ha - ven of rest.  
 The ha - ven of rest is my lord. I've an - chored my  
 A home in the ha - ven of rest.  
 And say, "My Be - lov - ed is mine."



In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.



soul in the ha - ven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;



*D. S.*

S. O'Maley Cluff.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. I have a Sav - ior, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing  
 2. I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e -  
 3. I have a robe: 'tis re - splen - dent in white - ness, A - wait - ing in  
 4. When Je - sus has found you, tell oth - ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing

Sav - ior, tho' earth - friends be few; And now He is watch - ing in ten - der - ness  
 ter - ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in  
 glo - ry my won - der - ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all shin - ing in  
 Sav - ior is your Sav - ior too; Then pray that your Sav - ior may bring them to

*f* CHORUS.

o'er me, And, oh, that my Sav - ior were your Sav - ior too!  
 heav - en, But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too! For you I am  
 brightness, Dear friend, could I see you re - ceiv - ing one too!  
 glo - ry, And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

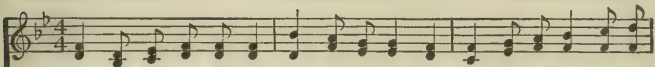
*p* *f* *pp rall.*  
 pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing, I'm praying for you.

## Rescue the Perishing.

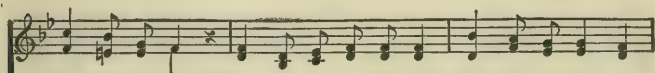
Fanny J. Crosby.

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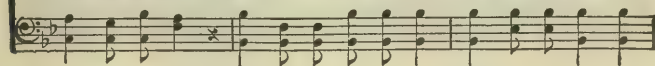
William H. Doane.



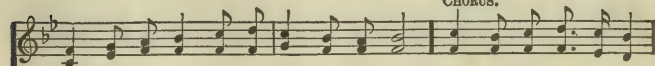
1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings-lie bur-ied that
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la-bor the



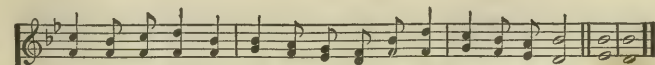
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the er-ring one, Lift up the fall-en,  
child to re-ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly,  
grace can re-store; Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,  
Lord will pro-vide; Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient-ly win them;



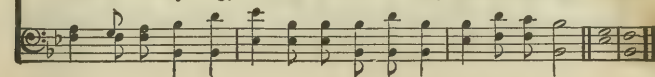
## CHORUS.



Tell them of Je - sus the might-y to save.  
He will for-give if they on - ly be-lieve. Res - cue the per-ish-ing,  
Chords that are bro-ken will vi-brate once more.  
Tell the poor wan-d'r'er a Sav - ior has died.



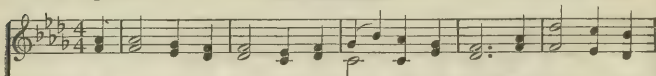
Care for the dy-ing; Je - sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save. A-MEN.



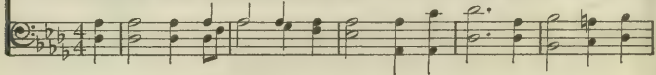
H. G. Spafford.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.  
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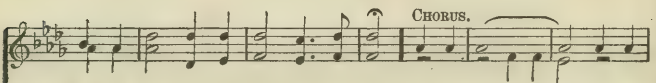
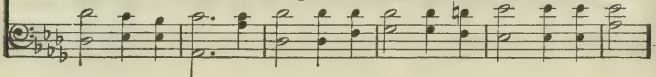
P. P. Bliss.



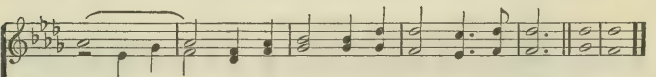
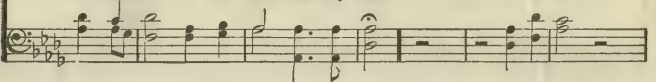
1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor - rows like
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as -
3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled



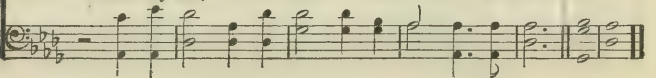
sea - bil - lows roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,  
sur - ance con - trol, That Christ has re - gard - ed my help - less es - tate,  
part, but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more,  
back as a scroll, The trump shall resound and the Lord shall de - scend,



It is well, it is well with my soul.  
And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well . . . with my  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!  
"E - ven so"—it is well with my soul. It is well



soul, . . . It is well, it is well with my soul. A - MEN.  
with my soul,

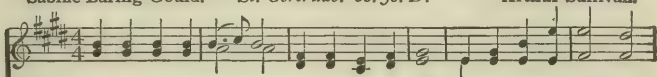




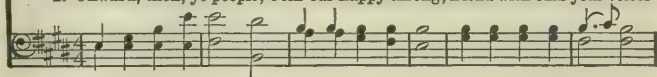
Sabine Baring-Gould.

St. Gertrude. 6s. 5s. D.

Arthur Sullivan.



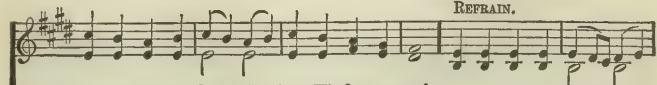
1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri-umph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
4. Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices



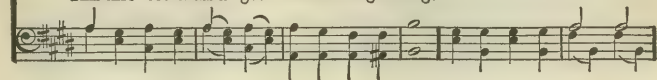
Go - ing on be-fore! Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-against the foe;  
 On to vic-to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;  
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,  
 In the tri-umph song; Glo-ry, laud, and hon - or, Un-to Christ the King;



## REFRAIN.



For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His banner go!  
 Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise! Onward, Christian soldiers,  
 One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i - ty.  
 This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.



March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore! A-MEN.

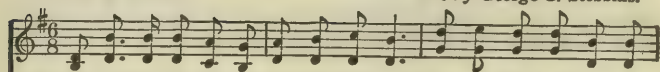


# Throw Out the Life-Line.

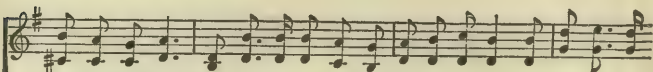
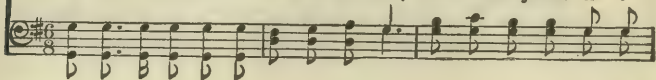
Edward S. Ufford.

E. S. Ufford.

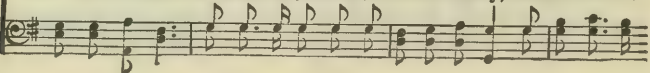
Arr. by George C. Stebbins.



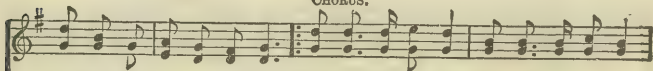
1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth - er whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tar - ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan - ger - fraught men, Sink - ing in an - guish where
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e -



some one should save; Somebody's broth - er! oh, who then, will dare To throw out the  
lin - ger so long? See! he is sink - ing; oh; has - ten to - day—And out with the  
you've nev - er been: Winds of temp - ta - tion and bil - lows of woe Will soon hurl them  
ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste then, my brother, no time for de - lay, But throw out the



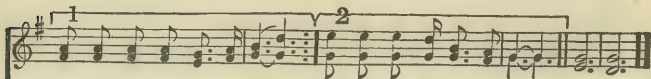
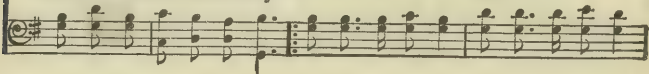
## CHORUS.



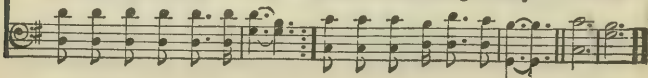
Life-Line, his per - il to share?

Life-Boat! a-way, then, a-way! Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line!  
out where the dark wa - ters flow.

Life-Line and save them to-day.



Some one is drift - ing a - way; Some one is sink - ing to - day. A - MEN.

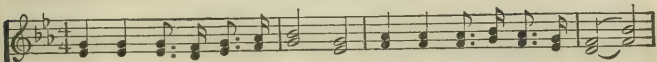


## Beautiful River.

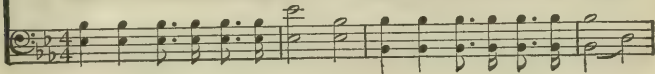
Robert Lowry.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY.  
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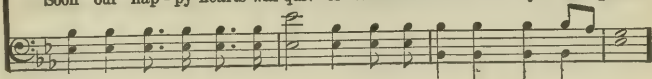
Robert Lowry.



1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an - gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv - er, Soon our pil - grim - age will cease;



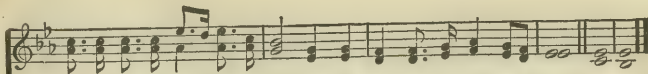
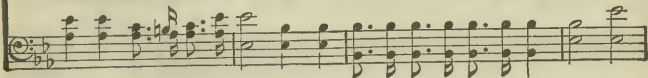
With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow - ing by the throne of God?  
 We will walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.  
 Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.  
 Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.



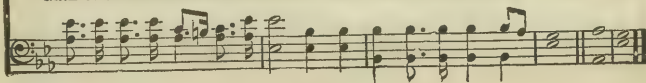
## CHORUS.



Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er,—



Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God. A - MEN.



## My Hope is Built.

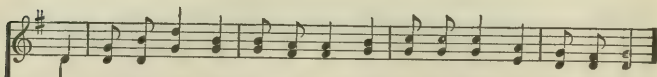
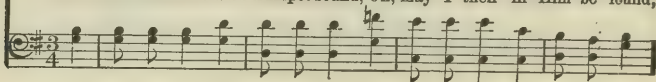
Edward Mote.

*The Solid Rock. L. M.*

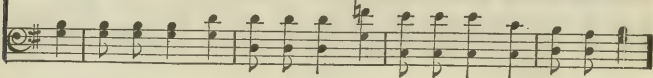
William B. Bradbury.



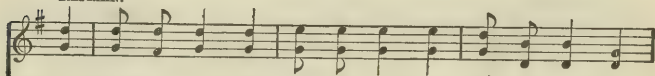
1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteous-ness;
2. When dark-ness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
3. His oath, His cov-e-nant, His blood, Sup-port me in the whelm-ing flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;



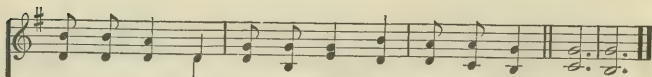
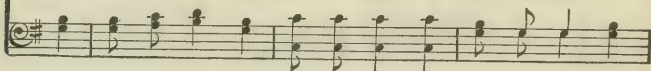
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.  
 In ev-'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the veil.  
 When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.  
 Dressed in His right-eous-ness a-lone, Fault-less to stand be-fore the throne.



## REFRAIN.



On Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is



sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand. A-MEN.



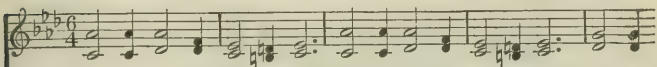


## Day is Dying in the West.

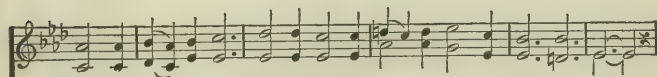
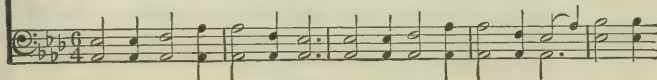
Mary A. Lathbury.

*Evening Praise. 7s. 4.*

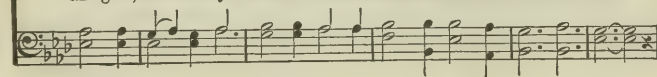
William F. Sherwin.



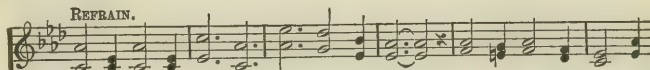
1. Day is dy - ing in the west, Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and
2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home, Gath-er
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, en-fold - ing all, Thro' the
4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of



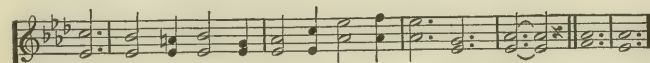
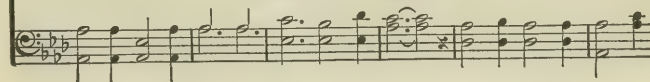
wor-ship while the night Sets her evening lamps alight Thro' all the sky.  
us, who seek Thy face, To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.  
glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend.  
an-gels, on our eyes Let e - ter-nal morning rise, And shad-ows end!



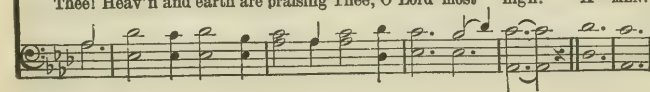
## REFRAIN.



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of



Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high! A - MEN.

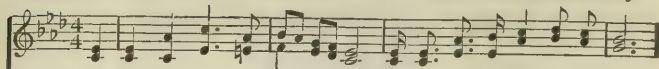


## Blessed be the Name.

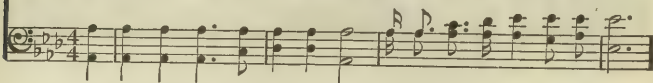
ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

Charles Wesley.

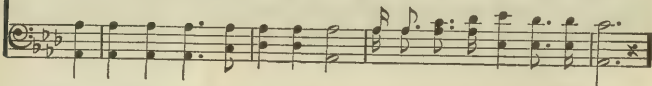
Arr. by B. B. McKinney.



1. O for a thousand tongues to sing; Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
2. Je-sus, the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
3. He breaks the pow'r of can-celed sin; Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
4. I nev-er shall for-get that day, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!



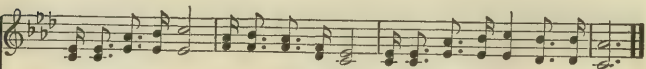
The glo-ries of my God and King! Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!  
 'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!  
 His blood can make the foul-est clean, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!  
 When Je-sus washed my sins a-way, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!



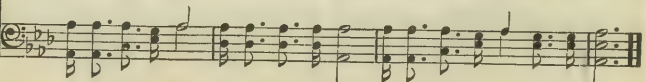
## REFRAIN.



Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord!



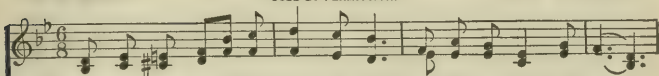
Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord!



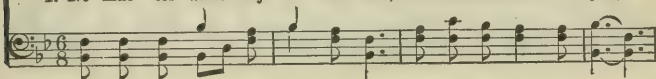
C. D. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY JOHN A. DAVIS.  
USED BY PERMISSION.

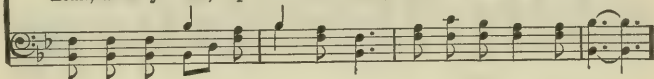
W. S. Martin.



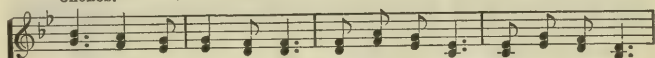
1. Be not dis-mayed, what-e'er be-tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil, when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;



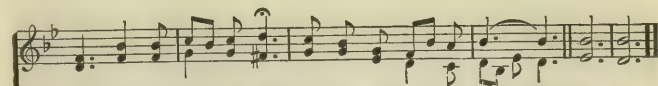
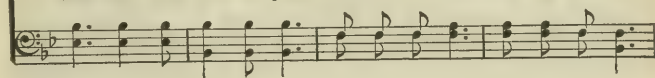
Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.  
 When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.  
 Noth-ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.  
 Lean, wear-y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.



## CHORUS.



God will take care of you, Thro' ev-'ry day, O'er all the way;



He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . . A - MEN.  
 take care of you.



## God Be With You.

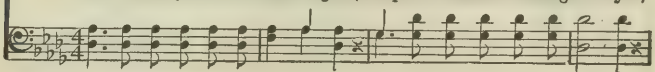
J. E. Rankin.

*Endeavor. P. M.*

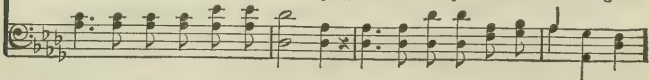
W. G. Tomer.



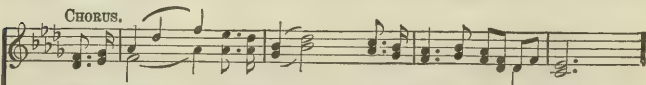
1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His coun-sels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain; When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain; Keep love's banner floating o'er you;



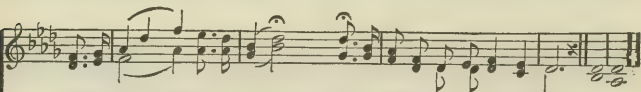
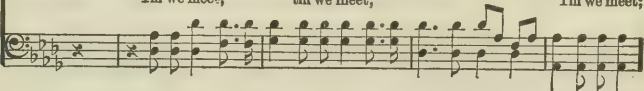
With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.  
 Dai - ly man-na still pro-vide you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.  
 Put His arms un-fail-ing round you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.  
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.



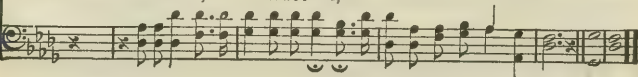
## CHORUS.



Till we meet, . . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;  
 Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet;



Till we meet, . . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet again. --MEN.  
 Till we meet, till we r t,

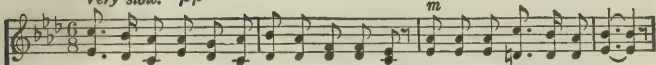




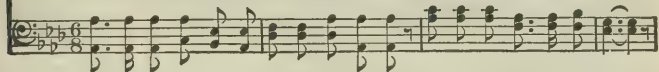
## Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

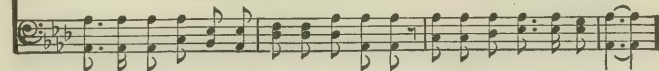
Will L. Thompson.

*Very slow. pp**m*

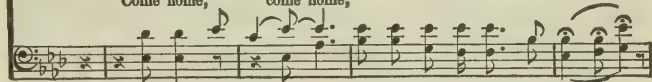
1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the won-der-ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;



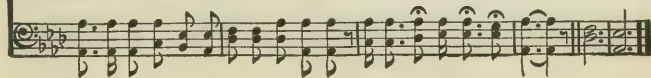
See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.  
 Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?  
 Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Com-ing for you and for me.  
 Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Par-don for you and for me.

CHORUS. *m**cres.*

Come home, . . come home, . . Ye who are wear-y, come home; . .  
 Come home, come home,



Earnestly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home! A-MEN.



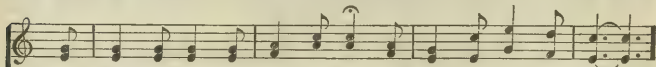
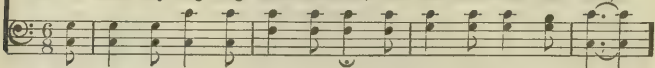
## My Latest Sun is Sinking Fast.

J. Hascall.

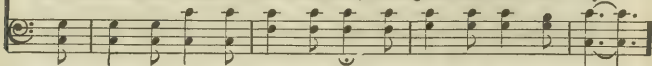
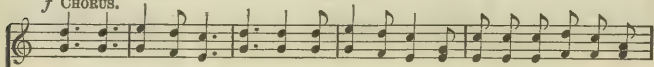
Wm. B. Bradbury.



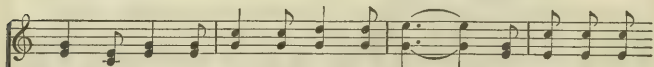
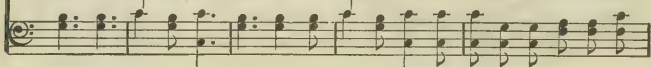
1. My lat - est sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run;
2. I know I'm nearing the ho - ly ranks Of friends and kin - dred dear,
3. I've al - most gained my heav'nly home, My spir - it loud - ly sings;
4. O, bear my long - ing heart to Him, Who bled and died for me;



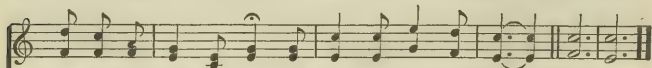
My strong - est tri - als now are past, My tri - umph is be - gun.  
 For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks, The cross - ing must be near.  
 Thy ho - ly ones, be - hold, they come! I hear the noise of wings.  
 Whose blood now cleans - es from all sin, And gives me vic - to - ry.

*f* CHORUS.

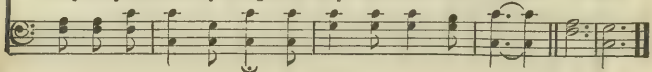
O come, an - gel band, come and a - round me stand, O, bear me a - way on your



snow - y wings To my im - mor - tal home; O, bear me a -



way on your snow - y wings To my im - mor - tal home. A - MEN.



## At the Cross.

Isaac Watts.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY MRS. MARY HUDSON.  
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

R. E. Hudson.

1. A - las, and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign die?  
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?  
 3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,  
 4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?  
 A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!  
 When Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died For man, the crea - ture's sin.  
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

## CHORUS.

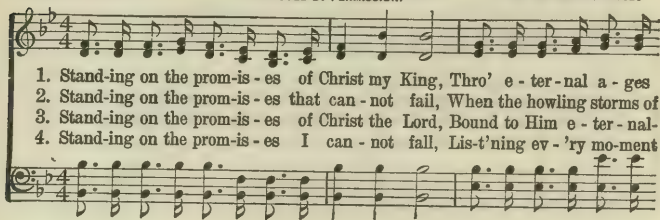
At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the  
 bur - den of my heart rolled a - way, (rolled away,) It was there by faith  
 I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day! A - MEN.

## Standing On the Promises.

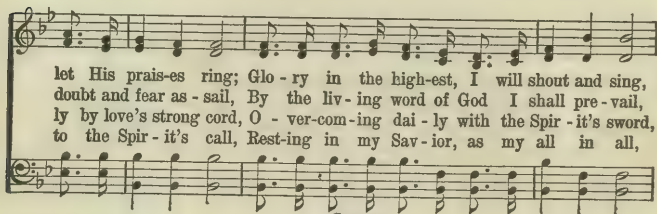
R. K. C.

COPYRIGHT, 1966, BY JOHN J. HOOD.  
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R. Kelso Carter.

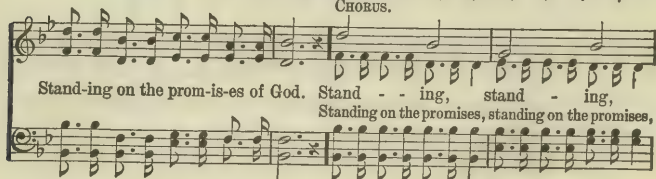


1. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges  
 2. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail, When the howling storms of  
 3. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e - ter - nal  
 4. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es I can - not fall, Lis-t'ning ev - 'ry mo-ment

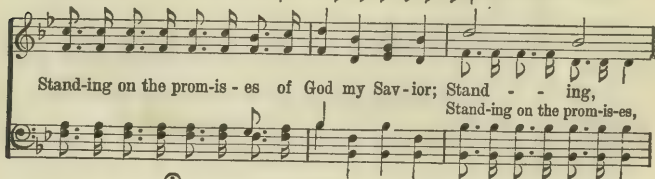


let His prais-es ring; Glo - ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,  
 doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing word of God I shall pre - vail,  
 ly by love's strong cord, O - ver-com-ing dai - ly with the Spir - it's sword,  
 to the Spir - it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav - ior, as my all in all,

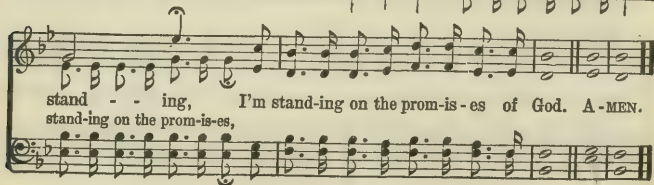
## CHORUS.



Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand - - ing, stand - ing,  
 Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,



Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God my Sav - ior; Stand - - ing,  
 Stand-ing on the prom-is-es,

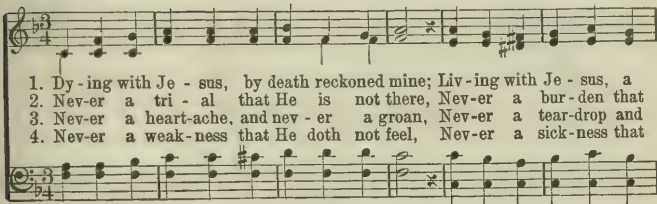


stand - - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God. A - MEN.  
 stand-ing on the prom-is-es,

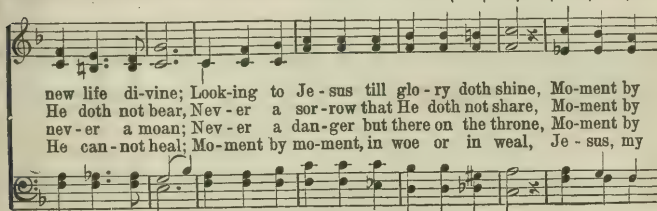


D. W. Whittle.

May Whittle Moody.

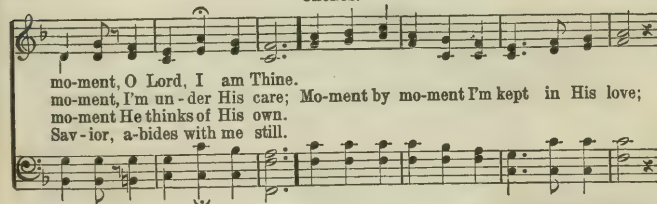


1. Dy-ing with Je - sus, by death reckoned mine; Liv-ing with Je - sus, a  
 2. Nev-er a tri - al that He is not there, Nev-er a bur-den that  
 3. Nev-er a heart-ache, and nev - er a groan, Nev-er a tear-drop and  
 4. Nev-er a weak-ness that He doth not feel, Nev-er a sick-ness that

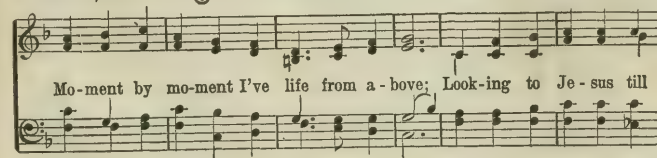


new life di-vine; Look-ing to Je - sus till glo-ry doth shine, Mo-ment by  
 He doth not bear, Nev - er a sor-row that He doth not share, Mo-ment by  
 nev - er a moan; Nev - er a dan-ger but there on the throne, Mo-ment by  
 He can-not heal; Mo-ment by mo-ment, in woe or in weal, Je - sus, my

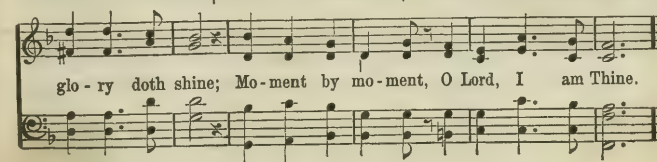
## CHORUS.



mo-ment, O Lord, I am Thine.  
 mo-ment, I'm un-der His care; Mo-ment by mo-ment I'm kept in His love;  
 mo-ment He thinks of His own.  
 Sav-ior, a-bides with me still.



Mo-ment by mo-ment I've life from a-b-ove; Look-ing to Je - sus till



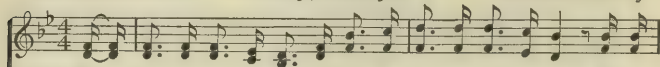
glo - ry doth shine; Mo-ment by mo-ment, O Lord, I am Thine.

## Battle Hymn of the Republic.

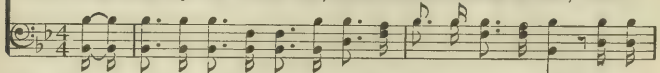
Julia Ward Howe.

*Glory, Hallelujah.*

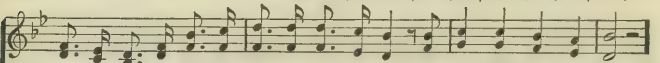
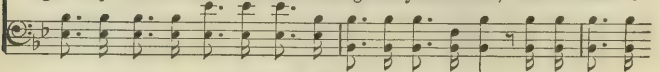
Plantation Melody.



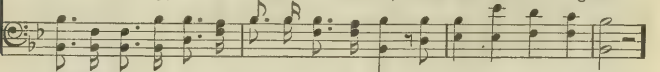
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred circling camps; They have
3. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall nev - er sound re - treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a



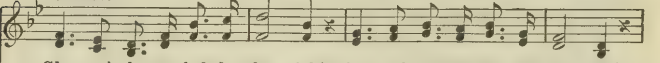
tram - pling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the  
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can read His  
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judgment seat. O be swift, my  
 glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He died to



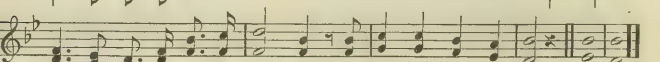
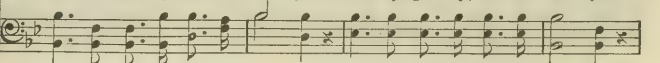
fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth is march - ing on.  
 righteous sentence by the dim and flar - ing lamps; His day is march - ing on.  
 soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.  
 make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free; While God is march - ing on.



## CHORUS.



Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Our God is march - ing on. A - MEN.

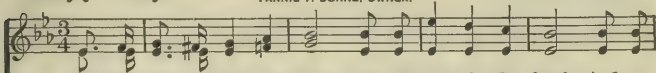


## 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

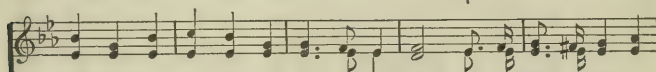
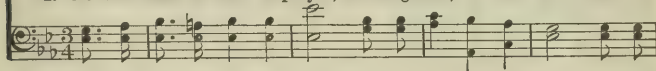
Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1880, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.  
FANNIE T. DOANE, OWNER.

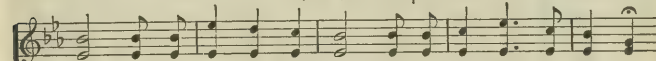
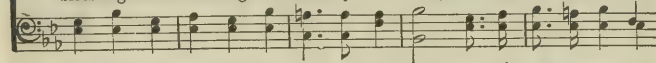
W. H. Doane.



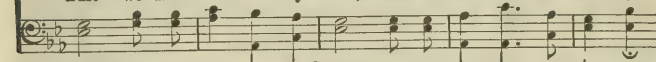
1. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low-ly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the Sav-ior draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried To the
4. At the bless-ed hour of prayer, trust-ing Him, we be-lieve That the



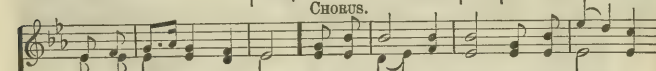
gath-er to Je-sus, our Sav-ior and Friend; If we come to Him in  
ten-der com-pas-sion His chil-dren to hear; When He tells us we may  
Sav-ior who loves them their sor-row con-fide; With a sym-pa-thiz-ing  
bless-ing we're need-ing we'll sure-ly re-ceive; In the full-ness of this



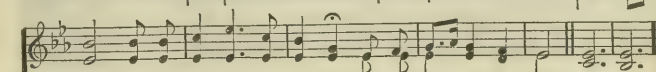
faith, His pro-tec-tion to share, What a balm for the wear-y!  
cast at His feet ev-'ry care, What a balm for the wear-y!  
heart He re-moves ev-'ry care; What a balm for the wear-y!  
trust we shall lose ev-'ry care; What a balm for the wear-y!



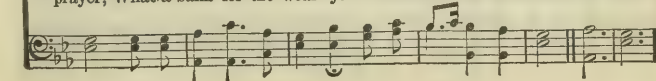
## CHORUS.



O how sweet to be there! Bless-ed hour of prayer, bless-ed hour of

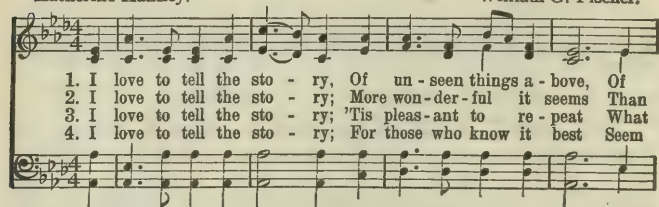


prayer, What a balm for the wear-y! O how sweet to be there! A - MEN.

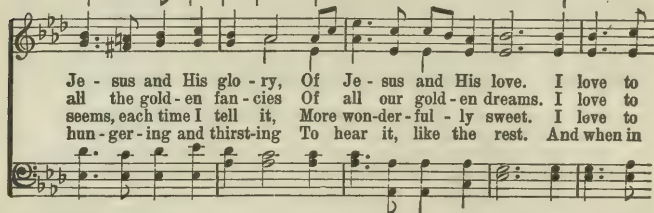


Katherine Hankey.

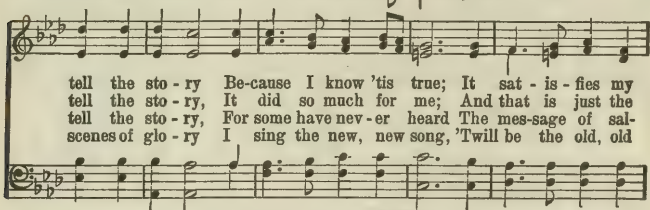
William G. Fischer.



1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of  
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than  
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What  
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem

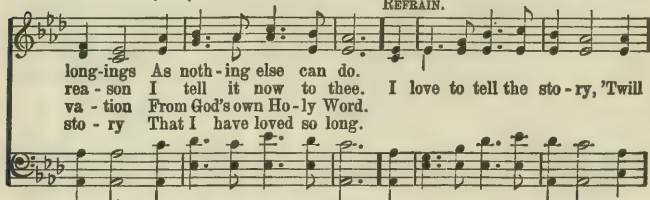


Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to  
 all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to  
 seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to  
 hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it, like the rest. And when in

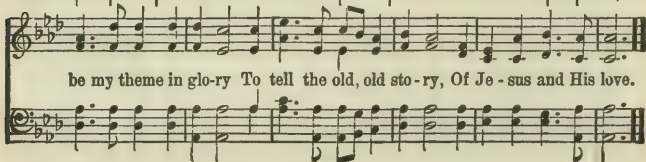


tell the sto - ry Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my  
 tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the  
 tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal -  
 scenes of glo - ry I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old

## REFRAIN.



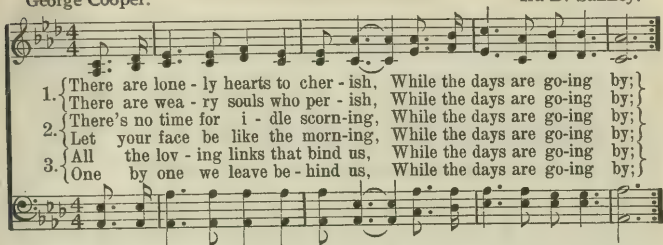
long - ings As noth - ing else can do.  
 rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill  
 va - tion From God's own Ho - ly Word.  
 sto - ry That I have loved so long.



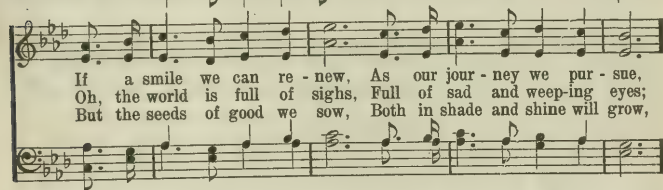
be my theme in glo - ry To tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.

George Cooper.

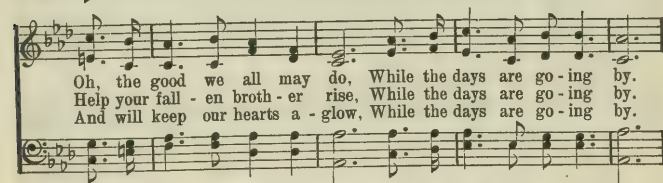
Ira D. Sankey.



1. { There are lone - ly hearts to cher - ish, While the days are go - ing by; }  
 { There are wea - ry souls who per - ish, While the days are go - ing by; }  
 2. { There's no time for i - dle scorn - ing, While the days are go - ing by; }  
 { Let your face be like the morn - ing, While the days are go - ing by; }  
 3. { All the lov - ing links that bind us, While the days are go - ing by; }  
 { One by one we leave be - hind us, While the days are go - ing by; }

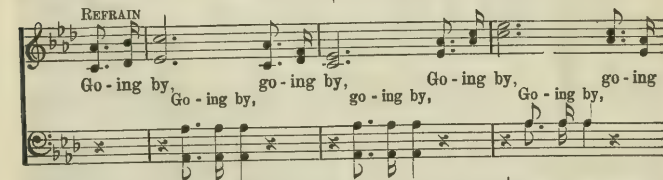


If a smile we can re - new, As our jour - ney we pur - sue,  
 Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep - ing eyes;  
 But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow,

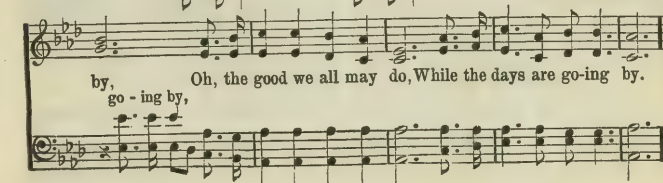


Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by.  
 Help your fall - en broth - er rise, While the days are go - ing by.  
 And will keep our hearts a - glow, While the days are go - ing by.

## REFRAIN



Go - ing by, Go - ing by, go - ing by, Go - ing by, go - ing by, go - ing by,



by, Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by.  
 go - ing by,

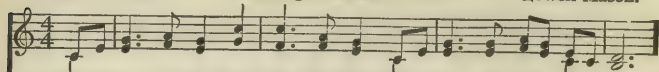


## There is a fountain.

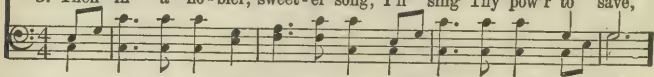
William Cowper.

*Cleansing Fountain. C. M.*

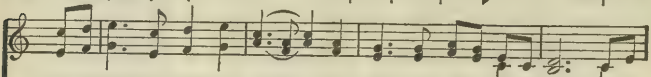
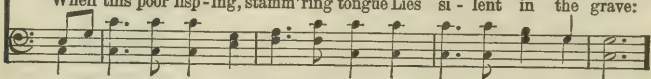
Lowell Mason.



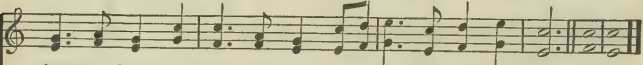
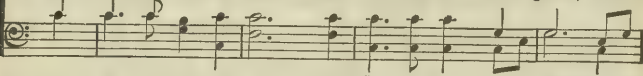
1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Dear dy-ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
5. Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,



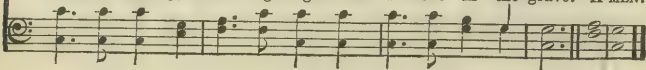
And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains:  
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way:  
 Till all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more:  
 Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die:  
 When this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave:



Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains; And  
 Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way; And  
 Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more; Till  
 And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die; Re-  
 Lies si-lent in the grave, Lies si-lent in the grave; When



sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.  
 there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.  
 all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.  
 deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.  
 this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave. A-MEN.



Elizabeth C. Clephane.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel-ter of the fold,  
 2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine; Are they not enough for Thee?"  
 3. But none of the ransomed ev - er knew How deep were the waters crossed;  
 4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain's track?"  
 5. But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riv'n, And up from the rock-y steep,

But one was out on the hills a - way, Far - off from the gates of  
 But the Shep-herd made answer: "This of Mine Has wan-dered a - way from  
 Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro' Ere He found His sheep that was  
 They were shed for one who had gone a-stray Ere the Shepherd could bring him  
 There a-rose a glad cry to the gate of heav'n, "Re - joice! I have found My

gold— A - way on the moun - tains wild and bare, A - way from the  
 Me, And al - tho' the road be rough and steep, I go to the  
 lost. Out in the des - ert He heard its cry— Sick and  
 back." "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They're pierced to—  
 sheep!" And the an - gels ech-oed a-round the throne, "Re-joice, for the

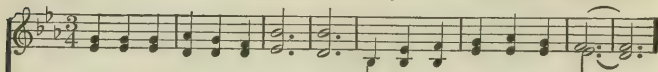
ten - der Shepherd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shep-herd's care."  
 des-ert to find My sheep, I go to the des-ert to find My sheep."  
 helpless, and ready to die; Sick and helpless, and read-y to die."  
 night by man-y a thorn; They're pierced to-night by man-y a thorn."  
 Lord brings back His own! Re - joice, for the Lord brings back His own."

## Give of Your Best to the Master.

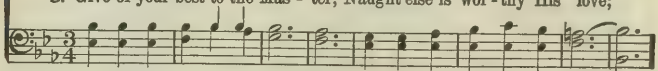
H. B. G.

Barnard. 8s. 7s. D.

Mrs. Charles Barnard.

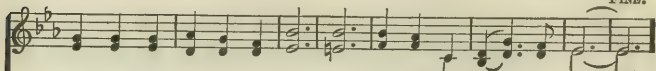


1. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
2. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give Him first place in your heart;
3. Give of your best to the Mas - ter, Naught else is wor - thy His love;

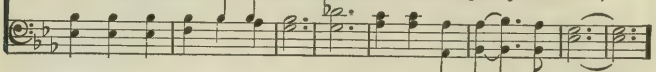


REF.—Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;

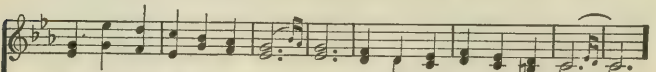
FINE.



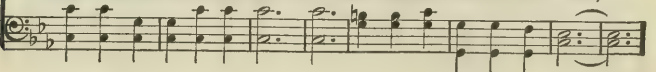
Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ar - dor In - to the bat - tle for truth.  
 Give Him first place in your serv - ice, Con - se - crate ev - 'ry part.  
 He gave Him - self for your ran - som, Gave up His glo - ry a - bove;



Clad in sal - va - tion's full ar - mor, Join in the bat - tle for truth.



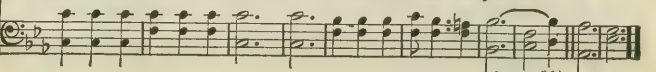
Je - sus has set the ex - am - ple; Dauntless was He, young and brave;  
 Give, and to you shall be giv - en; God His be - lov - ed Son gave;  
 Laid down His life without mur - mur, You from sin's ru - in to save;



rall. D. C.



Give Him your loy - al de - vo - tion, Give Him the best that you have.  
 Grate - ful - ly seek - ing to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have.  
 Give Him your heart's ad - o - ra - tion, Give Him the best that you have. A - MEN.



## Hark! Hark! My Soul!

F. W. Faber.

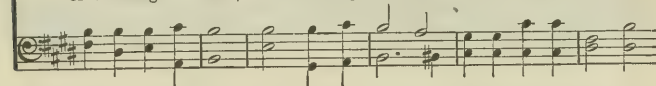
Henry Smart.



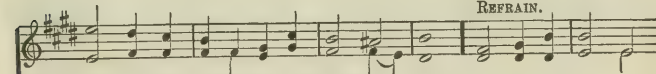
1. Hark! hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and
2. On - ward we go; for still we hear them singing, "Come, wear-y souls, for
3. An - gels, sing on! your faith-ful watches keep-ing; Sing us sweet frag-ments



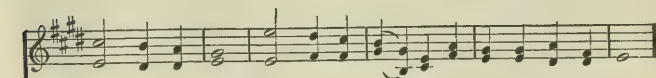
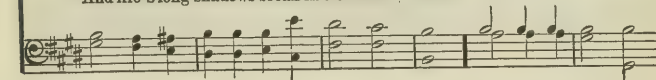
ocean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell-ing  
 Je - sus bids you come!" And thro' the dark its ech-oes sweet-ly ring-ing,  
 of the songs a - bove, Till morn-ing's joy shall end the night of weep-ing,



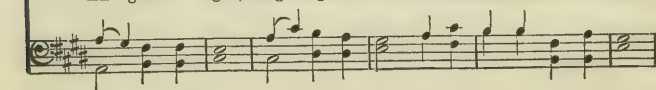
## REFRAIN.



Of that new life when sin shall be no more!  
 The mu - sic of the gos-pel leads us home. An - gels of Je - sus,  
 And life's long shadows break in cloud-less love.



An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night!



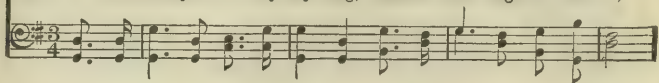
## Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

Daniel March.

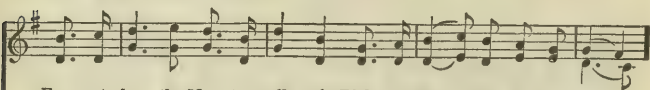
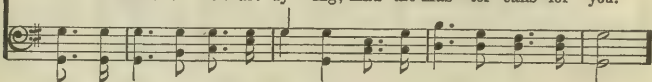
Francois H. Barthelemon.



1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Who will go and work to - day?"
2. If you can - not cross the o - cean, And far mis - sion lands ex - plore,
3. Let none hear you i - dly say - ing, "There is noth - ing I can do,"



Fields are white, and har-vests wait-ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"  
 You can find the need - y near - er, You can help them at your door;  
 While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Mas - ter calls for you.



Ear-nest - ly the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers free;  
 If you can - not give your thousands, You can serve with will-ing might;  
 Take the task He gives you glad - ly; Let His work your pleas-ure be;



Who will an - swer, glad-ly say - ing, "Here am I, O Lord, send me?"  
 And what-e'er you do for Je - sus Will be pre - cious in His sight.  
 An - swer quick - ly when He call - eth, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."



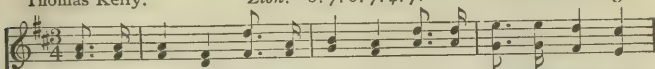


# 53 Zion Stands With Hills Surrounded.

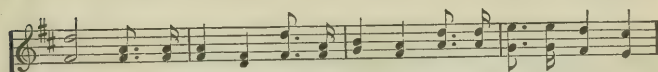
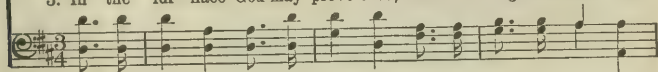
Thomas Kelly.

Zion. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

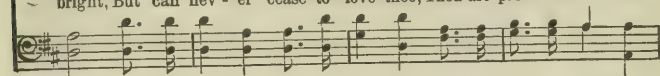
Thomas Hastings.



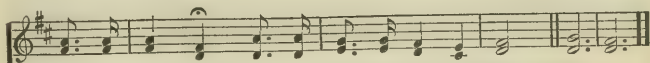
1. Zi - on stands with hills sur-round-ed, Zi - on kept by pow'r di-
2. Ev-'ry hu-man tie may per-ish; Friend to friend un-faith-ful
3. In the fur-nace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee forth more



vine: All her foes shall be con-found-ed, Tho' the world in arms com-  
 prove; Moth-ers cease their own to cher-ish, Heav'n and earth at last re-  
 - bright, But can nev-er cease to love thee; Thou art pre-cious in His

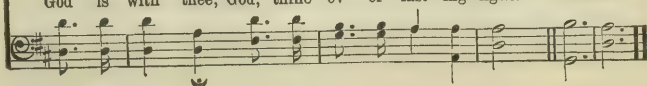


bine; Hap-py Zi-on, What a fa-vored lot is thine;  
 move; But no chan-ges Can at-tend Je-ho-vah's love;  
 sight: God is with thee, God, thine ev-er-last-ing light;



Hap-py Zi-on, What a fa-vored lot is thine.  
 But no chan-ges Can at-tend Je-ho-vah's love.  
 God is with thee, God, thine ev-er-last-ing light.

A - MEN.



## This is My Father's World.

WORDS COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS. ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY  
THE TRUSTEES OF THE PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION AND SABBATH SCHOOL WORK.

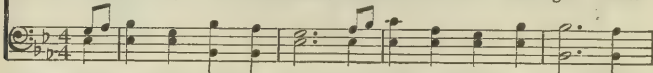
*Terra Beata. S. M. D.* Traditional English Melody.

Maltbie D. Babcock.

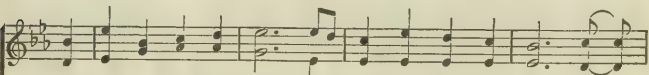
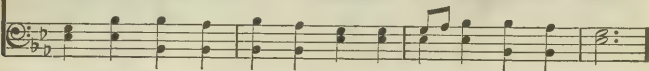
Arranged by S. F. L., 1915.



1. This is my Fa-ther's world, And to my lis-t'ning ears, All
2. This is my Fa-ther's world, The birds their car-ols raise, The
3. This is my Fa-ther's world, O let me ne'er for-get That



na-ture sings, and round me rings The mu-sic of the spheres.  
morn-ing light, the lil-y white, De-clare their Ma-ker's praise.  
though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the Rul-er yet.



This is my Fa-ther's world, I rest me in the thought Of  
This is my Fa-ther's world, He shines in all that's fair; In the  
This is my Fa-ther's world, The bat-tle is not done, Je-



rocks and trees, of . . skies and seas—His hand the won-ders wrought.  
rus-ting grass I . . hear Him pass, He speaks to me ev'-ry-where.  
ous who died shall be sat-is-fied, And earth and heav'n be one. A-MEN.

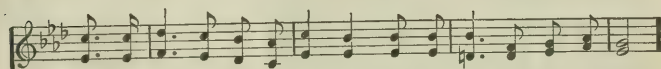
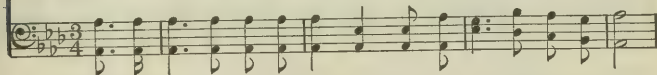


# 55 All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

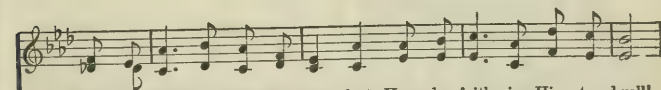
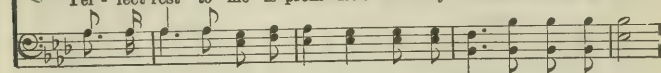
Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. Robert Lowry.  
USED, BY PERMISSION.



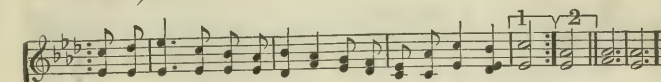
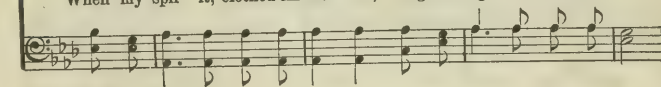
1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me, Cheers each winding path I tread,
3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; Oh, the full-ness of His love!



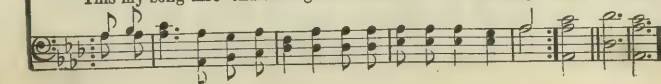
Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my Guide?  
Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread.  
Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove.

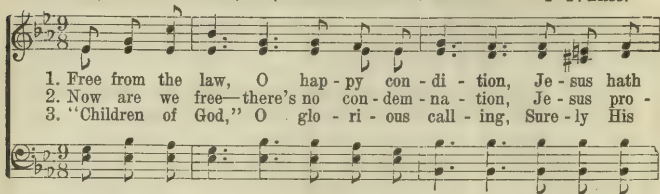


Heav'n-ly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!  
Though my wear-y steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,  
When my spir-it, clothed im-mor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,

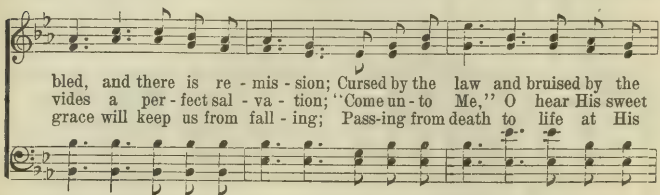


For I know, whate'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well; well.  
Gushing from the Rock before me, Lo! a spring of joy I see; see.  
This my song thro' endless a-ges: Je-sus led me all the way; way. A-MEN.



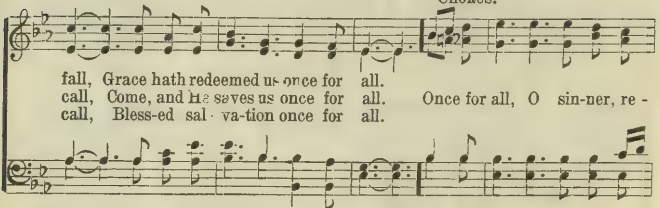


1. Free from the law, O hap - py con - di - tion, Je - sus hath  
 2. Now are we free—there's no con - dem - na - tion, Je - sus pro -  
 3. "Children of God," O glo - ri - ous call - ing, Sure - ly His

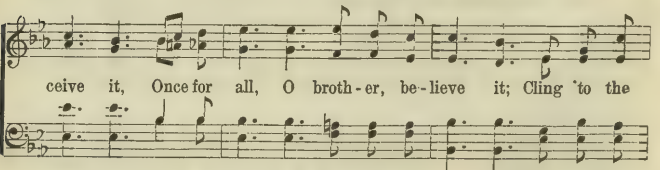


bled, and there is re - mis - sion; Cursed by the law and bruised by the  
 vides a per - fect sal - va - tion; "Come un - to Me," O hear His sweet  
 grace will keep us from fall - ing; Pass - ing from death to life at His

## CHORUS.



fall, Grace hath redeemed us once for all.  
 call, Come, and He saves us once for all. Once for all, O sin - ner, re -  
 call, Bless - ed sal - va - tion once for all.



ceive it, Once for all, O broth - er, be - lieve it; Cling to the



Cross, the bur - den will fall, Christ hath redeemed us once for all.

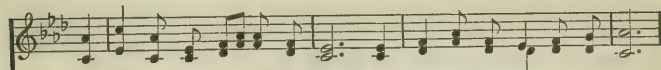
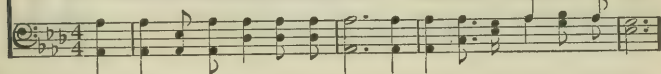
# 57 The Rock That Is Higher Than I.

E. Johnson.

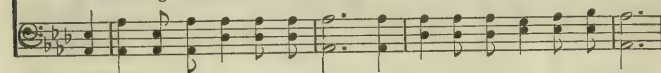
William G. Fischer.



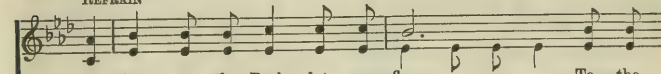
1. O sometimes the shad-ows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
2. O sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how wea-ry my feet;
3. O near to the Rock let me keep, If bless-ings or sor-rows pre-vail;



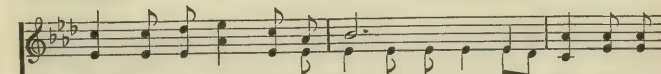
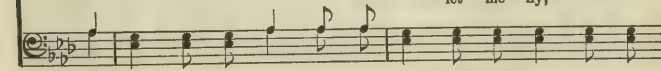
And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down o-ver the soul!  
But toil-ing in life's dust-y way, The Rock's blessed shad-ow, how sweet!  
Or climb-ing the mountain way steep, Or walk-ing the shad-ow-y vale.



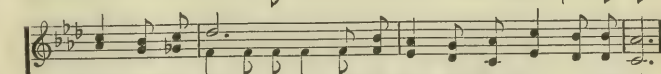
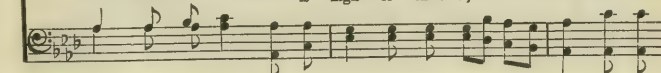
## REFRAIN



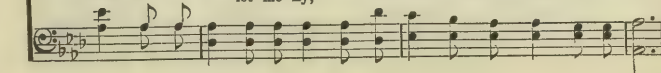
O then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the



Rock that is high-er than I; O then to the  
is high-er than I;



Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I!

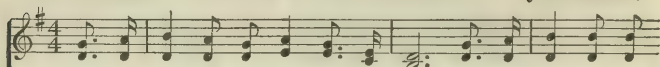




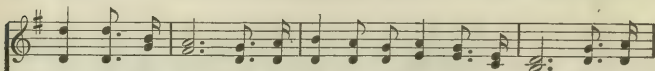
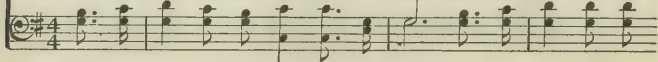
S. F. Bennett.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY JOAN H. WEBSTER.

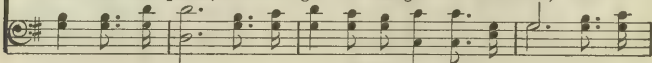
J. P. Webster.



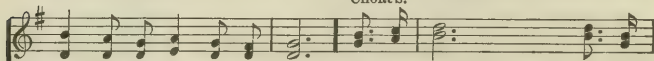
1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer the



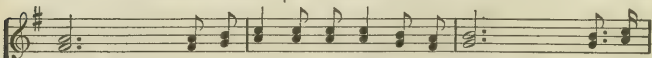
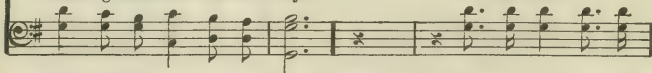
see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre -  
 songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a  
 trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the



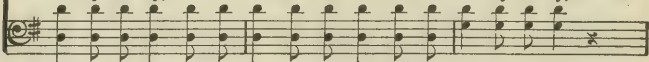
## CHORUS.



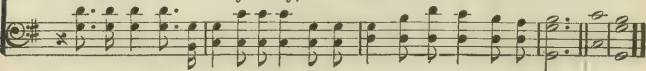
pare us a dwell - ing - place there. In the sweet by and  
 sigh for the bless - ing of rest.  
 bless - ings that hal - low our days. In the sweet



by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore; In the  
 by and by, by and by;



sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore. A - MEN.  
 In the sweet by and by,

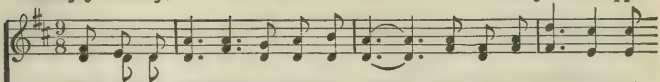


## Blessed Assurance.

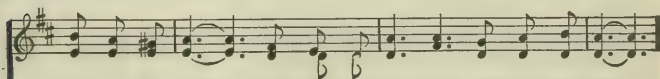
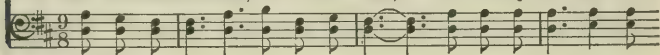
Fanny J. Crosby.

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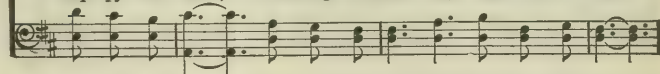
Mrs. J. F. Knapp.



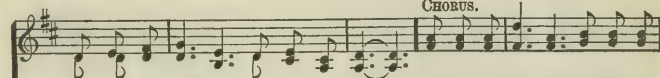
1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of  
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vi-sions of rap-ture now  
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-ior am



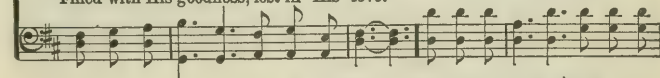
glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God,  
 burst on my sight; An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove  
 hap-py and blest; Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove,



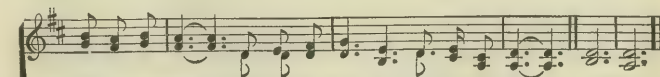
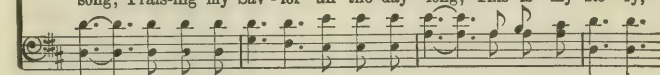
## CHORUS.



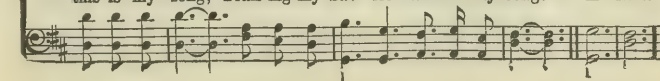
Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.  
 Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry, this is my  
 Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.



song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my sto-ry,



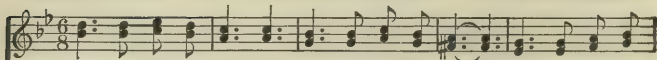
this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long. A-MEN.



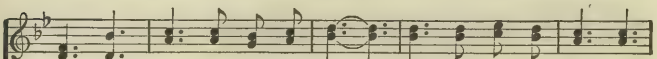
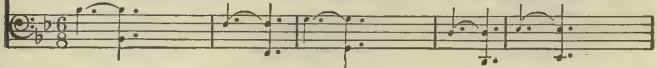
H. R. P.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY H. R. PALMER. RENEWAL.

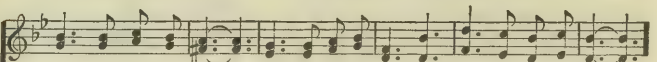
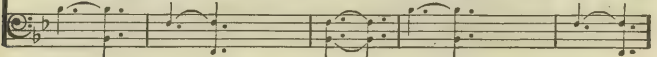
H. R. Palmer.



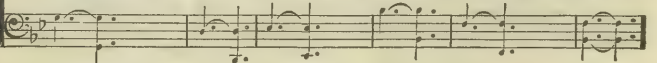
1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e - vil com-pa-n-ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall



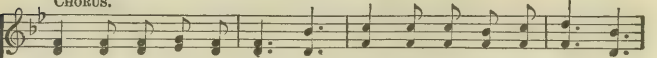
help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man-ful - ly on - ward,  
 rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and ear - nest,  
 con - quer, Tho' oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - ior,



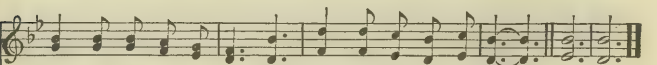
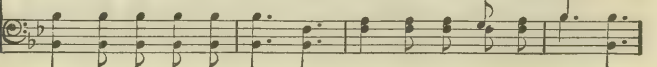
Dark pas-sions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.  
 Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.  
 Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.



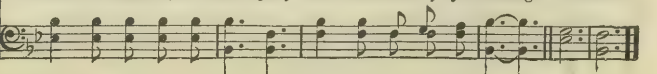
## CHORUS.



Ask the Sav - ior to help you, Com - fort, strengthen and keep you;



He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through. A - MEN.

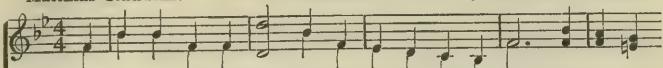


# 61 We Plough the fields, and Scatter.

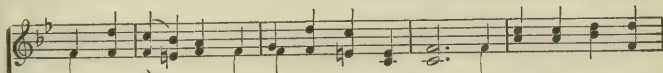
Matthias Claudius.

Dresden.

Johann A. P. Schulz.



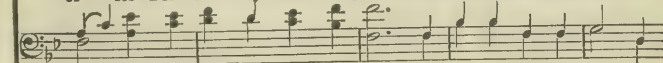
1. We plow the fields, and scat-ter The good seed on the land, But it is
2. He on-ly is the Mak-er Of all things near and far; He paints the
3. We thank Thee, then, O Fa-ther, For all things bright and good; The seed-time



fed and wa-tered By God's al-might-y hand; He sends the snow in  
way-side flow-er, He lights the eve-ning star; The winds and waves o-  
and the har-vest, Our life, our health, our food; Ac-cept the gift we



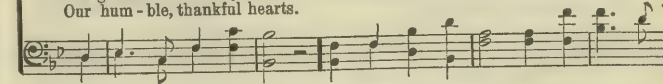
win-ter, The warmth to swell the grain, The breez-es, and the sun-shine,  
bey Him; By Him the birds are fed: Much more to us the chil-dren,  
of-fer For all Thy love im-parts, And, what Thou most de-sir-est,



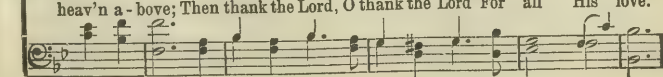
## REFRAIN



And soft re-fresh-ing rain.  
He gives our dai-ly bread. All good gifts a-round us Are sent from  
Our hum-ble, thankful hearts.



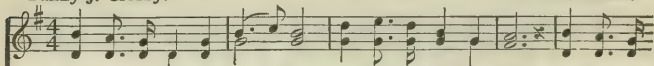
heav'n a-bove; Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord For all His love.



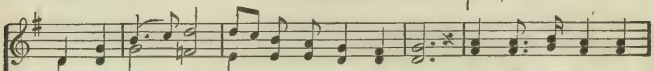
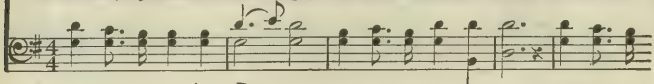
Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF FANNIE T. DOANE.

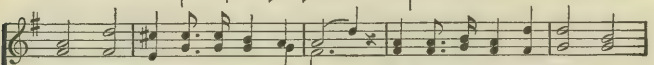
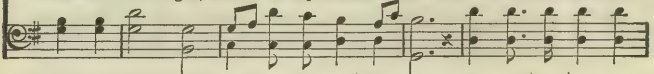
W. H. Doane.



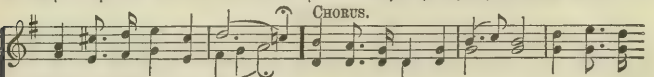
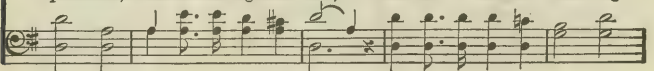
1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast, There by His
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care, Safe from the
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me; Firm on the



love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of  
world's temp - ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there. Free from the blight of  
Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be. Here let me wait with



an - gels, Borne in a song to me, O - ver the fields of glo - ry,  
sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more tri - als,  
pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morn - ing

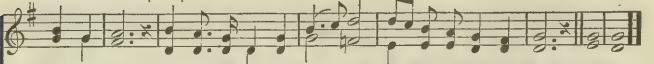
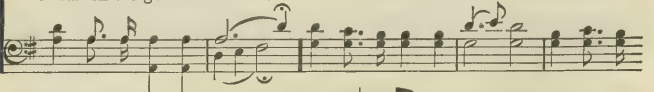


CHORUS.

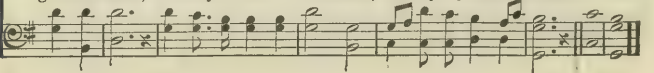
O - ver the jas - per sea. . . .

On - ly a few more tears! . . Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His

Break on the gold - en shore. . .



gen - tle breast, There by His love o'er - shaded, Sweetly my soul shall rest. A - MEN.





## Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

Mrs. Albert Smith.  
and R. H. C.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1930, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

S. J. Vail.

1. Let us gath-er up the sunbeams, Ly-ing all a-round our path: Let us  
2. Strange we nev-er prize the mu-sic Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown! Strange that  
3. The ex-am-ple of our Sav-ior, As He went forth do-ing good, We should

keep the wheat and roses, Casting out the thorns and chaff; Let us find our sweetest  
we should slight the violets Till the lovely flow'rs are gone! Strange that summerskies and  
em-u-late with gladness, And ex-tend our broth-er-hood; We should reach down to the

com-fort In the bless-ings of to-day, With a patient hand removing All the  
sun-shine Nev-er seem one-half so fair, As when winter's snowy pinions Shake the  
fall-en, We should not neglect the high, And with gentle touch and gracious, We should

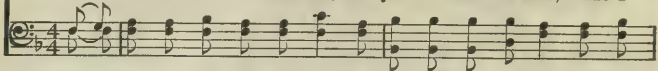
## CHORUS

bri-ars from the way.  
white down in the air. Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness, Then scatter seeds of  
bring the kingdom nigh.

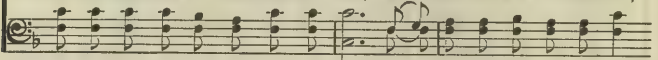
*ad lib*  
kind-ness, Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness, For our reap-ing by and by.



1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry-thing to me, He's the
2. He all my griefs has tak - en, and all my sor - rows borne; In temp -
3. He will nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for - sake me here, While I



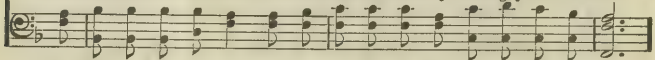
fair - est of ten thou - sand to my soul; The Lil - y of the Val - ley,  
ta - tion He's my strong and might - y tow'r; I have all for Him for - sak - en,  
live by faith and do his bless - ed will; A wall of fire a - bout me,



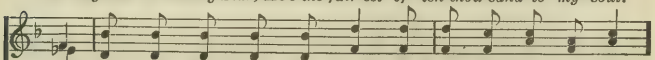
D. S.—Lil - y of the Val - ley, FINE



in Him a - lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole.  
and all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r.  
I've nothing now to fear, With His man - na He my hun - gry soul shall fill.



*the bright and Morning Star, He's the fair - est of ten thou - sand to my soul.*



In sor - row He's my com - fort, in troub - le He's my stay,  
Tho' all the world for - sake me, and Sa - tan tempt me sore,  
Then sweep - ing up to glo - ry to see His bless - ed face,



He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll. He's the  
Thro' Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal. He's the  
Where riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll. He's the

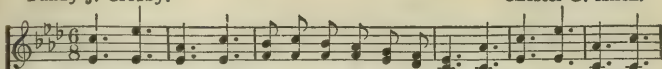


D. S.

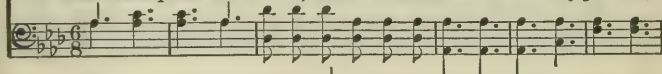
## Praise Him! Praise Him!

Fanny J. Crosby.

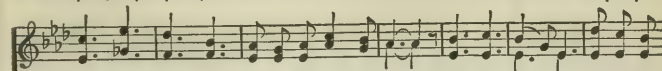
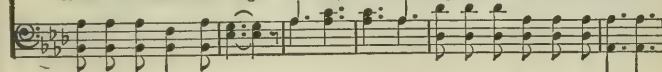
Chester G. Allen.



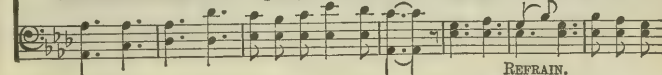
1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing O Earth, His
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heav'nly por-tals,



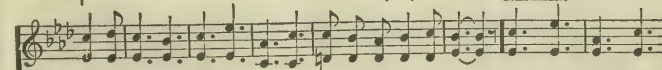
won-der-ful love proclaim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest archangels in glo-ry;  
suffered, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our hope of e-ter-nal sal-va-tion,  
loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je-sus, Sav-ior, reigneth for-ev-er and ev-er;



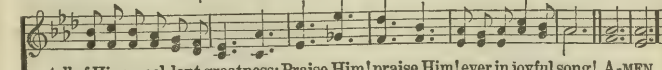
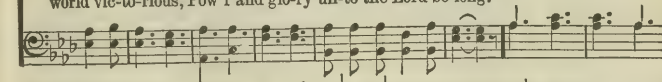
Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shep-herd, Je-sus will  
Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus the Cru-ci-fied. Sound His Prais-es! Je-sus who  
Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is coming! over the



REFRAIN.



guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long: Praise Him! praise Him!  
bore our sorrows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong:  
world vic-to-rious, Pow'r and glo-ry un-to the Lord be-long:



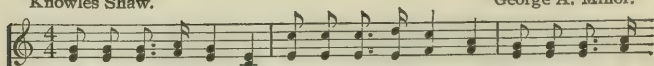
tell of His ex-cel-lent greatness; Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joyful song! A-MEN.



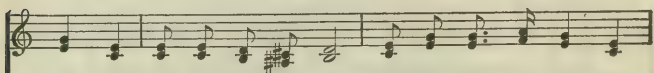
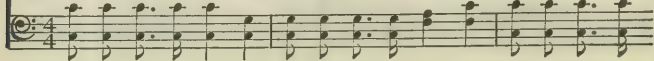
## Bringing In the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw.

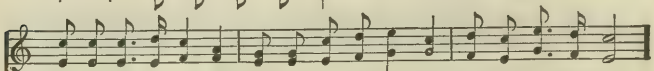
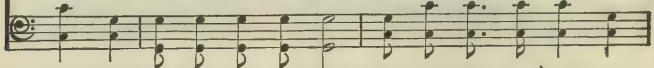
George A. Minor.



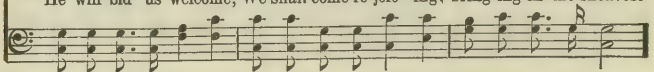
1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the
2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing nei-ther
3. Go-ing forth with weeping, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sus-



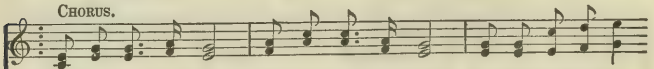
noon-tide and the dew-y eve; Wait-ing for the har-vest,  
clouds nor win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har-vest,  
tained our spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weep-ing's o-ver,



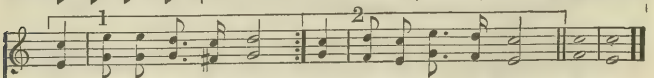
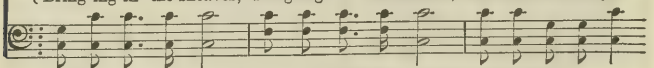
and the time of reap-ing, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.  
and the la-bor end-ed, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.  
He will bid us welcome, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.



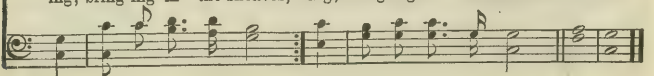
## CHORUS.



{ Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-  
{ Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-



ing, bring-ing in the sheaves; ing, bring-ing in the sheaves. A-MEN.



# 67 I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

Mary Brown.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY C. E. ROUNSEFELL.  
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Carrie E. Rounsefell.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;  
2. Per-haps to-day there are lov-ing words Which Jesus would have me speak;  
3. There's surely somewhere a low-ly place In earth's harvest-fields so wide,

It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me:  
There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek.  
Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je-sus, the Cru-ci-fied.

But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,  
O Sav-ior, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark and rug-ged the way,  
So, trust-ing my all un-to Thy care, I know Thou lov-est me!

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.  
My voice shall ech-o the mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.  
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D.S.—I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

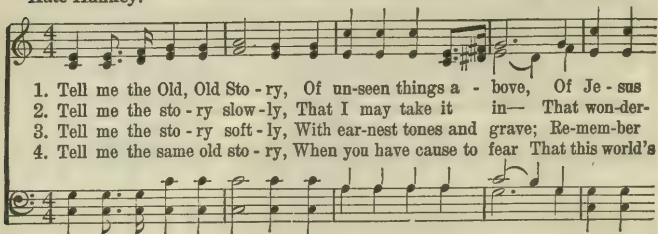
I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;



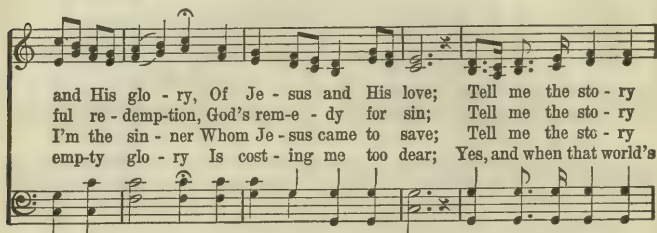
Kate Hankey.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF FANNIE T. DOANE.

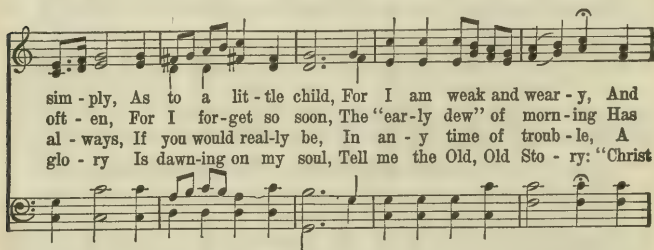
W. H. Doane.



1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus  
 2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in — That won - der -  
 3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear - nest tones and grave; Re - mem - ber  
 4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's

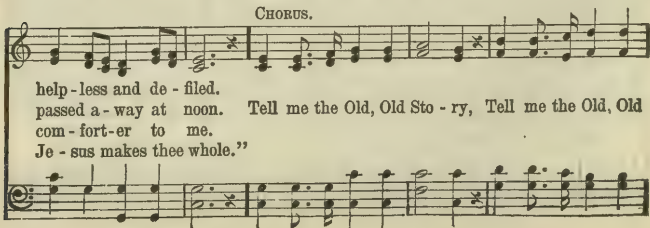


and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; Tell me the sto - ry  
 ful re - demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin; Tell me the sto - ry  
 I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save; Tell me the sto - ry  
 emp - ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's



sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wear - y, And  
 oft - en, For I for - get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing Has  
 al - ways, If you would real - ly be, In an - y time of troub - le, A  
 glo - ry Is dawn - ing on my soul, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry: "Christ

## CHORUS.



help - less and de - filed.  
 passed a - way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old  
 com - fort - er to me.  
 Je - sus makes thee whole."

# Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love. A - MEN.

## 69 May Jesus Christ Be Praised.

From the German.

Sir Joseph Barnby.

1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries:  
 2. When sleep her balm de - nies, My si - lent spir - it sighs:  
 3. Does sad - ness fill my mind, A sol - ace here I find:  
 4. In Heav'n's e - ter - nal bliss The love - liest strain is this:  
 5. Be this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine,

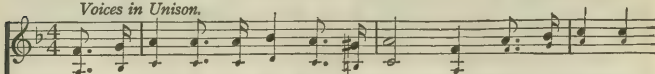
May Je - sus Christ be praised; A - like at work and prayer  
 May Je - sus Christ be praised; When e - vil thoughts mo - lest,  
 May Je - sus Christ be praised; Or fades my earth - ly bliss,  
 May Je - sus Christ be praised; The pow'rs of dark - ness fear,  
 May Je - sus Christ be praised; Be this th' e - ter - nal song,

To Je - sus I re - pair: May Je - sus Christ be praised.  
 With this I shield my breast: May Je - sus Christ be praised.  
 My com - fort still is this: May Je - sus Christ be praised.  
 When this sweet chant they hear: May Je - sus Christ be praised.  
 Thro' all the a - ges on: May Je - sus Christ be praised. A - MEN.

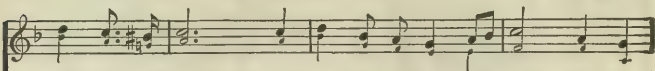
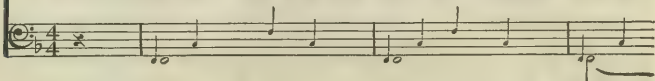
Colin Sterne.

Sterne. 10. 8. 7. 7. 7.

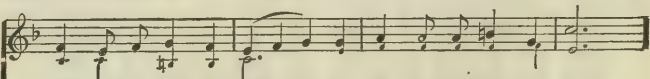
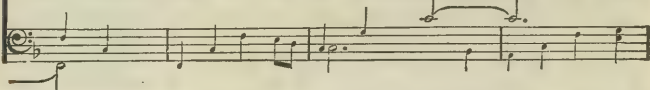
H. Ernest Nichol.

*Voices in Unison.*

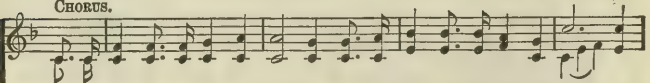
1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall turn their
2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall lift their
3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the Lord Who
4. We've a Sav - ior to show to the na - tions, Who the path of



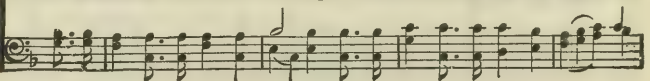
hearts to the right,      A sto - ry of truth and sweet - ness,      A  
 hearts to the Lord;      A song that shall con - quer e - vil      And  
 reign - eth a - bove,      Hath sent us His Son to save us,      And  
 sor - row has trod,      That all of the world's great peo - ple      Might



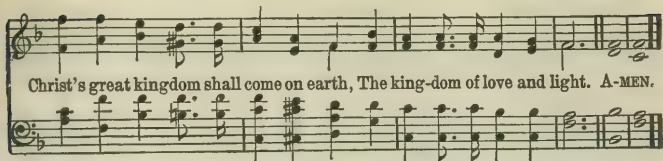
sto - ry of peace and light,      A sto - ry of peace and light.  
 shat - ter the spear and sword,      And shat - ter the spear and sword.  
 show us that God is love,      And show us that God is love.  
 come to the truth of God,      Might come to the truth of God.

**CHORUS.**

For the darkness shall turn to dawning, And the dawning to noon-day bright, And



# We've a Story to Tell to the Nations.

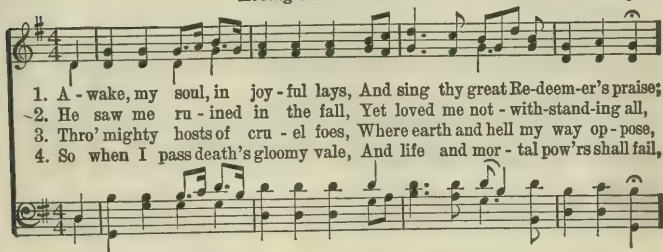


Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth, The king-dom of love and light. A-MEN.

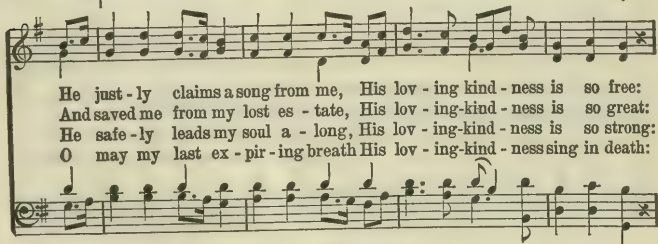
## 71 Awake, My Soul, in Joyful Lays.

*Loving-Kindness. L. M.*

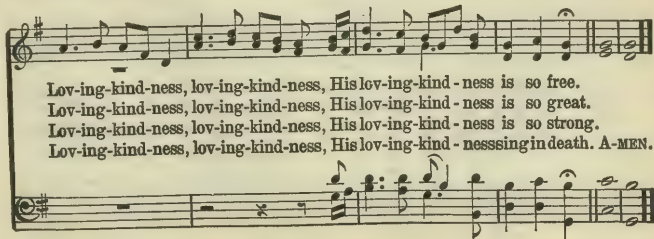
*American Melody.*



1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re-deem-er's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not - with-stand-ing all,
3. Thro' mighty hosts of cru - el foes, Where earth and hell my way op - pose,
4. So when I pass death's gloomy vale, And life and mor - tal pow'rs shall fail,



He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing kind - ness is so free:  
 And saved me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing-kind - ness is so great:  
 He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing-kind - ness is so strong:  
 O may my last ex - pir - ing breath His lov - ing-kind - ness sing in death:



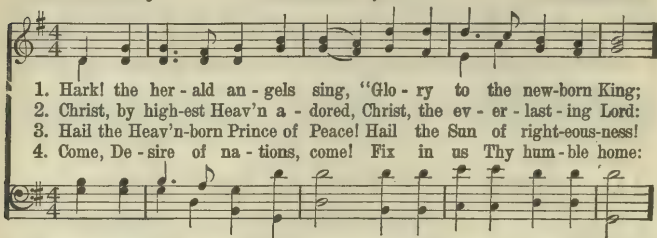
Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov-ing-kind - ness is so free.  
 Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov-ing-kind - ness is so great.  
 Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov-ing-kind - ness is so strong.  
 Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov-ing-kind - nesssing in death. A-MEN.

## Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.


Charles Wesley.

Mendelssohn. 7s. D.

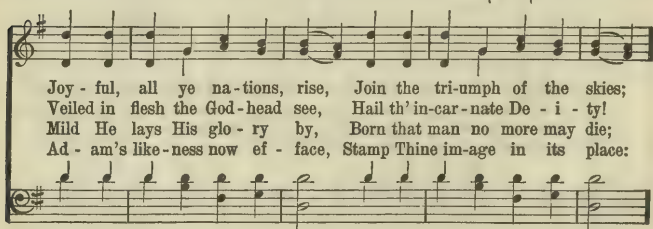
Mendelssohn.



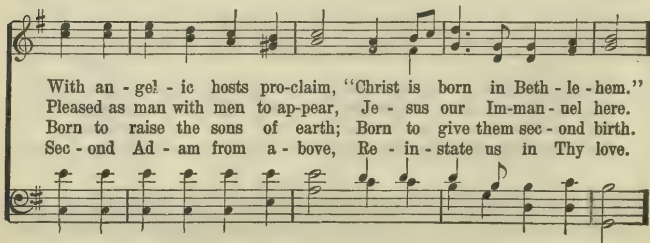
1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;  
 2. Christ, by high-est Heav'n a - dored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord:  
 3. Hail the Heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of right-eous-ness!  
 4. Come, De - sire of na - tions, come! Fix in us Thy hum - ble home:



Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled."  
 Late in time be - hold Him come, Off - spring of a vir - gin's womb.  
 Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings:  
 Rise, the wom - an's con - qu'ring seed, Bruise in us the ser - pent's head;



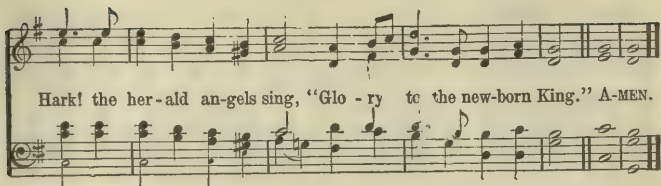
Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;  
 Veiled in flesh the God - head see, Hail th' in - car - nate De - i - ty!  
 Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die;  
 Ad - am's like - ness now ef - face, Stamp Thine im - age in its place:



With an - ge! - ic hosts pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."  
 Pleased as man with men to ap - pear, Je - sus our Im - man - uel here.  
 Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to give them sec - ond birth.  
 Sec - ond Ad - am from a - bove, Re - in - state us in Thy love.



# Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.



Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King." A-MEN.

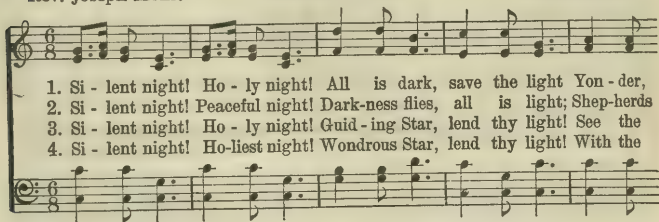
73

## Silent Night! Holy Night!

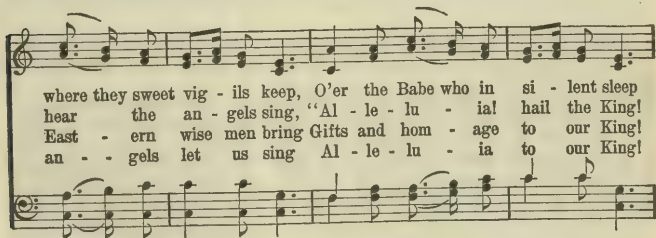
Rev. Joseph Mohr.

*Christmas Carol.*

Franz Gruber.

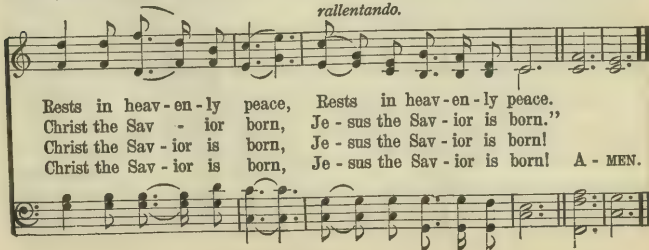


1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is dark, save the light Yon - der,
2. Si - lent night! Peaceful night! Dark-ness flies, all is light; Shep-herds
3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Guid - ing Star, lend thy light! See the
4. Si - lent night! Ho-liest night! Wondrous Star, lend thy light! With the



where they sweet vig - ils keep, O'er the Babe who in si - lent sleep  
 hear the an - gels sing, "Al - le - lu - ia! hail the King!  
 East - ern wise men bring Gifts and hom - age to our King!  
 an - - gels let us sing Al - le - lu - ia to our King!

*rallentando.*

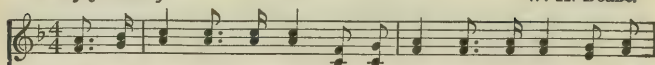


Rests in heav-en-ly peace, Rests in heav-en-ly peace.  
 Christ the Sav - ior born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born."  
 Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born!  
 Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born! A - MEN.

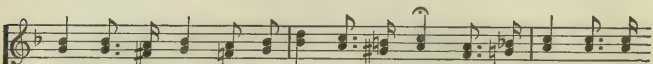
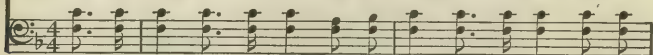
Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE.

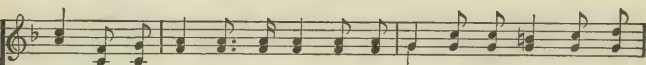
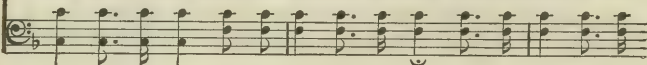
W. H. Doane.



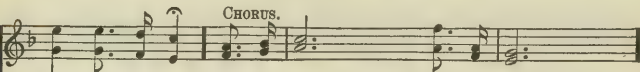
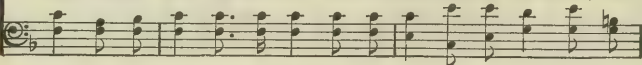
1. To the work! to the work! we are serv - ants of God, Let us  
 2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the  
 3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all; For the  
 4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a



fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the balm of His  
 foun - tain of life let the wear - y be led; In the cross and its  
 king - dom of dark - ness and er - ror shall fall; And the name of Je -  
 robe and a crown shall our la - bor re - ward; When the home of the



coun - sel our strength to re - new, Let us do with our might what our  
 ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the ti - dings, "Sal -  
 ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be, In the loud - swell - ing cho - rus, "Sal -  
 faith - ful our dwell - ing shall be, And we shout with the ran - somed, "Sal -



hands find to do.

va - tion is free!" Toil - ing on,

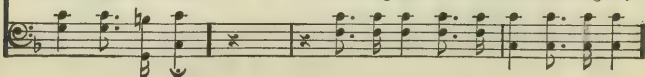
toil - ing on,

va - tion is free!"

va - tion is free!"

Toil - ing on,

toil - ing on,



To the Work.

Toil-ing on, toil-ing on; Let us hope, and trust,

let us watch, And la-bor till the Mas-ter comes. A-MEN.

and pray,

75      God Moves in a Mysterious Way.

William Cowper.

*Belmont. C. M.*

Samuel Webbe.

William Cowper.

1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won - ders to per - form; He  
2. Deep in un - fath - om - a - ble mines Of nev - er - fail - ing skill, He  
3. Ye fear - ful saints, fresh courage take; The clouds ye so much dread Are  
4. Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense, But trust Him for His grace; Be -  
5. His pur - pos - es will rip - en fast, Un - fold - ing ev - 'ry hour; The

plants His foot - steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.  
treas - ures up His bright de - signs, And works His sov - 'reign will.  
big with mer - cy, and shall break In bless - ings on your head.  
hind a frown - ing prov - i - dence He hides a smil - ing face.  
bud may have a bit - ter taste, But sweet will be the flow'r. A - MEN.

D. W. C. Huntington.

T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Tullius C. O'Kane.

1. O think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of  
 2. O think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour - ney have  
 3. My Sav - ior is now o - ver there, There my kin - dred and friends are at  
 4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour - ney I

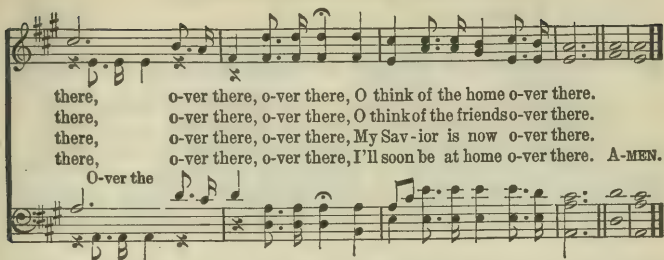
light, Where the saints, all im - mor - tal and fair, Are  
 trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their  
 rest; Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me  
 see; Man - y dear to my heart, o - ver there, Are  
 o - ver there,

REFRAIN.

robed in their garments of white, O - ver there, o - ver  
 home in the pal - ace of God. O - ver there, o - ver  
 fly to the land of the blest. O - ver there, o - ver  
 watch - ing and wait - ing for me. O - ver there, o - ver  
 o - ver there. O - ver there,

there, O think of the home o - ver there, O - ver  
 there, O think of the friends o - ver there, O - ver  
 there, My Sav - ior is now o - ver there, O - ver  
 there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there, O - ver  
 o - ver there, o - ver there,

# The Home Over There.



there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.  
 there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the friendso-ver there.  
 there, o-ver there, o-ver there, My Sav-ior is now o-ver there.  
 there, o-ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there. A-MEN.

O-ver the

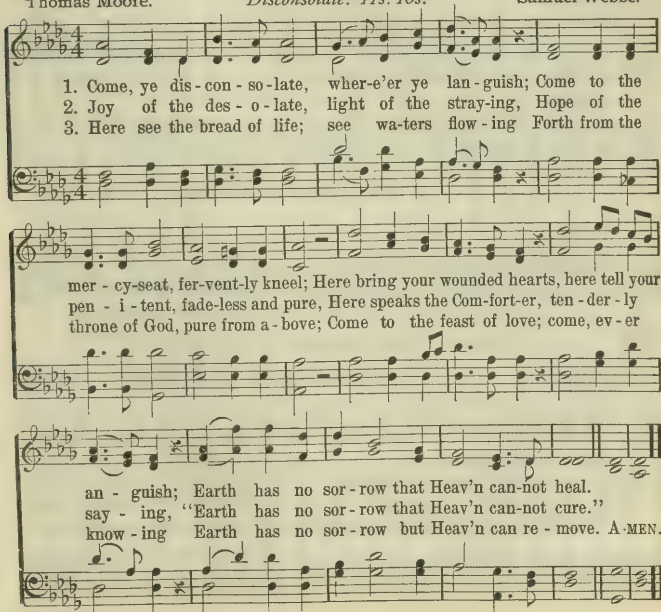
77

# Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore.

*Disconsolate. 115. 105.*

Samuel Webbe.



1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish; Come to the  
 2. Joy of the des-o-late, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the  
 3. Here see the bread of life; see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the

mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your  
 pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure, Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten-der-ly  
 throne of God, pure from a-bove; Come to the feast of love; come, ev-er

an-guish; Earth has no sor-row that Heav'n can-not heal.  
 say-ing, "Earth has no sor-row that Heav'n can-not cure."  
 know-ing Earth has no sor-row but Heav'n can re-move. A-MEN.



# 78 Where Will You Spend Eternity?

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

J. H. Tenney.

1. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? This question comes to you and me!  
 2. Man - y are choos-ing Christ to - day, Turn-ing from all their sins a - way;  
 3. Leav - ing the strait and nar - row way, Go - ing the downward road to-day,  
 4. Re - pent, be - lieve, this ver - y hour, Trust in the Sav - ior's grace and pow'r,

Tell me, what shall your an - swer be? Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?  
 Heav'n shall their hap - py por - tion be; Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?  
 Sad will their fi - nal end - ing be, — Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!  
 Then will your joy - ous an - swer be, Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!

## REFRAIN.

1-2. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?  
 3. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!  
 4. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!

# 79 Jesus, the Sinner's friend.

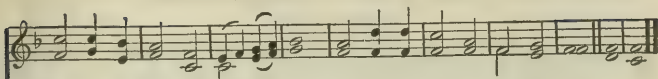
Charles Wesley.

Federal Street. L. M.

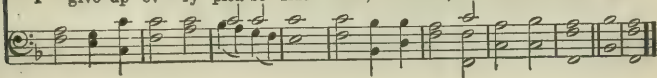
Henry K. Oliver.

1. Je - sus, the sin - ner's Friend, to Thee, Lost and un-done, for aid I flee,  
 2. Pit - y and heal my sin - sick soul; 'Tis Thou a - lone canst make me whole;  
 3. At last I own it can - not be That I should fit my - self for Thee;  
 4. What shall I say Thy grace to move? Lord, I am sin, but Thou art love;

# Jesus, the Sinner's friend.



Wear-y of earth, my-self and sin; Open Thine arms, and take me in.  
 Dark, till in me Thine im-age shine, And lost I am till Thou art mine.  
 Here, then, to Thee I all re-sign; Thine is the work, and on-ly Thine.  
 I give up ev-'ry plea be-side—Lord, I am lost, but Thou hast died. A-MEN.



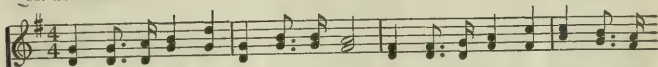
80

## Twilight Is falling.

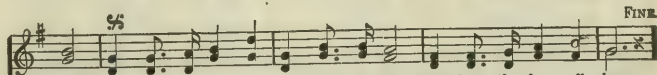
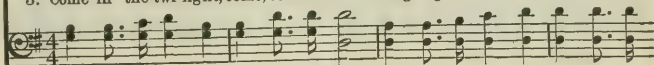
USED BY PERMISSION.

A. S. Kieffer.

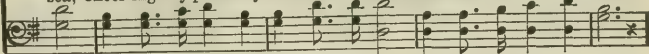
B. C. Unseld.



1. Twi-light is fall-ing o-ver the sea, Shad-ows are steal-ing dark on the  
 2. Voi-ces of loved ones, songs of the past, Still lin-ger round me while life shall  
 3. Come in the twi-light, come, come to me! Bring-ing some mes-sage o-ver the



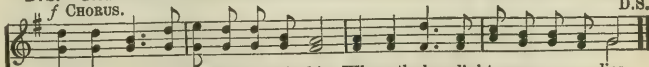
lea; Borne on the night-winds, voi-ces of yore Come from the far-off shore.  
 last; Lone-ly I wan-der, sad-ly I roam, Seek-ing that far-off home.  
 sea, Cheer-ing my path-way while here I roam, Seek-ing that far-off home.



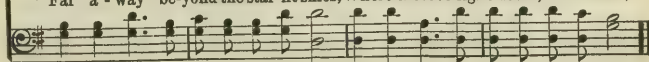
D.S.—Gleam-eth a man-sion, filled with de-light, Sweet hap-py home so bright!

*f* CHORUS.

D.S.



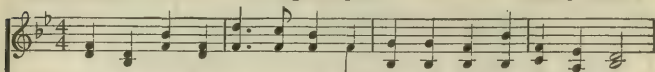
Far a-way be-yond the star-lit skies, Where the love-light never, nev-er dies,



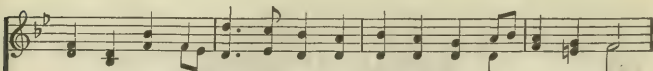
John Keble.

Regent Square.

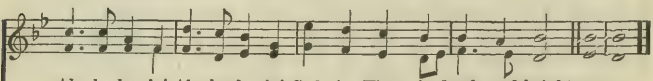
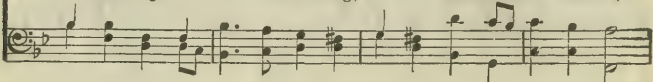
Henry Smart.



1. God, the Lord, a King re-main-eth, Robed in His own glo-rious light;
2. In her ev - er - last - ing sta - tion Earth is poised, to swerve no more;
3. With all tones of wa - ters blend-ing, Glo - rious is the break-ing deep;
4. Lord, the words Thy lips are tell - ing Are the per - fect ver - i - ty;



God hath robed Him and He reign-eth; He hath gird - ed Him with might.  
 Thou hast laid Thy throne's foun-da-tion, From all time where thought can soar.  
 Glo-rious, beau-teous, with-out end - ing, God, who reigns on heav'n's high steep.  
 Of Thine high e - ter - nal dwell-ing, Ho - li - ness shall in - ma-te be;



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! God is King in depth and height.  
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Lord, Thou art for - ev - er - more.  
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Songs of o - cean nev - er sleep.  
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Pure is all that lives with Thee. A - MEN.



## 82 Begin, My Tongue, Some Heavenly Theme.

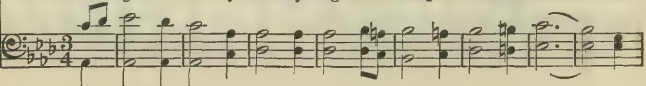
Isaac Watts.

Manoah. C. M.

From Francis J. Haydn.



1. Be - gin, my tongue, some heav'nly theme, And speak some boundless thing, The
2. Tell of His won-drous faith-ful-ness, And sound His pow'r a - broad; Sing
3. His ver - y word of grace is strong As that which built the skies; The
4. O might I hear Thy heav'nly tongue But whisper "Thou art mine!" Those

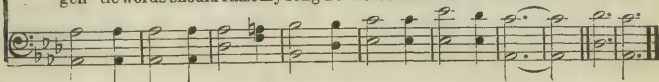


# Begin, My Tongue, Some Heavenly Theme.



might-y works, or mightier name, Of our e - ter - nal King.  
the sweet prom - ise of His grace, The love and truth of God.  
voice that rolls the stars a - long Speaks all the prom - is - es.  
gen - tle words should raise my song To notes al - most di - vine.

A - MEN.

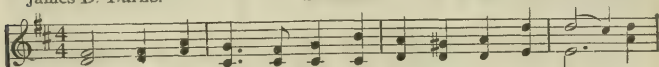


## 83 Hushed Was the Evening Hymn.

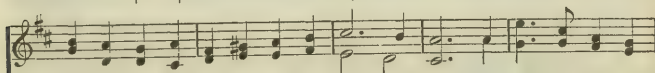
James D. Burns.

Samuel.

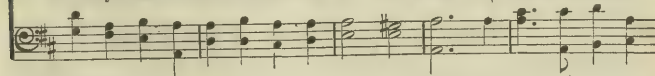
Arthur S. Sullivan.



1. Hushed was the eve - ning hymn, The tem - ple courts were dark; The
2. The old man, meek and mild, The priest of Is - rael, slept; His
3. O give me Sam - uel's ear, — The o - pen ear, O Lord, A -
4. O give me Sam - uel's heart, — A low - ly heart, that waits Where



lamp was burn - ing dim Be - fore the sa - cred ark; When sud - den - ly a  
watch the tem - ple child, The lit - tle Le - vite, kept; And what from E - li's  
live and quick to hear Each whisper of Thy word, Like Him to an - swer  
in Thy house Thou art, Or watch - es at Thy gates, By day and night, a



voice di - vine Rang thro' the si - lence of the shrine.  
sense was sealed The Lord to Han - nah's son re - vealed.  
at Thy call, And to o - bey Thee first of all  
heart that still Moves at the breath - ing of Thy will! A - MEN.



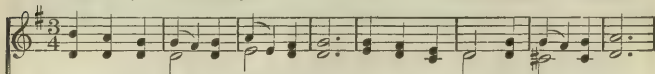
# 84 Jesus, Thy Boundless Love To Me.

Paul Gerhardt.

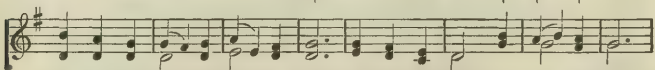
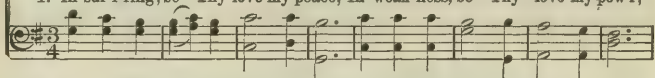
*St. Catherine.*

Henri F. Hemy and  
James G. Walton.

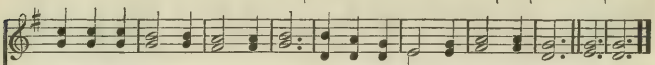
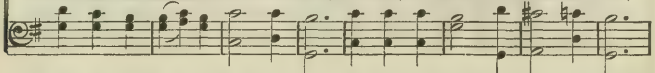
Translated by John Wesley.



1. Je - sus, Thy bound-less love to me No tho't can reach, no tongue de-clare;
2. O grant that noth-ing in my soul May dwell, but Thy pure love a-lone;
3. O love, how cheer-ing is thy ray! All pain be-fore thy pres-ence flies:
4. In suf-f'ring, be Thy love my peace; In weak-ness, be Thy love my pow'r;



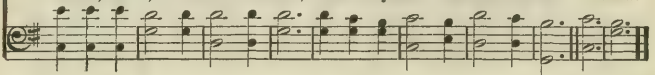
O knit my thank-ful heart to Thee, And reign with-out a ri - val there:  
O may Thy love pos-sess me whole, My joy, my treas-ure, and my crown:  
Care, anguish, sor-row, melt a-way, Wher-e'er thy heal-ing beams a-rise.  
And when the storms of life shall cease, Je - sus, in that e-vent-ful hour,



Thine wholly, Thine a-lone, I am, Be Thou a-lone my con-stant Flame.  
Strange fires far from my soul re-move; My ev-'ry act, word, tho't, be love.

O Je - sus, noth-ing may I see, Noth-ing de-sire, or seek, but Thee.

In death, as life, be Guide and Friend, That I may love Thee with-out end. A - MEN.



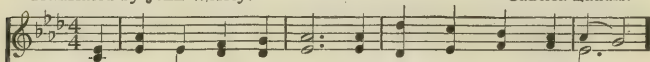
# 85 Give to the Winds Thy fears.

Paulus Gerhardt.

*Schumann. S. M.*

Cantica Laudis.

Translated by John Wesley.



1. Give to the winds thy fears; Hope and be un-dis-mayed;
2. Still heav-y is thy heart? Still sink thy spir-its down?
3. Com-mit thou all thy griefs And ways in-to His hands,
4. Leave to His sov-'reign wil' To choose and to com-mand:





# Give to the Winds Thy fears.



God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears, God shall lift up thy head.  
Cast off the weight, let fear de-part, And ev-'ry care be gone.  
To His sure truth and ten-der care, Who earth and heav'n commands.  
With wonder filled, thou then shalt own How wise, how strong His hand. A-MEN.



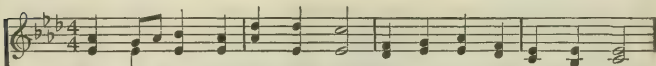
86

## for the Beauty of the Earth.

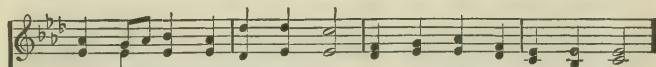
Folliott S. Pierpoint.

*Dix.*

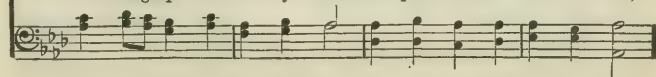
Arranged from  
Conrad Kocher.



1. For the beau-ty of the earth, For the beau-ty of the skies,
2. For the beau-ty of each hour Of the day and of the night,
3. For the joy of hu-man love, Broth-er, sis-ter, par-ent, child,
4. For Thy church that ev-er-more Lift-eth ho-ly hands a-bove,



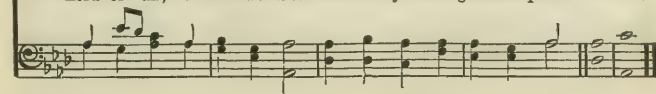
For the love which from our birth O-ver and a-round us lies,  
Hill and vale, and tree and flow'r, Sun and moon, and stars of light,  
Friends on earth, and friends a-bove, For all gen-tle tho'ts and mild,  
Of-f'ring up on ev-'ry shore Her pure sac-ri-fice of love,



REFRAIN.



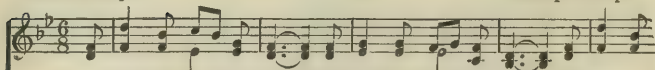
Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate-ful praise. A-MEN.



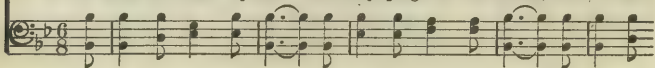
## One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

Phoebe Cary.

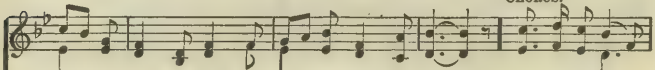
Philip Phillips.



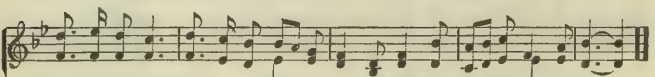
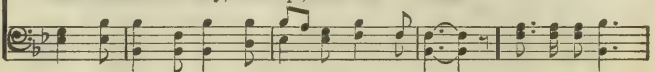
1. One sweet-ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm near-er
2. Near-er my Fa - ther's house, Where man-y man-sions be; Near-er the
3. Near-er the bound of life, Where burdens are laid down; Near-er to
4. Be near me when my feet Are slip-ping o'er the brink; For I am



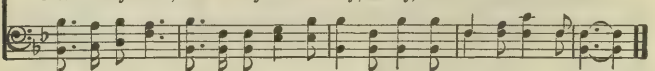
## CHORUS.



- home to-day, to-day, Than I have been be-fore:  
 great white throne to-day, Near-er the crys-tal sea: Near-er my home,  
 leave the cross to-day, And near-er to the crown.  
 near - er home to-day, Per-haps, than now I think.



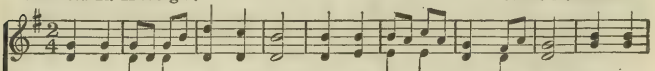
Near-er my home, Near-er my home to-day, to-day, Than I have been be-fore.



## Take My Life and Set It Be.

Frances R. Havergal.

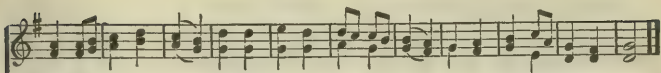
C. H. A. Malan.



1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee; Take my
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee; Take my
3. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold; Take my
4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon - ger mine; Take my



# Take My Life and Let It Be.



hands, and let them move At the impulse of Thy love, At the im-pulse of Thy love.  
voice, and let me sing Always, on-ly, for my King, Always, on-ly, for my King.  
moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.  
heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.



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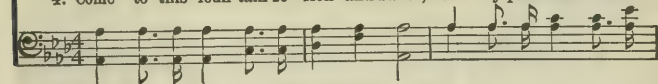
## Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

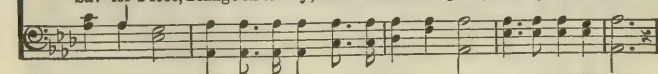
Rev. J. H. Stockton.



1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet-ly a-
3. Oh, pre-cious foun-tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this foun-tain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the



sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to His name.  
bides with-in, There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry to His name.  
en - tered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to His name.  
Sav - ior's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made com-plete; Glo - ry to His name.



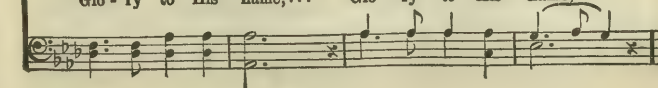
D. S.—There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to His name.

CHORUS.

D. S.



Glo - ry to His name, ... Glo - ry to His name; ...

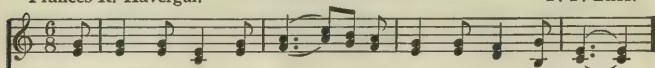


## I Gave My Life for Thee.

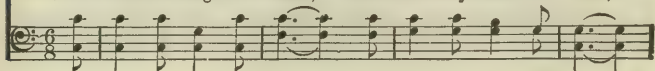
Frances R. Havergal.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.

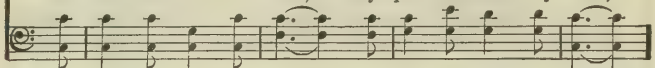
P. P. Bliss.



1. I gave My life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed,
2. My Fa-ther's house of light, My glo - ry - cir - cled throne
3. I suf - fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home a - bove,



That thou might'st ransomed be, And quick-ened from the dead;  
 I left, for earth - ly night, For wand'rings sad and lone;  
 Of bit - t'rest ag - o - ny, To res - cue thee from hell;  
 Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and My love;



I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?  
 I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?  
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?  
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me? A - MEN.

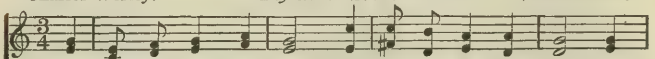


## A Charge to Keep I Have.

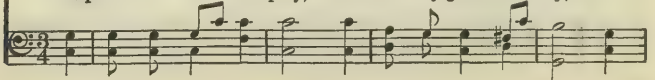
Charles Wesley.

Boylston. S. M.

Lowell Mason.



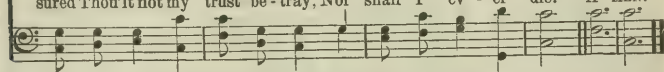
1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy, Who
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill, O
3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live, And
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy grace re - ly, As-



## A Charge to Keep I Have.



gave His Son my soul to save, And fit it for the sky.  
may it all my pow'rs en-gage To do my Mas-ter's will.  
O Thy serv-ant, Lord, pre-pare A strict ac-count to give.  
sured Thou'lt not my trust be-tray, Nor shall I ev-er die. A-MEN.



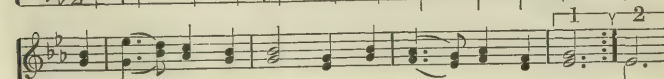
92

## I Would Not Live Alway.

Mechlenberg.



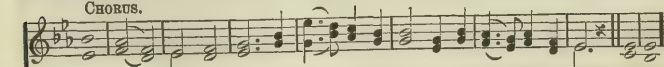
1. { I would not live al-way; I ask not to stay  
Where storm aft-er storm ris-es dark o'er the (Omit.) way:
2. { I would not live al-way; no, wel-come the tomb;  
Since Je-sus has lain there, I dread not its (Omit.) gloom:



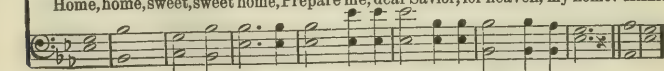
{ The few lu-rid morn-ings that dawn on us here  
{ Are e-nough for life's woes, e-nough for its (Omit.) cheer.  
{ There sweet be my rest, till He bids me a-rise,  
{ To hail Him in tri-umph de-scent-ing the (Omit.) skies.



CHORUS.



Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Prepare me, dear Savior, for heaven, my home. AMEN.



3 Oh, who would live alway, away from His God,  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,  
The noontide of glory eternally reigns?

4 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet;  
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
The smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

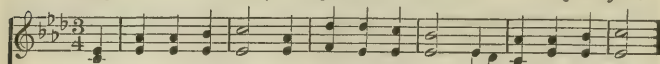


# 93 Ye Servants of God, Your Master Proclaim.

C. Wesley.

Lyons.

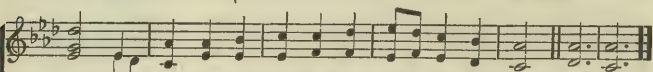
F. J. Haydn.



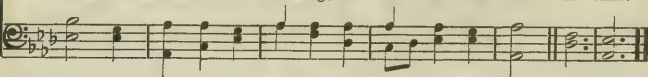
1. Ye serv-ants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a-broad
2. God rul-eth on high, al-might-y to save; And still He is nigh—
3. Sal - va - tion to God, who sits on the throne, Let all cry a-loud
4. Then let us a-dore and give Him His right, All glo-ry, and pow'r,



His won - der - ful name; The name all - vic - to - rious of Je - sus ex -  
His pres - ence we have; The great con - gre - ga - tion His tri - umph shall  
and hon - or the Son; The prais - es of Je - sus the an - gels pro -  
and wis - dom and might; All hon - or and bless - ing, with an - gels a -



tol; His king - dom is glo - rious, He rules o - ver all.  
sing, As - crib - ing sal - va - tion to Je - sus our King.  
claim, Fall down on their fac - es and wor - ship the Lamb.  
bove, And thanks nev - er ceas - ing, and in - fi - nitè love. A - MEN.



# 94 O Son of Man, Thou Madest Known.

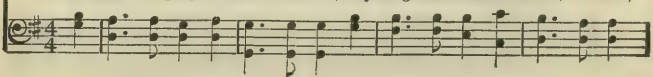
Milton S. Littlefield.

Rachel. L. M.

E. M. Wren.



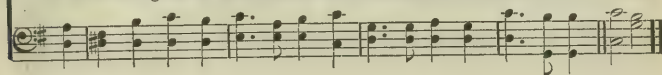
1. O Son of Man, Thou madest known, Thro' qui - et work in shop and home,
2. O Work-man true, may we ful - fill In dai - ly life Thy Fa - ther's will;
3. Thou Master Work-man, grant us grace The chal - lenge of our tasks to face;
4. And thus we pray in deed and word, Thy king - dom come on earth, O Lord;



# O Son of Man, Thou Madest Known.



The sa-cred-ness of common things, The chance of life that each day brings.  
In du - ty's call, Thy call we hear To full - er life, thro' work sin-cere.  
By loy - al scorn of sec-ond best, By ef - fort true, to meet each test.  
In work that gives ef-fect to prayer Thy pur-pose for Thy world we share. A-MEN.

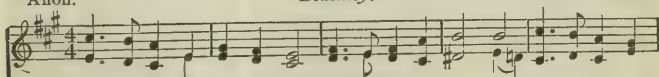


## 95 Follow Me, the Master Said.

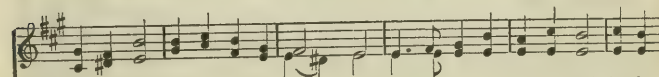
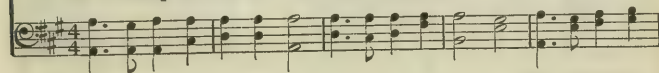
Anon.

Beachley.

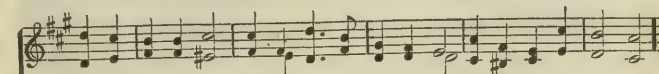
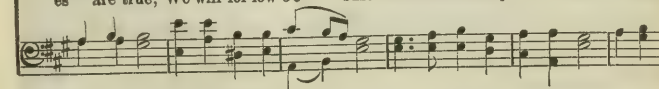
Arthur Cottman.



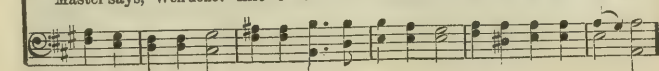
1. "Fol - low Me," the Mas - ter said; We will fol-low Je - sus: By His word and
2. Should the world and sin op-pose, We will fol-low Je - sus: He is great-er
3. Tho' the way may dark ap-pear, We will fol-low Je - sus: He will make our
4. Ev - er keep the end in view; We will fol-low Je - sus: All His prom-is-



Spir - it led, We will fol-low Je - sus. Still for us He lives to plead, At the  
than our foes; We will fol-low Je - sus. On His prom-ise we de-pend, He will  
pathway clear; We will fol-low Je - sus. In our dai-ly round of care, As we  
es are true; We will fol-low Je - sus. When this earthly course is run, And the



throne doth in-ter-cede, Of - fers help in time of need: We will fol-low Je - sus.  
suc - cor and de-fend, Help and keep us to the end: We will fol-low Je - sus.  
plead with God in prayer, With the cross which we must bear, We will fol-low Je - sus.  
Master says, "Well done!" Life e - ter-nal we have won: We will fol-low Je - sus.



Eben E. Rexford.

Victor H. Benke

1. My Fa-ther, this I ask of Thee; Knowing that Thou wilt grant the plea,—  
 2. I do not ask a lift-ed load, Nor for a smooth and thorn-less road:  
 3. Strength for the pres-ent hour and need—This giv-en, then I'm blest in - deed;  
 4. Strength for to-day, that I may make Some sad souls glad, for Je - sus' sake;

For this, and on - ly this, I pray, Strength for to-day—just for to-day.  
 Sim-ply for strength e-nough to bear Life's dai - ly bur - dens an - y-where.  
 For each day, as it comes, will bring Suf - fi-cient strength for an - y-thing.  
 Then they, with me, at eve shall say, Thank God for strength He gave to-day.

## CHORUS.

Strength for each tri - al and each task, What more, my Fa - ther, should I ask?

Just as I need it, day by day, Strength for my weakness,—this I pray.

## 97 There's Only One Savior Who Saves.

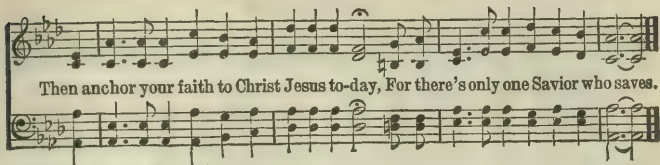
J. P. S.

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J. P. Scholfield.

There's on - ly one Sav-ior who saves, There's on-ly one Sav-ior who saves;

# There's Only One Savior Who Saves.



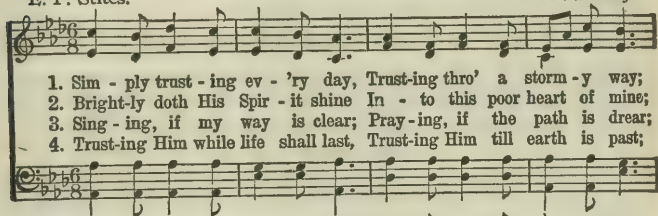
98

## Trusting Jesus, That is All.

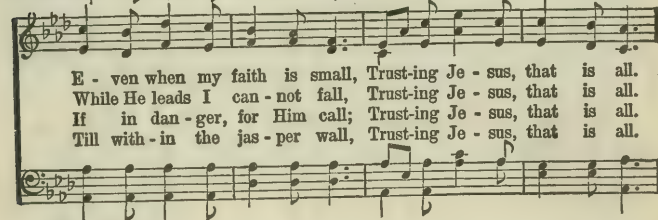
COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY IRA D. SANKEY. RENEWAL

E. P. Stites.

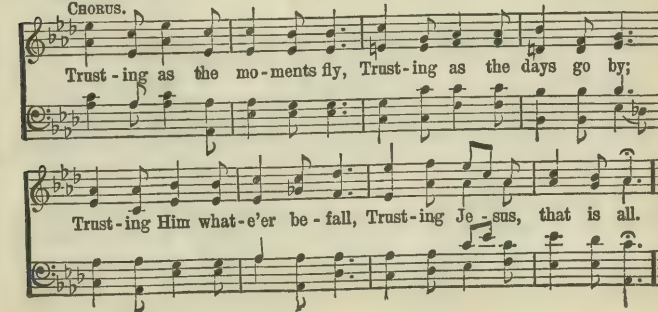
Ira D. Sankey.



1. Sim - ply trust - ing ev - 'ry day, Trust-ing thro' a storm - y way;
2. Bright-ly doth His Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;
3. Sing - ing, if my way is clear; Pray-ing, if the path is drear;
4. Trust-ing Him while life shall last, Trust-ing Him till earth is past;



CHORUS.



Trust - ing as the mo - ments fly, Trust-ing as the days go by;

Trust-ing Him what-e'er be - fall, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.

## Christ for the World We Sing.

S. Wolcott.

Italian Hymn.

Felice de Giardini.

1. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring,  
 2. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring,  
 3. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring,  
 4. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring,

With lov - ing zeal; The poor, and them that mourn, The faint and  
 With fer - vent prayer; The way - ward and the lost, By rest - less  
 With one ac - cord; With us the work to share, With us re -  
 With joy - ful song; The new - born souls, whose days, Re - claimed from

o - ver - borne, Sin - sick and sor - row worn, Whom Christ doth heal.  
 pas - sion tossed, Re - deemed, at count - less cost, From dark de - spair.  
 proach to dare, With us the cross to bear, For Christ our Lord.  
 er - ror's ways, In - spired with hope and praise, To Christ be - long. A - MEN.

## Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

Isaac Watts.

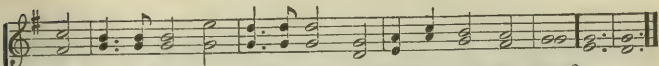
Arlington. C. M.

Thomas A. Arne.

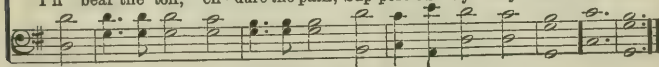
1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - low'r of the Lamb?  
 2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,  
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?  
 4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In - crease my cour - age, Lord;



# Am I a Soldier Of The Cross?



And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?  
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?  
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word. A - men.



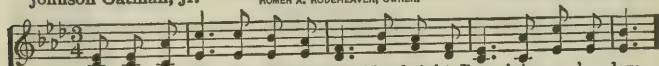
101

## Higher Ground.

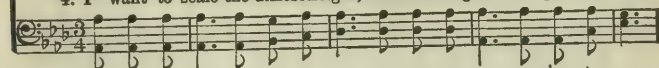
Johnson Oatman, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. RENEWAL.  
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

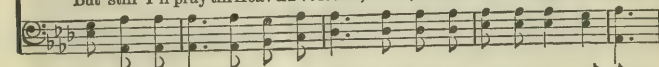
Chas. H. Gabriel.



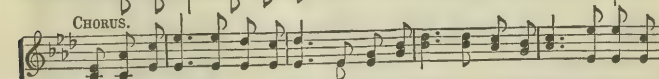
1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gain-ing ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;



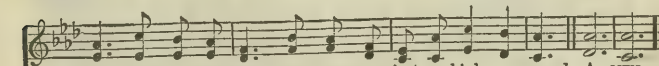
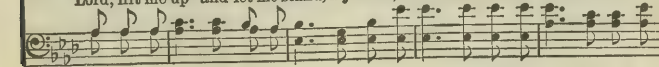
Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."  
'Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim, is high-er ground.  
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.  
But stil I'll pray till Heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."



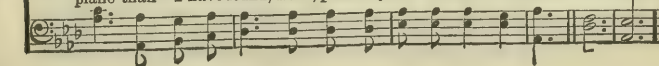
CHORUS.



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heaven's table-land, A high-er



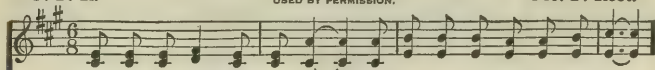
plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground. A - MEN.



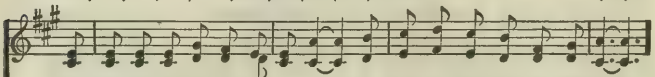
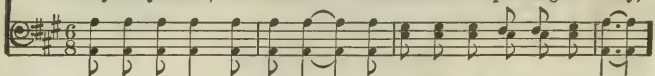
G. F. R.

COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.  
USED BY PERMISSION.

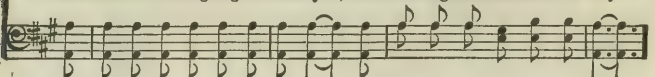
Geo. F. Root.



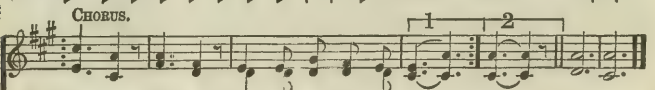
- |                                     |                                    |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er,  | Oh, why do you tar-ry so long?     |
| 2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, | To gain by a fur-ther de-lay?      |
| 3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er,  | His Spir-it now striv-ing with-in? |
| 4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er—  | The har-vest is pass-ing a-way,    |



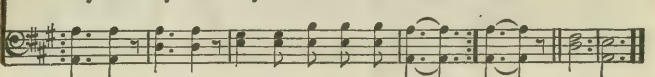
Your Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.  
 There's no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.  
 Oh, why not ac-cept His sal-va-tion, And throw off thy bur-den of sin?  
 Your Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you, There's dan-ger and death in de-lay.



CHORUS.



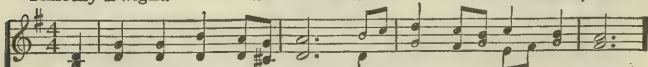
Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now? A-MEN.



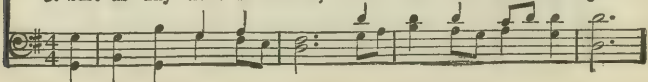
Timothy Dwight.

St. Thomas. S. M.

Aaron Williams, Coll.



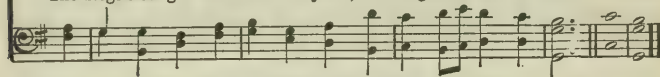
- |                                  |                               |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord,    | The house of Thine a-bode,    |
| 2. I love Thy Church, O God!     | Her walls be-fore Thee stand, |
| 3. For her my tears shall fall;  | For her my prayers as-cend;   |
| 4. Be-yond my high-est joy       | I prize her heav'n-ly ways,   |
| 5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, | To Zi-on shall be giv'n       |



# I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.



The Church our blest Re-deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood.  
 Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And gra-ven on Thy hand.  
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.  
 Her sweet com-mun-ion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.  
 The bright-est glo-ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of Heav'n. A-MEN.

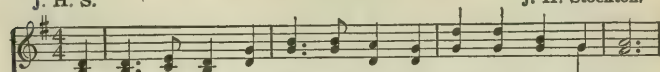


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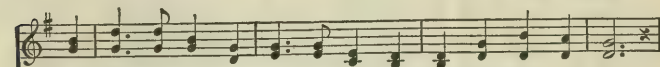
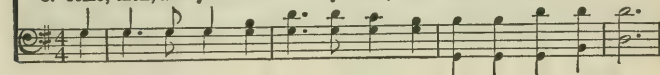
## Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

J. H. Stockton.



1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin op-pressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre-cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
3. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to' glo - ry go,



And He will sure - ly give you rest By trust-ing in His word.  
 Plunge now in - to the crim-son flood That wash-es white as snow.  
 Be - lieve in Him with-out de - lay, And you are full - y blest.  
 To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.



CHORUS.



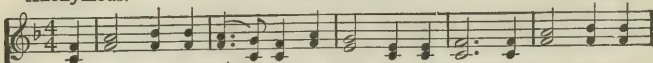
{ On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now; }  
 { He will save you. He will save you. He will (Omit . . . ) save you now. A-MEN.



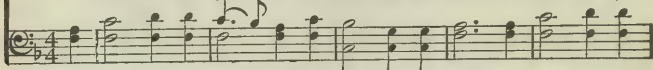
Anonymous.

Gordon. *115.*

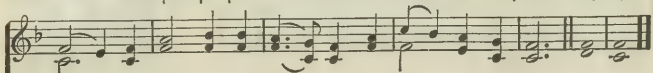
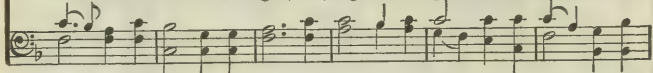
A. J. Gordon.



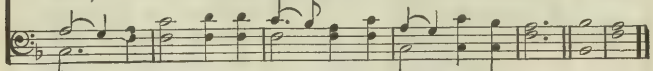
1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a-



fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art  
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy  
 long as Thou lendest me breath; And say when the death - dew lies cold on my  
 dore Thee in Heaven so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my



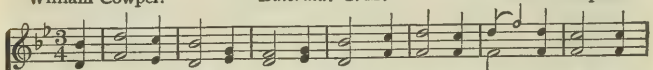
Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now. A - MEN.



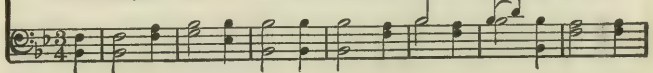
William Cowper.

Balerna. C. M.

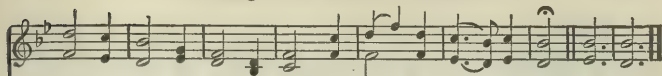
Robt. Simpson.



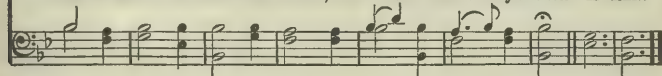
1. Oh, for a clo - ser walk with God, A calm and heav'n - ly frame; A
2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where
3. What peace - ful hours I once en - joyed! How sweet their mem - 'ry still! But
4. Re - turn, O Ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet mes - sen - ger of rest; I



## Oh, for a Closer Walk.



light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!  
is the soul - re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and His word?  
they have left an ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.  
hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast. A - MEN.

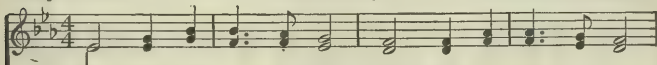


## 107 My faith Looks Up to Thee.

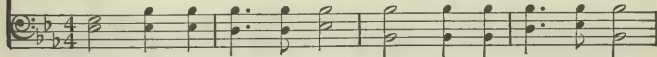
Ray Palmer.

*Olivet. 6. 4.*

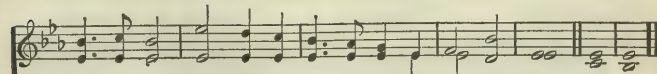
Lowell Mason.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream



Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my  
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my  
Be Thou my guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's  
Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - ior, then, in love, Fear and dis -



guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!  
love to Thee Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!  
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.  
trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul! A - MEN.



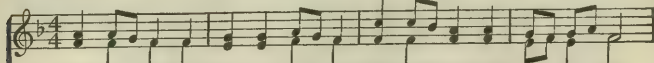


## 108

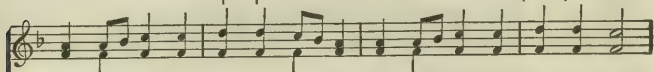
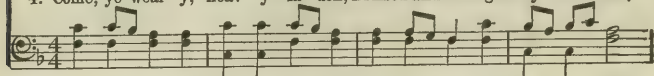
## Come, Ye Sinners.

Joseph Hart.

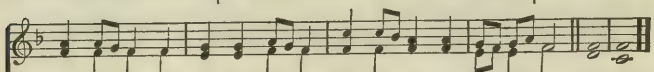
Greenville. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7. Jean Jacques Rousseau.



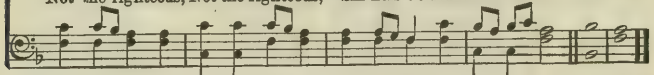
1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need-y, come and welcome; God's free boun-ty glo-ri-fy;
3. Let not conscience make you lin-ger, Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream;
4. Come, ye wear-y, heav-y-la-den, Bruised and man-gled by the fall;



Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love, and pow'r:  
 True be-lief and true re-pent-ance, Ev-'ry grace that brings you nigh,  
 All the fit-ness He re-quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him:  
 If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev-er come at all;



He is a-ble, He is a-ble, He is will-ing: doubt no more.  
 With-out mon-ey, With-out mon-ey, Come to Je-sus Christ and buy.  
 This He gives you, This He gives you; 'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.  
 Not the righteous, Not the righteous,—Sin-ners Je-sus came to call. A-MEN.

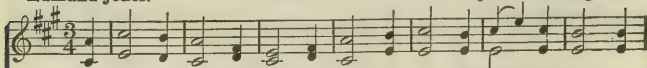


## 109

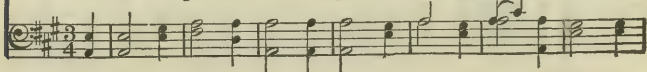
## Come, Humble Sinner.

Edmund Jones.

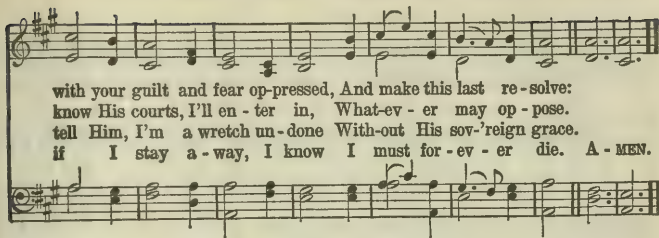
Balerna. C. M. Arr. by Robert Simpson.



1. Come, hum-ble sin-ner, in whose breast A thou-sand tho'ts revolve, Come,
2. I'll go to Je-sus, tho' my sin Like mountains round me close; I
3. Pros-trate I'll lie be-fore His throne, And there my guilt con-fess; I'll
4. I can but per-ish if I go; I am re-solved to try; For



# Come, Humble Sinner.



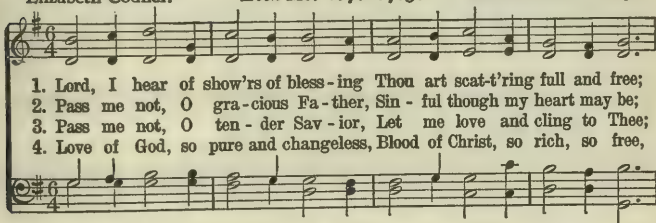
with your guilt and fear op-pressed, And make this last re-solve:  
 know His courts, I'll en-ter in, What-ev-er may op-pose.  
 tell Him, I'm a wretch un-done With-out His sov'-reign grace.  
 if I stay a-way, I know I must for-ev-er die. A - MEN.

## 110 Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing.

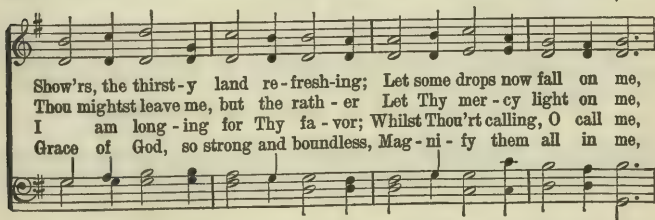
Elizabeth Codner.

Even Me. 8. 7. 8. 7. 3.

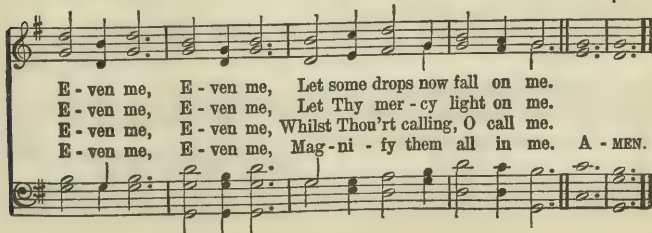
William B. Bradbury.



1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scat-t'ring full and free;  
 2. Pass me not, O gra-cious Fa-ther, Sin-ful though my heart may be;  
 3. Pass me not, O ten-der Sav-ior, Let me love and cling to Thee;  
 4. Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ, so rich, so free,



Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me,  
 Thou mightst leave me, but the rath-er Let Thy mer-cy light on me,  
 I am long-ing for Thy fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me,  
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless, Mag-ni-fy them all in me,



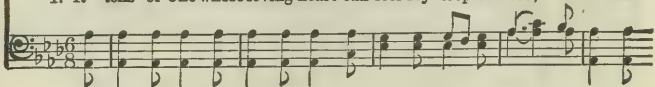
E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.  
 E - ven me, E - ven me, Let Thy mer-cy light on me.  
 E - ven me, E - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.  
 E - ven me, E - ven me, Mag-ni-fy them all in me. A - MEN.

# 111 There is a Name I Love to Hear.

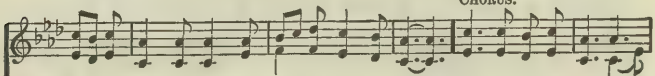
*How I Love Jesus. C. M.*



1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like
2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me
3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath In store for ev-'ry day, And tho' I
4. It tells of One whose loving heart Can feel my deep-est woe, Who in each

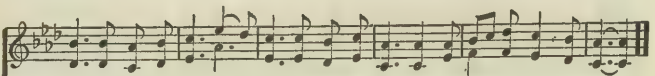
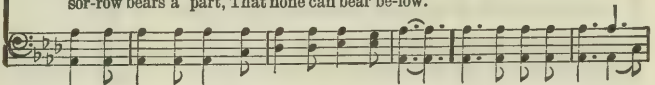


CHORUS.

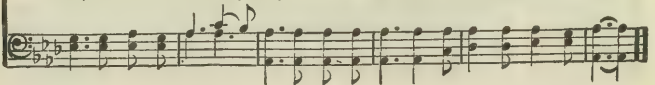


mu-sic in mine ear, The sweetest name on earth.  
of His precious blood, The sin-ner's per-fect plea.  
tread a darksome path, Yields sunshine all the way.  
sor-row bears a part, That none can bear be-low.

Oh, how I love Je - sus,



Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus, Because He first loved me.

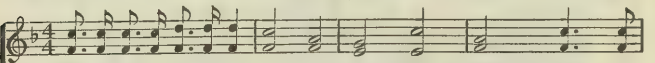


# 112 Everybody Ought to Love Jesus.

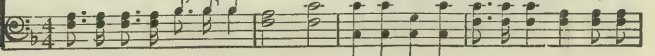
H. D. L.

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W. ELMER BAILEY, OWNER.

Harry Dixon Loes.



Ev-'ry-bod-y ought to love Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus; He  
Je-sus Christ the won-der-ful Sav-ior;



# Everybody Ought to Love Jesus.

died on the cross to save us from sin, Ev-'ry-bod-y ought to love Je - sus.

113

## Nothing But the Blood.

R. L

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.  
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

Robert Lowry.

1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;  
2. For my par-don this I see—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;  
3. Noth-ing can for sin a - tone—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;  
4. This is all my hope and peace—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;

What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.  
For my cleans-ing, this my plea—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.  
Naught of good that I have done—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.  
This is all my right-eous-ness—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

### REFRAIN.

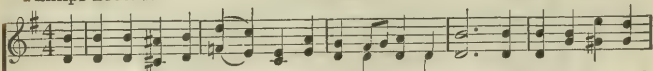
Oh! pre-cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;

No oth - er fount I know, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus. A-MEN.

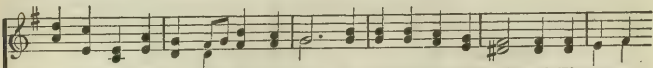
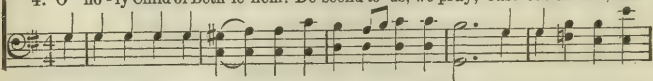
Phillips Brooks.

St. Louis.

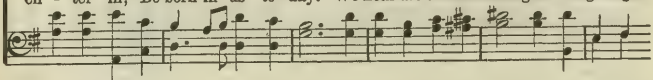
Lewis H. Redner.



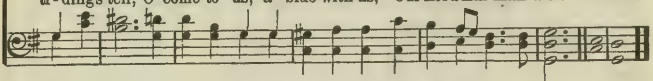
1. O lit - tle town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie! A - bove thy deep and
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gathered all a - bove, While mortals sleep, the
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The wondrous gift is giv'n! So God imparts to
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth-le-hem! De - scend to us, we pray; Cast out our sin, and



dreamless sleep The si - lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shineth The ev - er -  
an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love. O morn - ing stars, togeth - er Proclaim the  
hu - man hearts The blessings of His heav'n. No ear may hear His coming, But in this  
en - ter in; Be born in us to - day. We hear the Christmas angels The great glad



lasting Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.  
ho - ly birth! And praises sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.  
world of sin, Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in.  
ti - dings tell; O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el. A - MEN.

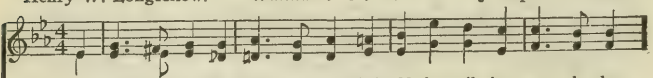


## 115 I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day.

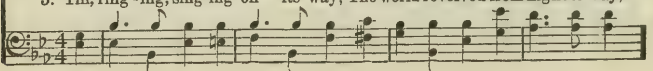
Henry W. Longfellow.

Waltham. L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin.



1. I heard the bells on Christmas day Their old fa - mil - iar car - ols play,
2. I thought how, as the day had come, The bel - fies of all Chris - ten - dom
3. And in de - spair I bowed my head: "There is no peace on earth," I said,
4. Then pealed the bells more loud and deep: "God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;
5. Till, ring - ing, sing - ing on its way, The world revolved from night to day,

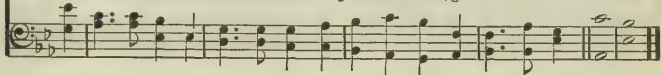




# I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day.



And wild and sweet the words repeat Of peace on earth, good-will to men.  
 Had rolled along th' unbroken song Of peace on earth, good-will to men.  
 "For hate is strong, and mocks the song Of peace on earth, good-will to men."  
 The wrong shall fail, the right prevail, With peace on earth, good-will to men:"  
 A voice, a chime, a chant sublime, Of peace on earth, good-will to men! A-MEN.

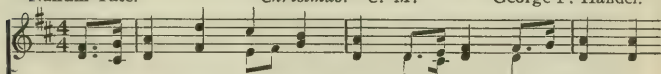


## 116 While Shepherds Watched Their flocks.

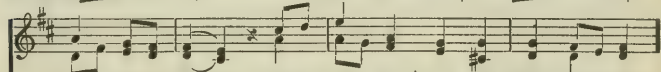
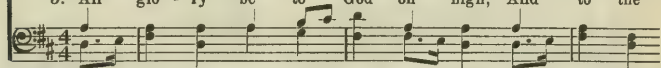
Nahum Tate.

Christmas. C. M.

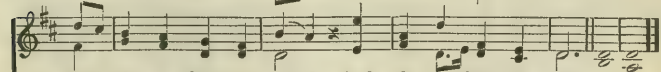
George F. Händel.



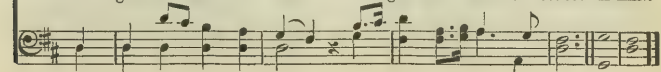
1. While shep - herds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed  
 2. "Fear not!" said he; for might - y dread Had seized their  
 3. "To you, in Da - vid's town, this day Is born, of  
 4. "The heav'n - ly babe you there shall find To hu - man  
 5. "All glo - ry be to God on high, And to the



on the ground, The an - gel of the Lord came down,  
 troub - led mind, "Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring,  
 Da - vid's line, The Sav - ior, who is Christ the Lord;  
 view dis - played, All mean - ly wrapped in swath - ing - bands,  
 earth be peace: Good - will hence - forth from heav'n to men,



And glo - ry shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a - round.  
 To you and all man - kind, To you and all man - kind.  
 And this shall be the sign: And this shall be the sign:  
 And in a man - ger laid: And in a man - ger laid."  
 Be - gin and nev - er cease: Be - gin and nev - er cease!" A-MEN.



# 117 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

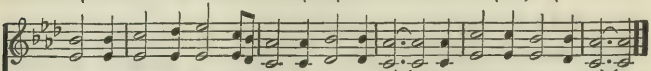
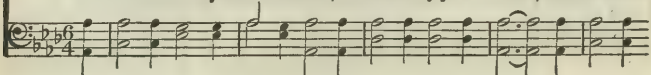
Samuel Stennett.

Ortonville, C. M.

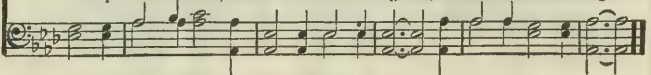
Thomas Hastings.



1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Sav-ior's brow; His head with
2. No mor-tal can with Him compare, Among the sons of men; Fair-er is
3. He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my re-lief; For me He
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me



radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.  
He than all the fair Who fill the heav'nly train, Who fill the heav'nly train.  
bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief, And carried all my grief.  
tri-umph o-ver death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.



# 118 O Worship the King.

Sir Robert Grant.

Lyons, 10. 11.

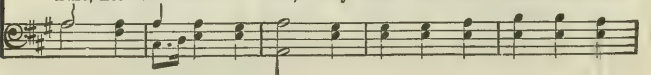
Francis Joseph Haydn.



1. O wor-ship the King all - glo-rious a - bove, And grate-ful - ly
2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun-ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we



sing His won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the  
light, whose can-o-py space; His char-iots of wrath the deep  
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-  
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer-cies how ten-der! how



# Worship the King.

An-cient of days, Pa-vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise.  
thunder-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.  
scends to the plain, And sweet-ly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.  
firm to the end! Our Mak-er, De-fend-er, Re-deem-er, and Friend.

119

for Me.

Anon.

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B. B. McKinney.

*Solo. Slowly*

1. Un-der an east-ern sky, A-mid a rab-ble's cry,  
2. Thorn-crowned His blessed head, Blood-stained His ev-ry tread;  
3. Pierc-ed His hands and feet, Three hours o'er Him beat  
4. Thus wert Thou made all mine; Lord, make me whol-ly Thine;  
5. In tho't and word and deed, Thy will to do, O lead

*rit.*

A Man went forth to die, For me, . . . for me.  
Cross-la-den, on He sped For me, . . . for me.  
Fierce rays of noon-tide heat, For me, . . . for me.  
Grant grace and strength di-vine To me, . . . to me.  
My soul, e'en though it bleed, To Thee, . . . to Thee.

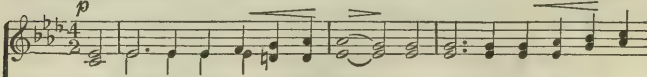
# 120 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson.


Margaret, 8. 8. 8. 8. 6.

A. L. Perce.


*p*



1 O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wear-y soul in  
 2. O Light that fol-l'west all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to  
 3. O Joy that seek-est me thro' pain, I can-not close my heart to  
 4. O Cross that lift-est up my head, I dare not ask to hide from



Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine  
 Thee; My heart re-stores its bor-rowed ray, That in Thy  
 Thee; I trace the rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the  
 Thee; I lay in dust life's glo-ry dead, And from the



o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.  
 sun-shine's glow its day May bright-er, fair - er be.  
 prom-ise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be.  
 ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be. A - MEN.

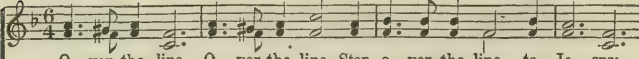
# 121

## Over the Line.

B. B. McK.

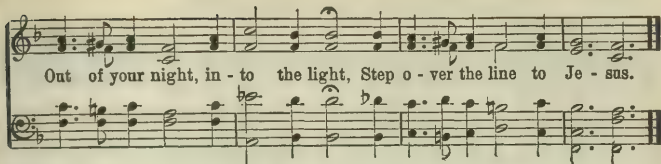
COPYRIGHT, 1928, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

B. B. McKinney.



O - ver the line, O - ver the line, Step o - ver the line to Je - sus;

## Over the Line.



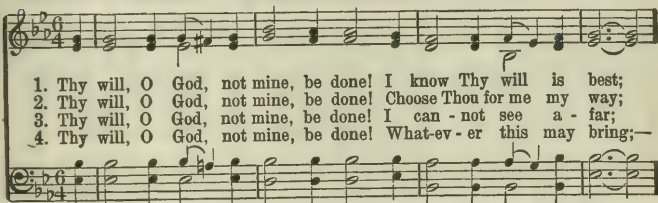
Out of your night, in - to the light, Step o - ver the line to Je - sus.

## 122 Thy Perfect Will Be Done.

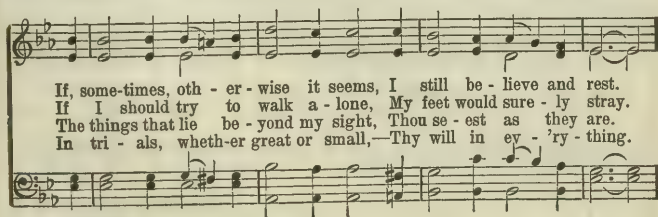
Rev. T. O. Chisholm.

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Geo. C. Stebbins

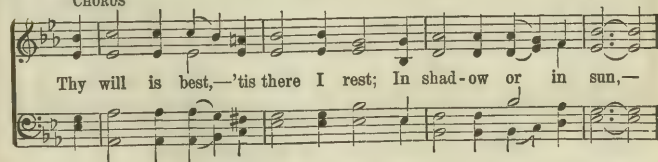


1. Thy will, O God, not mine, be done! I know Thy will is best;  
2. Thy will, O God, not mine, be done! Choose Thou for me my way;  
3. Thy will, O God, not mine, be done! I can - not see a - far;  
4. Thy will, O God, not mine, be done! What-ev - er this may bring;—

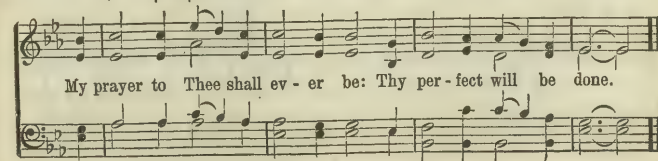


If, some-times, oth - er - wise it seems, I still be - lieve and rest.  
If I should try to walk a - lone, My feet would sure - ly stray.  
The things that lie be - yond my sight, Thou se - est as they are.  
In tri - als, wheth - er great or small, — Thy will in ey - 'ry - thing.

### CHORUS



Thy will is best, — 'tis there I rest; In shad - ow or in sun, —



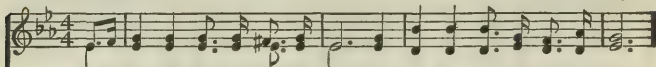
My prayer to Thee shall ev - er be: Thy per - fect will be done.



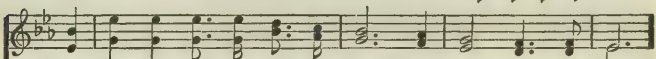
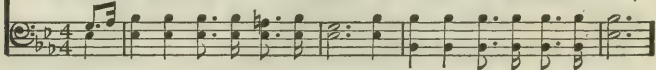
Elizabeth Reed.

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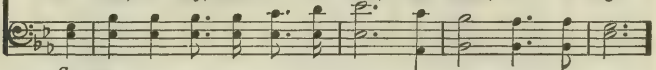
J. Calvin Bushey.



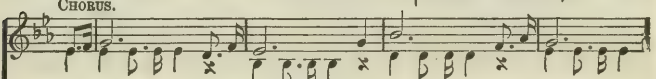
1. O do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To - mor-row's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long de - lud - ed sight;
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite?
4. Our bless-ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u - nite;



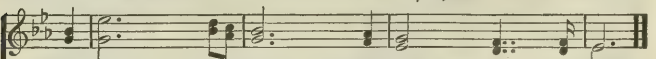
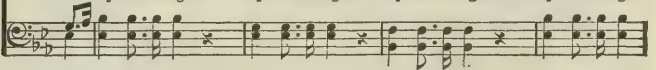
Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, O to - night.  
 This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O to - night.  
 Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, O to - night.  
 Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to - night.



CHORUS.



O why not to-night? O why not to-night?  
 O why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?



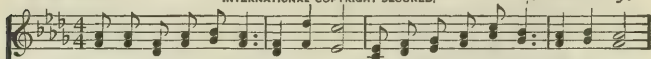
Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?  
 Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to-night?



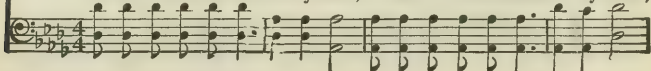
B. B. McK.

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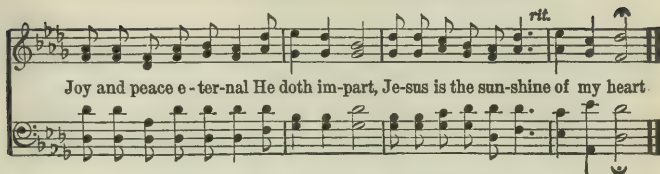
B. B. McKinney.



Je - sus is the sun-shine of my heart, Je - sus is the sun-shine of my heart,



# The Sunshine of My Heart.



Joy and peace e - ter - nal He doth im - part, Je - sus is the sun - shine of my heart.

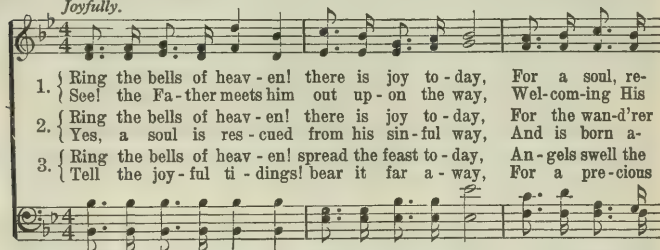
125

## Ring the Bells of Heaven.

Rev. Wm. O. Cushing.

Geo. F. Root.

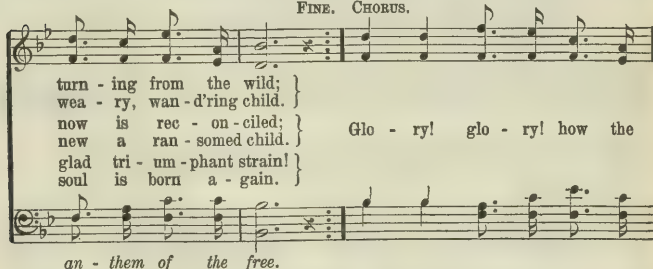
*Joyfully.*



- { Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For a soul, re-  
See! the Fa - ther meets him out up - on the way, Wel - com - ing His
- { Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For the wan - d'rer  
Yes, a soul is res - cued from his sin - ful way, And is born a -
- { Ring the bells of heav - en! spread the feast to - day, An - gels swell the  
Tell the joy - ful ti - dings! bear it far a - way, For a pre - cious

D. C.—'Tis the ransomed ar - my, like a might - y sea, Peal - ing forth the

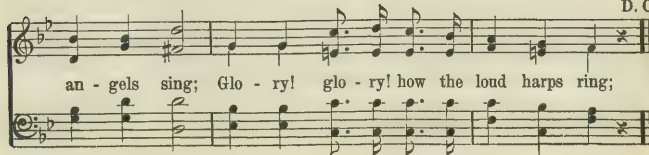
FINE. CHORUS.



turn - ing from the wild; }  
wea - ry, wan - d'ring child. }  
now is rec - on - ciled; } Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the  
new a ran - somed child. }  
glad tri - um - phant strain! }  
soul is born a - gain. }

an - them of the free.

D. C



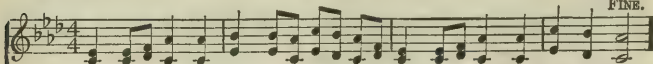
an - gels sing; Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the loud harps ring;

# 126 Brethren, We Have Met to Worship.

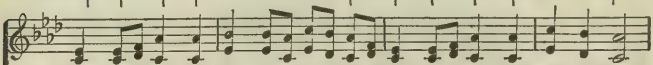
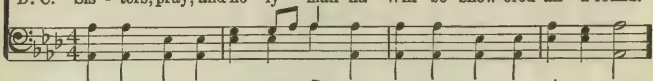
Geo. Atkins.

*Holy Manna. 8s. 7s.*

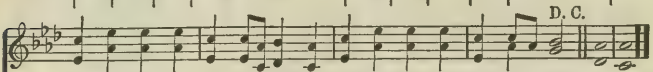
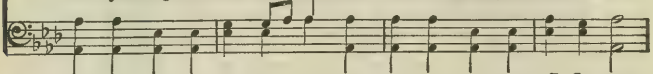
Arr.  
FINE.



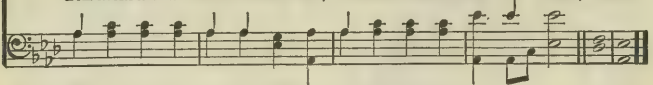
1. Breth-ren, we have met to wor-ship, And a-dore the Lord our God;  
D. C.—Breth-ren, pray, and ho-ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.  
2. Breth-ren, see poor sin-ners round you Slumb'ring on the brink of woe;  
D. C.—Breth-ren, pray, and ho-ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.  
3. Sis-ters, will you join and help us? Mo-ses' sis-ter aid-ed him;  
D. C.—Sis-ters, pray, and ho-ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.



Will you pray with all your pow-er, While we try to preach the word?  
Death is com-ing, hell is mov-ing, Can you bear to let them go?  
Will you help the trem-bling mourners Who are struggling hard with sin?



All is vain un-less the Spir-it Of the Ho-ly One comes down;  
See our fa-thers and our mothers, And our chil-dren sink-ing down;  
Tell them all a-bout the Sav-ior, Tell them that He will be found; A-MEN.

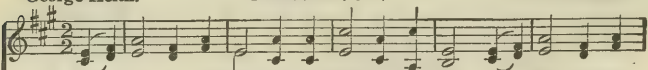


# 127 How firm a foundation.

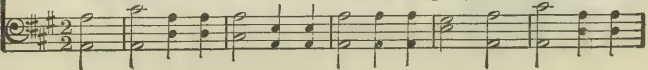
George Keith.

*Foundation. 11s.*

Anne Steele.



1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your  
2. In ev-'ry con-di-tion, in sick-ness, in health, In pov-er-ty's  
3. "When thro' fier-y tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all suf-  
4. "E'en down to old age, all My peo-ple shall prove My sov-'reign, e-  
5. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re- pose, I will not, I



## How firm a foundation.

faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to  
vale, or a - bound-ing in wealth; At home and a - broad, on the  
fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply; The flame shall not hurt thee;—I  
ter - nal, un-change-a - ble love; And when hoar - y hairs shall their  
will not de - sert to its foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-

you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?  
land, on the sea, As your days may demand, shall your strength ever be.  
on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine.  
tem - ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still in My bos - om be borne.  
deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for-sake!" A-MEN.

128

## How firm a foundation.

[Second Tune.]

Portuguese Hymn. 115.

Unknown.

Augustus M. Toplady.

Toplady. 7s. 6l.

Thomas Hastings.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;  
 2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de - mands;  
 3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;  
 4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,  
 Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,  
 Na - ked, come to Thee for dress; Help - less, look to Thee for grace;  
 When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.  
 These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.  
 Vile, I to the foun - tain fly, Wash me, Sav - ior, or I die.  
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee. A - MEN.

Sarah F. Adams.

Bethany. 6. 4.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it  
 2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be  
 3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n: All that Thou  
 4. Then, with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my  
 5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and



## Nearer, My God, to Thee.



be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be,  
o-ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be  
send-est me, In mer-cy giv'n: An-gels to beck-on me,  
ston-y griefs Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be  
stars for-got, Up-wards I'll fly, Still all my song shall be,

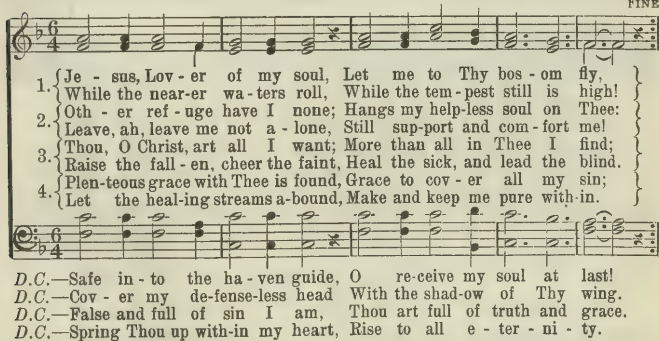
Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!

## 131 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley.

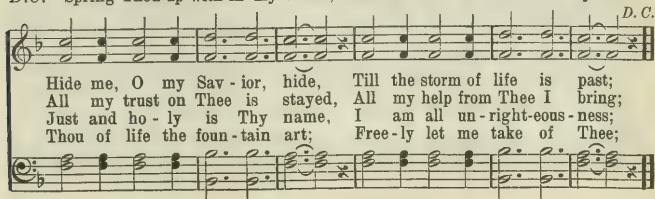
S. B. Marsh.

FINE



1. { Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos-om fly,  
While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high! }  
2. { Oth-er ref-uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee:  
Leave, ah, leave me not a-lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me! }  
3. { Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;  
Raise the fall-en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. }  
4. { Plen-teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov-er all my sin;  
Let the heal-ing streams a-bound, Make and keep me pure with-in. }

D.C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!  
D.C.—Cov-er my de-fense-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.  
D.C.—False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.  
D.C.—Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e-ter-ni-ty.

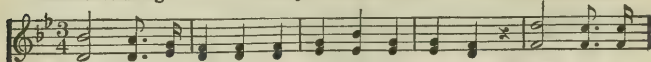


Hide me, O my Sav-ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;  
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;  
Just and ho-ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness;  
Thou of life the foun-tain art; Free-ly let me take of Thee;

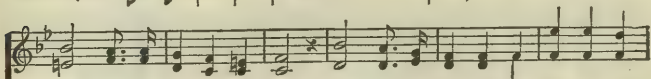
Thomas Hastings.

Wesley. II. 10. II. 10.

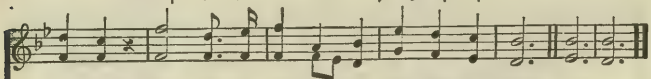
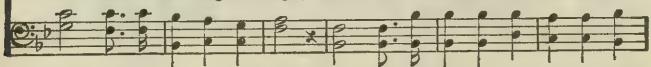
Dr. Lowell Mason.



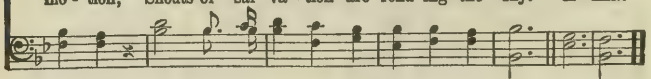
1. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing! Joy to the
2. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing! Long by the
3. Lo! in the des - ert rich flow - ers are spring-ing, Streams ev - er
4. See, from all lands—from the isles of the o - cean,—Praise to Je-



lands that in dark-ness have lain! Hushed be the ac-cents of sor - row and  
 proph-ets of Is - rael fore - told! Hail to the mil-lions from bondage re-  
 co - pious are glid-ing a - long; Loud from the mountain-tops ech-oes are  
 ho - vah as-cend-ing on high; Fall'n are the en-gines of war and com-



mourning; Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her glad reign.  
 turn - ing, Gen - tles and Jews the blest vi - sion be - hold!  
 ring - ing, Wastes rise in ver - dure and min - gle in song.  
 mo - tion, Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend-ing the sky. A - MEN.



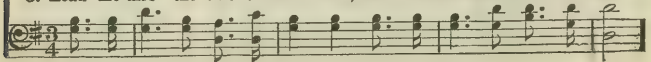
Fanny J. Crosby.

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Silas J. Vail.



1. Thou, my ev - er - last-ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me;
2. Not for ease or world-ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;



# Close to Thee.

**5** **FINE.**

D.S.—All a-long my pil-grim jour-ney, Sav-ior, let me walk with Thee.  
 D.S.—Glad-ly will I toil and suf-fer, On-ly let me walk with Thee.  
 D.S.—Then the gate of life e-ter-nal May I en-ter, Lord, with Thee.

**REFRAIN.** **D. S.**

Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; A-MEN.

134

# O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge.

*Happy Day. L. M.*

E. F. Rimbault.

**3**

1. { O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God! }  
 { Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. }  
 2. { O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love! }  
 { Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move. }  
 3. { 'Tis done; the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's, and He is mine; }  
 { He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to confess the voice di-vine. }  
 4. { High Heav'n, that heard the solemn vow, That vow re-newed shall dai-ly hear, }  
 { Till in life's lat-est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear. }

**5** **REFRAIN.** **FINE.**

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way!

**D. S.**

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day;

## On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Samuel Stennett.

[First Tune.]

Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wist-ful eye  
 2. All o'er those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;  
 3. No chill-ing winds, nor pois'nous breath, Can reach that health-ful shore;  
 4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?

To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.  
 There God the Son for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.  
 Sick-ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.  
 When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos-om rest?

D.S.—O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the prom-ised land.  
 REFRAIN D. S.

I am bound for the promised land, . . . . I am bound for the promised land;  
 promised land,

## On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Samuel Stennett.

[Second Tune.]

T. C. O'Kane.

(The words of the four stanzas same as First Tune.)

# On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

## CHORUS

We will rest in the fair and hap - py land, Just a -  
by and by,  
cross on the ev - er - green shore, . . . . Sing the song of Mo - ses  
ev - er - green shore,  
and the Lamb, (by and by,) And dwell with Je - sus ev - er - more.

137

## Rest for the Weary.

Rev. S. Y. Harmer.

Rev. Wm. McDonald.

{ There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry,  
{ On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,  
There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you.}  
Where the tree of life is bloom - ing, There is rest for you.}

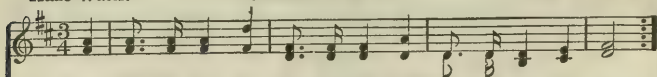


# 138 There is a Land of Pure Delight.

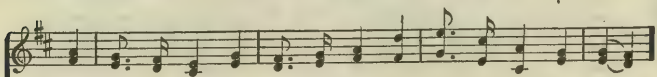
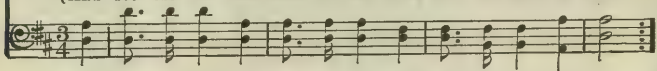
Isaac Watts.

Varina. C. M. D.

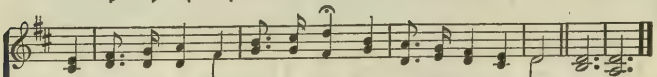
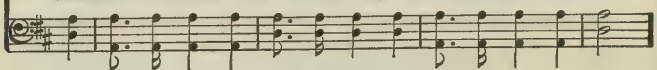
Geo. F. Root.



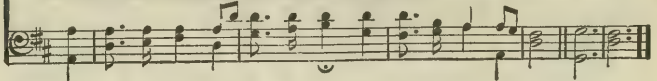
1. { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; }  
 { E - ter - nal day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain. }
2. { Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood Stand dressed in liv-ing green; }  
 { So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor-dan rolled be-tween. }
3. { Oh, could we make our doubts re-move, Those gloom-y doubts that rise, }  
 { And see the Ca-naan that we love With un-be-cloud-ed eyes! — }



There ev - er - last - ing spring a-bides, And nev - er-with-'ring flow'rs:  
 But tim-'rous mor-tals start and shrink To cross this nar-row sea,  
 Could we but climb where Mo-ses stood, And view the land-scape o'er,



Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides this heav'nly land from ours.  
 And lin-ger, shiv'ring, on the brink, And fear to launch a-way.  
 Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore. A-MEN.



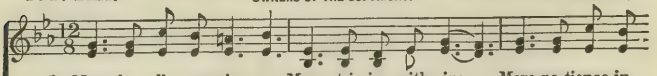
## 139

## My Prayer.

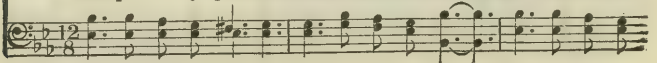
P. P. Bliss.

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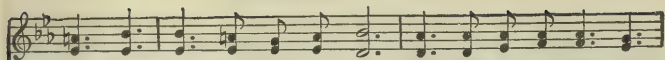
P. P. Bliss.




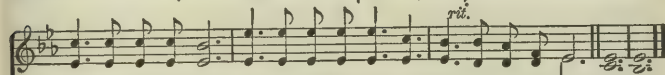
1. More ho-li-ness give me, More striv-ing with-in; More pa-tience in
2. More grat-i-tude give me, More trust in the Lord; More pride in His
3. More pu-ri-ty give me, More strength to o'er-come; More free-dom from



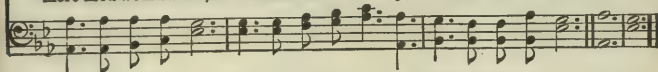
## My Prayer.



suf - f'ring, More sor - row for sin; More faith in my Sav - ior,  
 glo - ry, More hope in His word; More tears for His sor - rows,  
 earth-stains, More long-ings for home; More fit for the king - dom,

More sense of His care; More joy in His ser-vice, More purpose in prayer.  
 More pain at His grief; More meekness in tri - al, More praise for relief.  
 More used would I be; More bless-ed and ho - ly, More, Savior, like Thee. A-MEN.

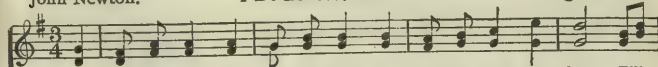


## 140 In Evil Song I Took Delight.

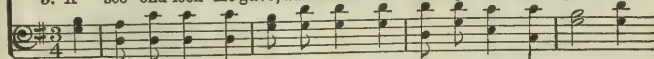
John Newton.

*I Do Believe. C. M.*

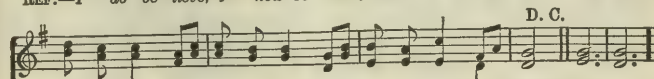
English Air.



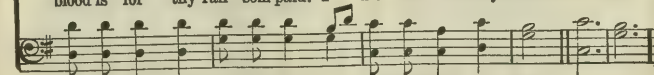
1. In e - vil long I took de-light, Un-awed by shame or fear, Till
2. I saw One hang-ing on a tree, In ag - o - nies and blood, Who
3. Sure nev - er till my lat - est breath Can I for - get that look: It
4. My conscience felt and owned the guilt; It plunged me in de - spair; I
5. A sec - ond look He gave, which said "I free - ly all for - give; This



REF.—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve, That Je - sus died for me; And



a new ob - ject struck my sight, And stopped my wild ca - reer.  
 fixed His lan - guid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.  
 seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.  
 saw my sins His blood had spilt, And helped to nail Him there.  
 blood is for thy ran - som paid: I die that thou mayst live." A - MEN.



thro' His blood, His pre - cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

Joseph H. Gilmore.

*He Leadeth Me. L. M.*

William B. Bradbury.

1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!  
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow-ers bloom,  
 3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur nor re-pine,  
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.  
 By wa-ters still, o'er troub-led sea,—Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me!  
 Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me!  
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.

REFRAIN.

He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me:

His faith-ful fol-l'wer I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

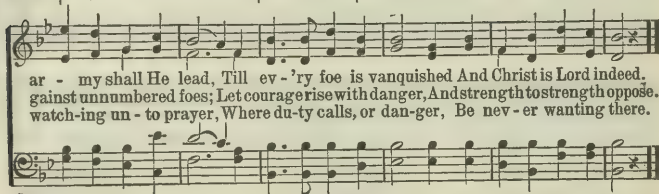
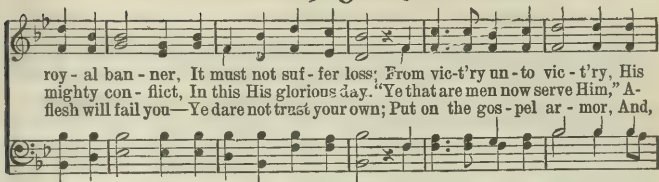
G. Duffield.

*Webb.*

G. J. Webb.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross, Lift high His  
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, The trump-et call o-bey; Forth to the  
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus—Stand in His strength alone; The arm of

# Stand Up for Jesus.



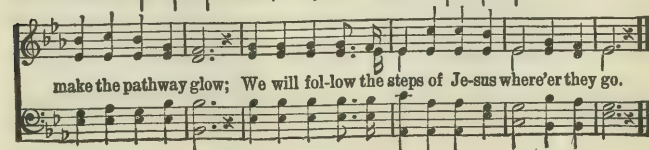
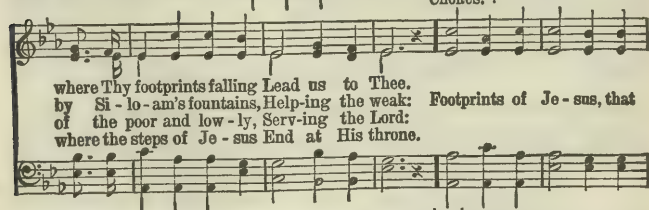
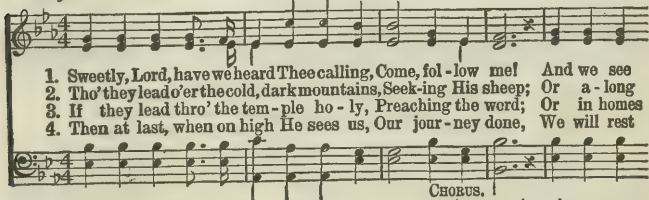
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## Footsteps of Jesus.

Mary B. C. Slade.

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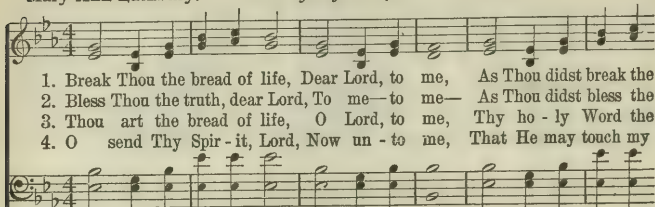
A. B. Everett.



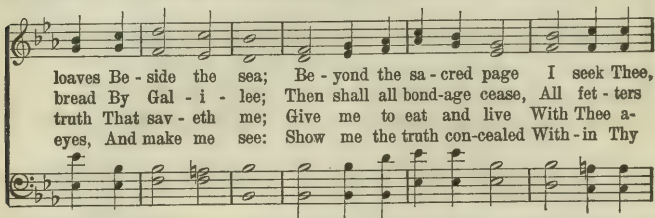
Mary Ann Lathbury.

*Bread of Life.* 6. 4. D.

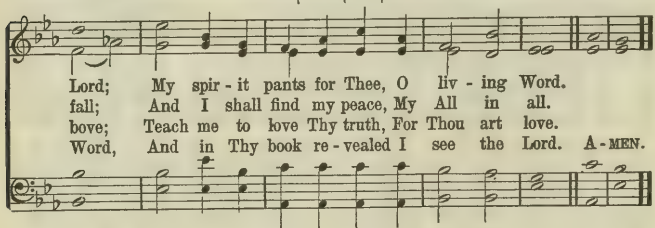
William F. Sherwin.



1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the  
 2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me—to me— As Thou didst bless the  
 3. Thou art the bread of life, O Lord, to me, Thy ho - ly Word the  
 4. O send Thy Spir - it, Lord, Now un - to me, That He may touch my



loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee,  
 bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond-age cease, All fet - ters  
 truth That sav - eth me; Give me to eat and live With Thee a -  
 eyes, And make me see: Show me the truth con - cealed With - in Thy

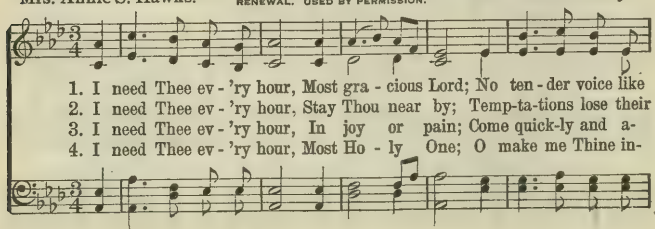


Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word.  
 fall; And I shall find my peace, My All in all.  
 bove; Teach me to love Thy truth, For Thou art love.  
 Word, And in Thy book re - vealed I see the Lord. A - MEN.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks.

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Rev. Robert Lowry.

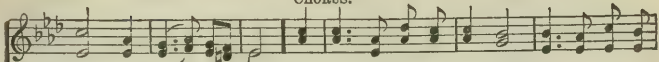


1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like  
 2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp - ta - tions lose their  
 3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick - ly and a -  
 4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in -

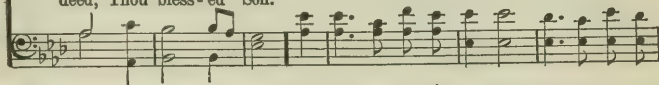


# I Need Thee Every Hour.

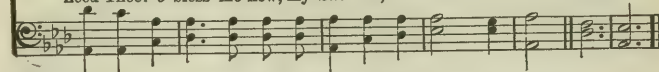
CHORUS.



Thine Can peace af - ford.  
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O, I need Thee; Ev-'ry hour I  
bide, Or life is vain.  
deed, Thou bless-ed Son.



need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav-ior, I come to Thee! A - MEN.



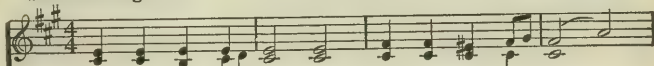
146

# Now the Day is Over.

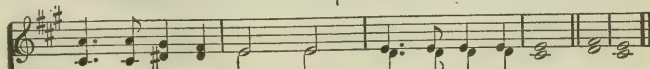
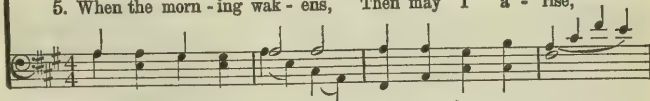
Sabine Baring-Gould.

Barnby. 6s. 5s.

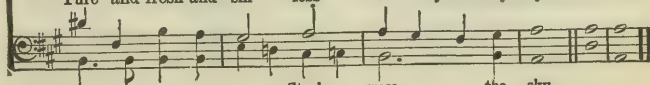
Joseph Barnby.



- |                                   |                            |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Now the day is o - ver,        | Night is draw - ing nigh,  |
| 2. Je - sus, give the wear - y    | Calm and sweet re - pose;  |
| 3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren | Vi - sions bright of Thee; |
| 4. Thro' the long night-watch-es, | May Thine an - gels spread |
| 5. When the morn - ing wak - ens, | Then may I a - rise,       |



Shad - ows of the eve - ning	Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten-d'rest bless - ing	May our eye - lids close.
Guard the sail - ors toss - ing	On the deep blue sea.
Their white wings a - bove me,	Watch - ing round my bed.
Pure and fresh and sin - less	In Thy ho - ly eyes. A - MEN.

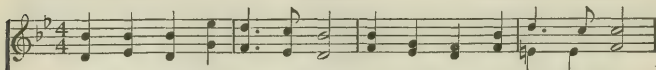


Steal a - cross the sky.

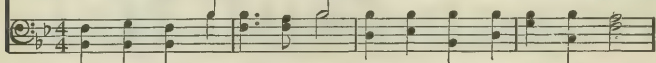
Greville Phillimore.

Kelso.

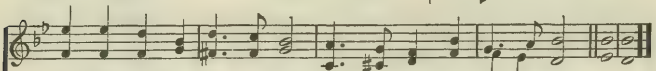
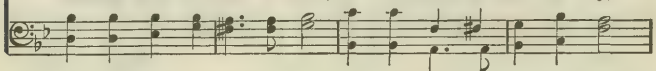
Edward J. Hopkins.



1. Ev - 'ry morn - ing mer - cies new Fall as fresh as morn - ing dew;
2. Still the great - ness of Thy love Dai - ly doth our sins re - move;
3. Let our prayers each morn pre - vail, That these gifts may nev - er fail;
4. As the morn - ing light re - turns, As the sun with splen - dor burns,



- Ev - 'ry morn - ing let us pay Trib - ute with the ear - ly day:  
 Dai - ly, far as east from west, Lifts the bur - den from the breast;  
 And, as we con - fess the sin And the tempt - er's pow'r with - in,  
 Teach us still to turn to Thee, Ev - er - bless - ed Trin - i - ty,



- For Thy mer - cies, Lord, are sure; Thy com - pas - sion doth en - dure.  
 Gives un - bought to those who pray Strength to stand in e - vil day.  
 Ev - 'ry morn - ing, for the strife, Feed us with the bread of life.  
 With our hands our hearts to raise, In un - fail - ing prayer and praise. A - MEN.



## 148 The Head That Once Was Crowned.

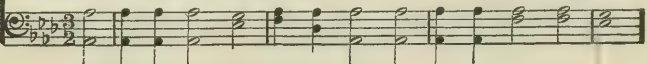
Thomas Kelley.

Evan. C. M.

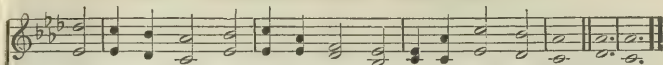
Wm. H. Havergal.



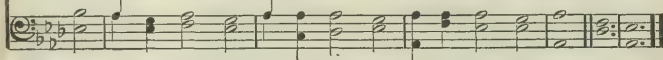
1. The head that once was crowned with thorns Is crowned with glo - ry now;
2. The high - est place that heav'n af - fords Is His, is His by right;
3. The joy of all who dwell a - bove, The joy of all be - low
4. To them the cross, with all its shame, With all its grace, is giv'n;



# The Head That Once Was Crowned.



A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The might - y Vic - tor's brow.  
The King of kings, and Lord of lords, And heav'n's e - ter - nal light.  
To whom He man - i - fests His love, And grants His name to know.  
Their name an ev - er - last - ing name, Their joy the joy of heav'n. A-MEN.



149

## O Beautiful, My Country!

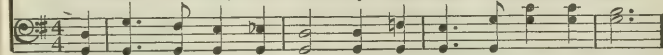
Frederick L. Hosmer.

*Salve Domine.*

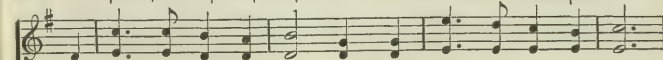
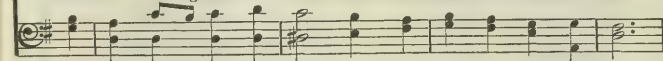
Lawrence W. Watson.



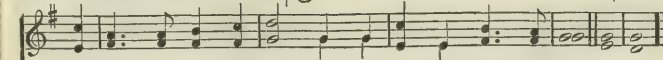
1. "O beau - ti - ful, my coun - try!" Be thine a no - bler care  
2. For thee our fa - thers suf - fered; For thee they toiled and prayed;  
3. O beau - ti - ful, our coun - try! Round thee in love we draw;



Than all thy wealth of com - merce, Thy har - vests wav - ing fair;  
Up - on thy ho - ly al - tar Their will - ing lives they laid.  
Thine is the grace of free - dom, The maj - es - ty of law.



Be it thy pride to lift up The man - hood of the poor;  
Thou hast no com - mon birth - right, Grand mem - 'ries on thee shine;  
Be right - eous - ness thy scep - ter, Jus - tice thy di - a - dem;



Be thou to the op - press - ed Fair free - dom's o - pen door!  
The blood of pil - grim na - tions Com - min - gled flows in thine.  
And on thy shin - ing fore - head Be peace the crown - ing gem! A-MEN.



## 150

## fade, fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Jane C. Bonar.

Lundie. 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4. Theodore E. Perkins.

1. Fade, fade, each earth-ly joy; Je - sus is mine. Break ev - 'ry  
 2. Tempt not my soul a-way; Je - sus is mine. Here would I  
 3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night; Je - sus is mine. Lost in this  
 4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty; Je - sus is mine. Wel - come, e-

ten - der tie; Je - sus is mine. Dark is the wil-der-ness, Earth has no  
 ev - er stay; Je - sus is mine. Per - ish-ing things of clay, Born but for  
 dawning bright, Je - sus is mine. All that my soul has tried Left but a  
 ter - ni - ty; Je - sus is mine. Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet

rest-ing-place, Je - sus a-lone can bless; Je - sus is mine.  
 one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way; Je - sus is mine.  
 dis - mal void; Je - sus has sat - is - fied; Je - sus is mine.  
 scenes of rest, Welcome, my Sav-ior's breast; Je - sus is mine. A - MEN.

## 151 Bread of Heav'n, On Thee We feed.

Josiah Conder.

Holley. 7s.

G. Hews.

1. Bread of heav'n, on Thee we feed, For Thy flesh is meat in - deed:  
 2. Vine of heav'n, Thy blood sup-plies This blest cup of sac - ri - fice:  
 3. Day by day, with strength supplied Thro' the life of Him who died,

# Bread of Heav'n, On Thee We feed.

Ev - er let our souls be fed With this true and liv-ing bread.  
 Lord, Thy wounds our heal-ing give, To Thy cross we look and live.  
 Lord of life, O let us be Root-ed, graft-ed, built in Thee! A-MEN.

## 152 O Come, All Ye Faithful.

*Adeste Fideles. Portuguese Hymn. Irregular.*

Tr. by Frederick Oakeley.

Anon.

1. O come, all ye faith - ful, joy - ful and tri - um - phant, O come ye, O  
 2. Sing, choirs of an - gels, sing in ex - ul - ta - tion, O sing, all ye  
 3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning, Je - sus, to

come ye to Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold Him born the King of  
 bright hosts of heav'n a - bove; Glo - ry to God, all glo - ry in the  
 Thee be all glo - ry giv'n; Word of the Fa - ther, now in flesh ap -

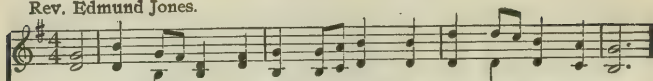
### CHORUS.

an - gels:  
 high - est: O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him,  
 pear - ing:

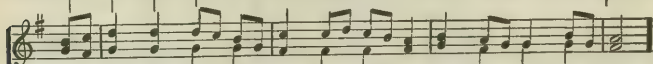
O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ, the Lord. A - MEN.



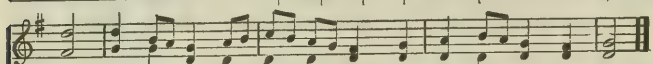
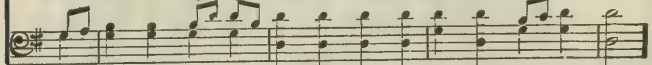
Rev. Edmund Jones.



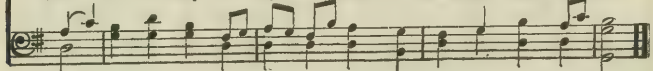
1. Come, hum-ble sin-ner, in whose breast A thou-sand tho'ts re-volve;  
 2. I'll go to Je-sus, tho' my sin Hath like a moun-tain rose;  
 3. Per-haps He may ad-mit my plea, Per-haps will hear my prayer;  
 4. I can but per-ish if I go; I am re-solved to try;



Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last re-solve;  
 I know His courts, I'll en-ter in, What-ev-er may op-pose;  
 But if I per-ish I will pray, And per-ish on-ly there;  
 For if I stay a-way, I know I must for-ev-er die;



Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last re-solve.  
 I know His courts, I'll en-ter in, What-ev-er may op-pose.  
 But if I per-ish, I will pray, And per-ish on-ly there.  
 For if I stay a-way, I know I must for-ev-er die.

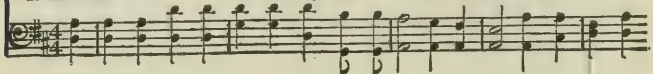


E. A. H.

Elisha A. Hoffman.

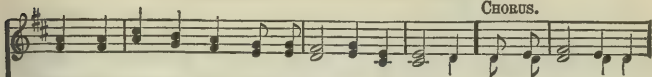


1. Christ has for sin a-tone-ment made, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior! We are re-  
 2. I praise Him for the cleansing blood, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior! That rec-on-  
 3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior! And now He  
 4. He walks be-side me all the way, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior! And keeps me

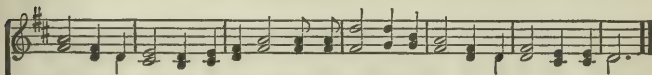
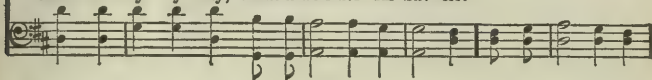


# What a Wonderful Savior!

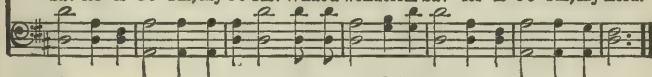
CHORUS.



deemed! the price is paid! What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!  
 ciled my soul to God; What a won-der-ful Sav-ior! What a won-der-ful  
 reigns and rules there-in; What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!  
 faith-ful day by day; What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!



Sav-ior is Je-sus, my Je-sus! What a wonderful Sav-ior is Je-sus, my Lord!



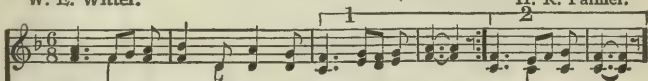
155

## Come, Sinner, Come!

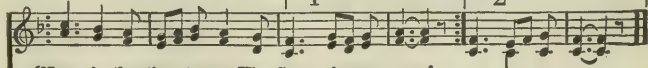
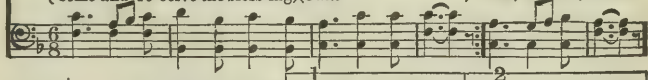
W. E. Witter.

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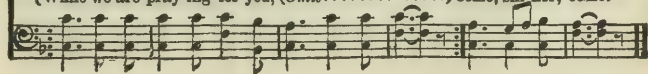
H. R. Palmer.



1. { While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come!  
 { While we are pray-ing for you, (*Omit*.....) Come, sin-ner, come!
2. { Are you too heav-y - la-den! Come, sin-ner, come!  
 { Je - sus will bear your bur-den, (*Omit*.....) Come, sin-ner, come!
3. { Oh, hear His ten-der plead-ing, Come, sin-ner, come!  
 { Come and re-ceive the bless-ing, (*Omit*.....) Come, sin-ner, come!



- { Now is the time to own Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
- { Now is the time to know Him, (*Omit*.....) Come, sin-ner, come!
- { Je - sus will not de-ceive you, Come, sin-ner, come!
- { Je - sus can now re-deem you, (*Omit*.....) Come, sin-ner, come!
- { While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
- { While we are pray-ing for you, (*Omit*.....) Come, sin-ner, come!



## for All the Saints.

Bp. William W. How.

Sir Joseph Barnby.

1. For all the saints who from their la-bors rest, Who Thee by  
 2. Thou wast their rock, their for-tress and their might: Thou, Lord, their  
 3. O may Thy sol-diers, faith-ful, true, and bold, Fight as the  
 4. O blest com-mun-ion, fel-low-ship di-vine, We fee-bly  
 5. From earth's wide bounds, from o-cean's farthest coast, Thro' gates of

faith be-fore the world con-fessed, Thy name, O Je-sus,  
 Cap-tain in the well-fought fight; Thou, in the dark-ness  
 saints who no-bly fought of old, And win, with them, the  
 strug-gle, they in glo-ry shine; Yet all are one in  
 pearl streams in the count-less host, Sing-ing to Fa-ther,

be for-ev-er blest. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!  
 drear, their light of light. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!  
 vic-tors' crown of gold. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!  
 Thee, for all are Thine. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!  
 Son, and Ho-ly Ghost, Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! A-MEN.

## fairest Lord Jesus.

Anon.

Arr. by R. S. Willis.

1. Fair-est Lord Je-sus, Rul-er of all na-ture, O Thou of  
 2. Fair are the mead-ows, Fair-er still the wood-lands, Robed in the  
 3. Fair is the sun-shine, Fair-er still the moon-light, And all the

# Fairer Lord Jesus.

God and man the Son, Thee will I cher-ish, Thee will I  
bloom-ing garb of spring; Je-sus is fair-er, Je-sus is  
twin-king, star-ry host; Je-sus shines bright-er, Je-sus shines

hon-or, Thou my soul's glo-ry, joy, and crown.  
pur-er, Who makes the woe-ful heart to sing.  
pur-er, Then all the an-gels heav'n can boast.

158

## Something for Thee.

S. D. Phelps.

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Robert Lowry.

1. { Sav-ior, Thy dy-ing love Thou gay-est me,  
Nor should I aught with-hold, (Omit.....) Dear Lord, from Thee:  
2. { At the blest mer-cy-seat, Plead-ing for me,  
My fee-ble faith looks up, (Omit.....) Je-sus, to Thee:  
3. { Give me a faith-ful heart, —Like-ness to Thee,—  
That each de-part-ing day (Omit.....) Hence-forth may see  
4. { All that I am and have, —Thy gifts so free,—  
In joy, in grief, thro' life, (Omit.....) Dear Lord, for Thee!

D. S.—Some-thing for Thee.

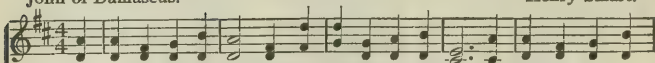
D. S.

In love my soul would bow, My heart fulfill its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now,  
Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or prayer,  
Some work of love begun, Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'ers sought and won,  
And when Thy face I see, My ransomed soul shall be, Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty,

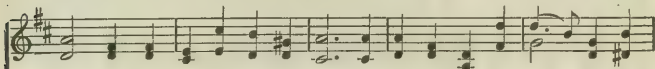
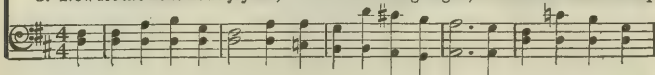
*Lancashire.*

John of Damascus.

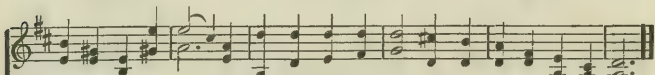
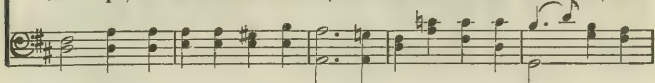
Henry Smart.



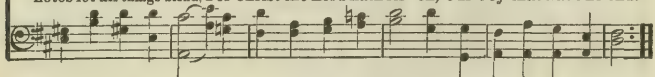
1. The day of res-ur-rec-tion! Earth, tell it out a-broad; The Pass-o - ver of
2. Our hearts be pure from e - vil, That we may see a - right The Lord in rays e -
3. Now let the heav'n's be joy-ful, Let earth her song begin; Let the round world keep



glad - ness, The Pass-o - ver of God. From death to life e - ter - nal, From  
 ter - nal Of res-ur-rec-tion-light; And, list'ning to His ac - cents, May  
 tri - umph, And all that is there-in; In - vis - i - ble and vis - i - ble, Their



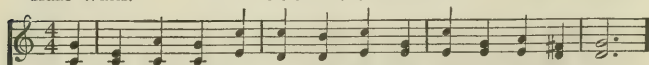
this world to the sky, Our Christ hath bro't us o - ver With hymns of vic-to - ry.  
 hear, so calm and plain, His own "All hail!" and hearing, May raise the vic-tor strain.  
 notes let all things blend, For Christ the Lord hath ris - en, Our Joy that hath no end.



Isaac Watts.

*St. Anne. C. M.*

William Croft.



1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne Still may we dwell se - cure;
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,
4. Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, Bears all its sons a - way;
5. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come;

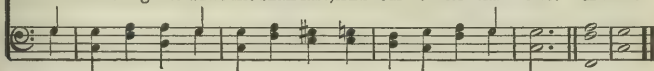




## O God, Our Help.



Our shel-ter from the storm-y blast, And our e - ter - nal home!  
 Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.  
 From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.  
 They fly, for - got - ten, as a dream Dies at the opening day.  
 Be Thou our guide while life shall last, And our e - ter - nal home. A-MEN.

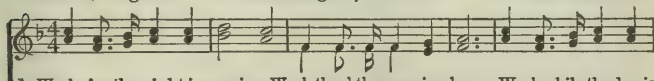


## 161 Work, for the Night is Coming.

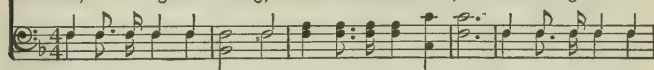
Annie L. Coghill.

Work Song. 7s. 6s. D.

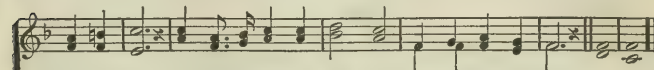
Lowell Mason.



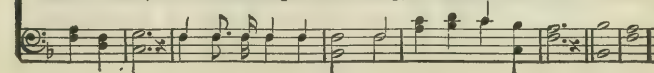
1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is
2. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the sun - ny noon; Fill brightest hours with
3. Work, for the night is coming, Under the sunset skies; While their bright tints are



sparkling, Work' mid springing flow'rs; Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the  
 la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Something to  
 glow - ing, Work, for daylight flies. Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to



glow - ing sun; Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.  
 keep in store: Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.  
 shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er. A-MEN.



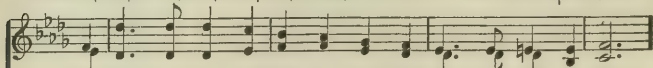
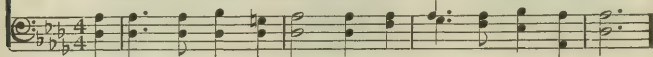
Elizabeth C. Clephane.

St. Christopher.

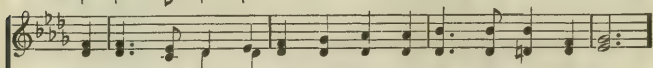
Frederick C. Maker.



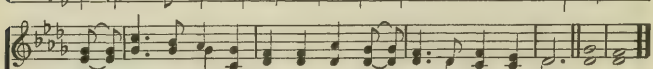
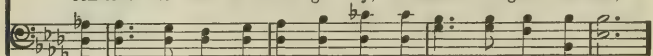
1. Be-neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
2. Up-on that cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see
3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing place;



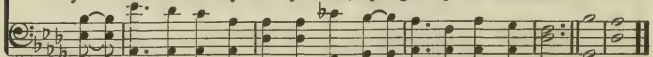
The shad - ow of a might - y Rock With-in a wea - ry land,  
 The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf - fered there for me;  
 I ask no oth - er sun-shine than The sun - shine of His face;



A home with-in the wil - der-ness, A rest up-on the way,  
 And from my smit - ten heart with tears, Two won - ders I con-fess,—  
 Con-tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,



From the burning of the noontide heat, And the burden of the day.  
 The won - ders of His glo - rious love And my own worth-less-ness.  
 My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross! A - MEN.

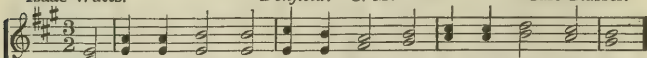


## 163 I'm Not Ashamed to Own My Lord.

Isaac Watts.

Denfield. C. M.

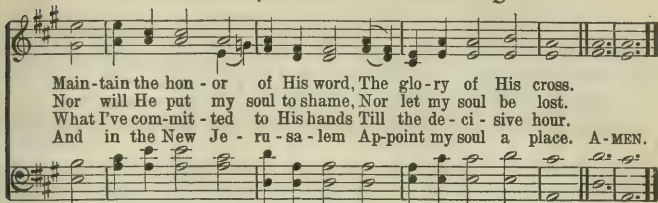
Carl Glasser.



1. I'm not a-shamed to own my Lord, Or to de-fend His cause,
2. Je - sus, my God, I know His name; His name is all my trust;
3. Firm as His throne His prom - ise stands, And He can well se - cure
4. Then will He own my worth-less name Be - fore His Fa - ther's face,



## I'm Not Ashamed to Own My Lord.



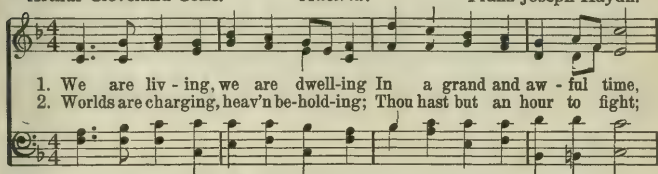
Main-tain the hon - or of His word, The glo-ry of His cross.  
 Nor will He put my soul to shame, Nor let my soul be lost.  
 What I've com-mit - ted to His hands Till the de-ci-sive hour.  
 And in the New Je - ru - sa - lem Ap-point my soul a place. A-MEN.

## 164 We Are Living, We Are Dwelling.

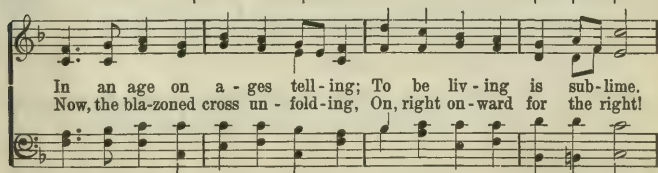
Arthur Cleveland Coxe.

*Austria.*

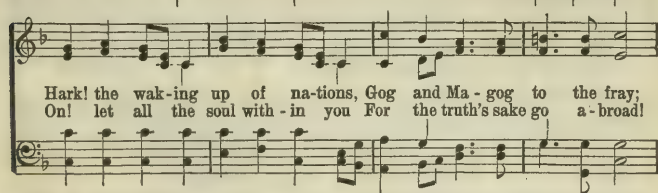
Franz Joseph Haydn.



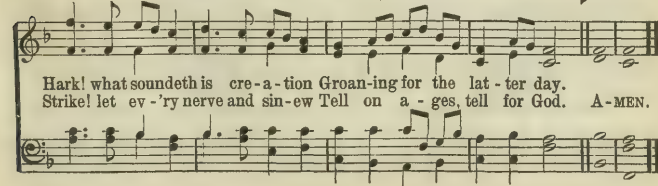
1. We are liv-ing, we are dwell-ing In a grand and aw-ful time,  
 2. Worlds are charging, heav'n be-hold-ing; Thou hast but an hour to fight;



In an age on a-ges tell-ing; To be liv-ing is sub-lime.  
 Now, the bla-zoned cross un-fold-ing, On, right on-ward for the right!



Hark! the wak-ing up of na-tions, Gog and Ma-gog to the fray;  
 On! let all the soul with-in you For the truth's sake go a-broad!



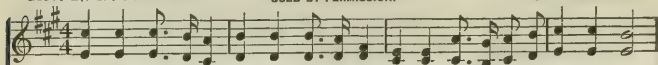
Hark! what soundeth is cre-a-tion Groan-ing for the lat-ter day.  
 Strike! let ev-'ry nerve and sin-ew Tell on a-ges, tell for God. A-MEN.

# 165 Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

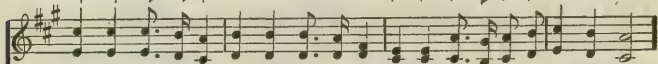
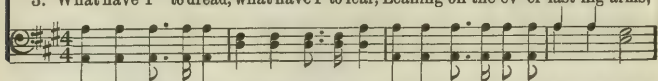
Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

COPYRIGHT, BY A. J. SHOWALTER.  
USED BY PERMISSION.

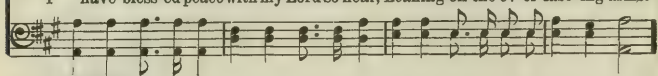
A. J. Showalter.



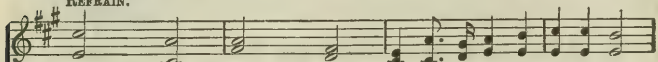
1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;



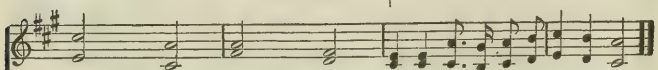
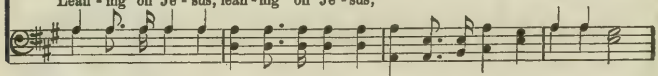
What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.  
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.  
I have bless-ed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.



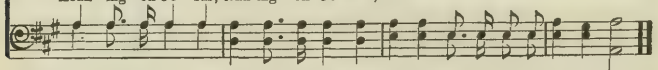
## REFRAIN.



Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms;  
Lean - ing on Je - sus, lean - ing on Je - sus,



Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.  
Lean - ing on Je - sus, lean-ing on Je - sus,



# 166

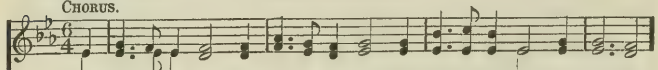
## Come Into My Heart.

Martha S. Clingan.

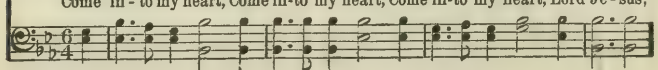
COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.  
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Robert Harkness.

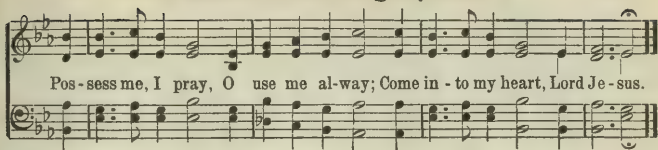
### CHORUS.



Come in - to my heart, Come in-to my heart, Come in-to my heart, Lord Je - sus;



# Come Into My Heart.



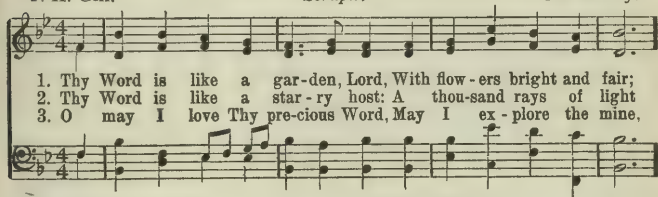
Pos-sess me, I pray, O use me al-way; Come in - to my heart, Lord Je-sus.

## 167 Thy Word is Like a Garden, Lord.

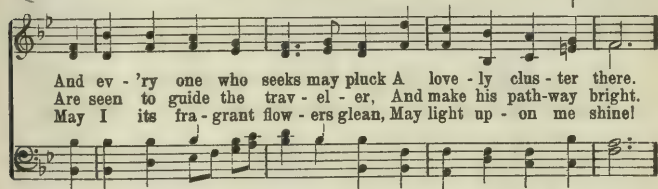
T. H. Gill.

*Seraph.*

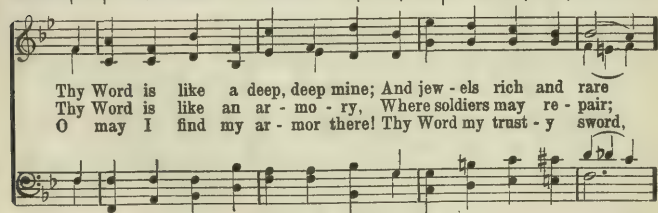
Old Melody.



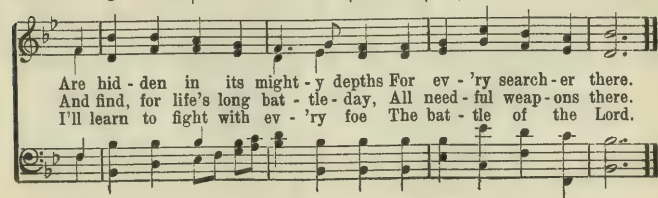
1. Thy Word is like a gar-den, Lord, With flow-ers bright and fair;
2. Thy Word is like a star-ry host: A thou-sand rays of light
3. O may I love Thy pre-cious Word, May I ex-plore the mine,



And ev-'ry one who seeks may pluck A love-ly clus-ter there.  
Are seen to guide the trav-el-er, And make his path-way bright.  
May I its fra-grant flow-ers glean, May light up-on me shine!



Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine; And jew-els rich and rare  
Thy Word is like an ar-mo-ry, Where soldiers may re-pair;  
O may I find my ar-mor there! Thy Word my trust-y sword,



Are hid-den in its might-y depths For ev-'ry search-er there.  
And find, for life's long bat-tle-day, All need-ful weap-ons there.  
I'll learn to fight with ev-'ry foe The bat-tle of the Lord.



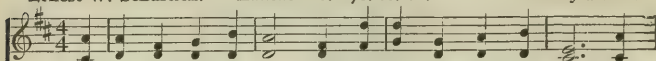
## 168

## Lead On, O King Eternal!

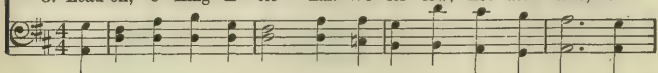
Ernest W. Schurtleff.

Lancashire. 7s. 6s. D.

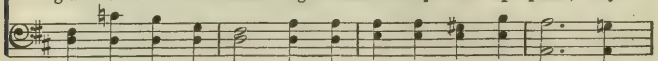
Henry Smart.



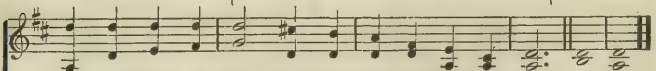
1. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal! The day of march has come; Hence-
2. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal! Till sin's fierce war shall cease, And
3. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal! We fol - low, not with fears; For



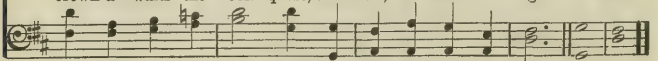
forth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home. Thro'  
 ho - li - ness shall whis - per The sweet A - men of peace; For  
 glad - ness breaks like morn - ing Wher-e'er Thy face ap - pears; Thy



days of prep - a - ra - tion, Thy grace has made us strong, And  
 not with swords loud clash - ing, Nor roll of stir - ring drums; But  
 cross is lift - ed o'er us; We jour - ney in its light: The



now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle song.  
 deeds of love and mer - cy The heav'n - ly king - dom comes.  
 crown a - waits the con - quest; Lead on, O God of might. A - MEN.



## 169

## Happy Land.

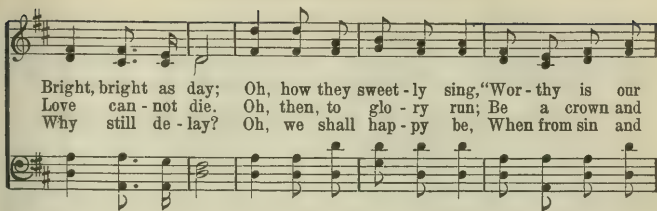
Old Melody.



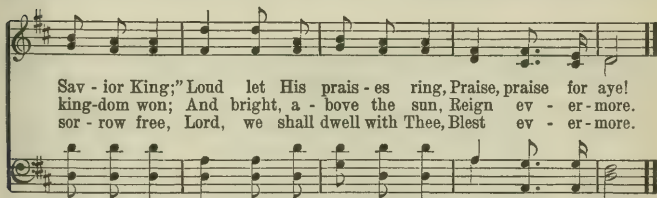
1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand,
2. Bright, in that hap - py land, Beams ev - 'ry eye; Kept by a Father's hand,
3. Come to that hap - py land, Come, come a - way; Why will you doubting stand?



## Happy Land.



Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweet-ly sing, "Wor- thy is our  
Love can - not die. Oh, then, to glo - ry run; Be a crown and  
Why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap - py be, When from sin and



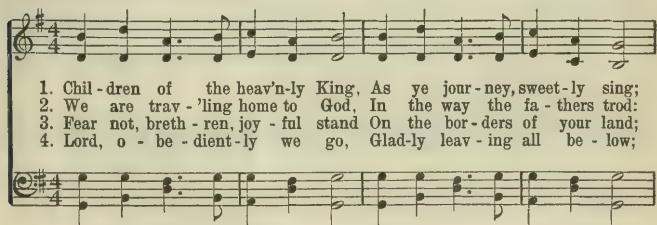
Sav - ior King;" Loud let His prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye!  
king - dom won; And bright, a - bove the sun, Reign ev - er - more.  
sor - row free, Lord, we shall dwell with Thee, Blest ev - er - more.

## 170 Children of the Heavenly King.

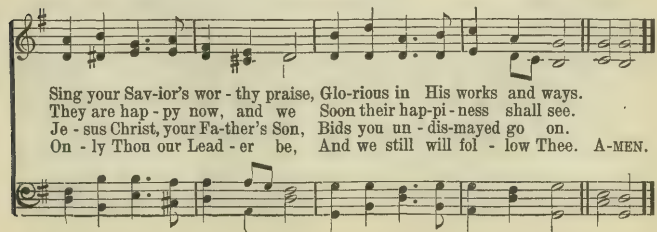
Rev. John Cennick.

*Pleyel's Hymn.* 7s.

Arr. from Ignace Pleyel.



1. Chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet-ly sing;  
2. We are trav - 'ling home to God, In the way the fa - thers trod;  
3. Fear not, breth - ren, joy - ful stand On the bor - ders of your land;  
4. Lord, o - be - dient-ly we go, Glad-ly leav - ing all be - low;

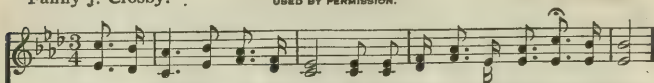


Sing your Sav - ior's wor - thy praise, Glo - rious in His works and ways.  
They are hap - py now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.  
Je - sus Christ, your Fa - ther's Son, Bids you un - dis - mayed go on.  
On - ly Thou our Lead - er be, And we still will fol - low Thee. A-MEN.

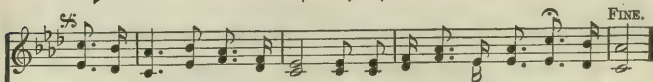
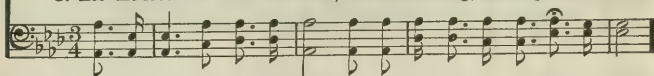
Fanny J. Crosby.

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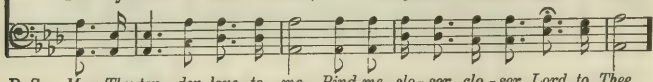
W. H. Doane.



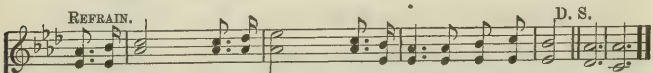
1. Sav-ior, more than life to me, I am cling-ing, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this chang-ing world be-low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet-ing, fleet-ing life is o'er;



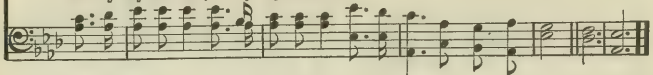
Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near Thy side.  
Trusting Thee, I can-not s'ray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.  
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright-er, brighter world a-bove.



D. S.—May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me clo-ser, clo-ser, Lord, to Thee.



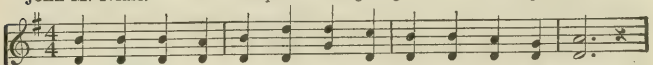
Ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r; A-MEN.  
Ev-'ry day and hour, ev-'ry day and hour,



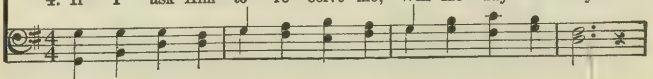
John M. Neale.

Stephanos. 8. 5. 8. 3.

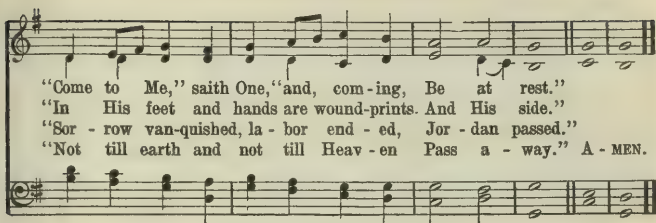
Henry W. Baker.



1. Art thou wear-y, art thou lan-guid, Art thou sore dis-trest?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide?
3. If I still hold close-ly to Him, What hath He at last?
4. If I ask Him to re-ceive me, Will He say me nay?



# Art Thou Weary?



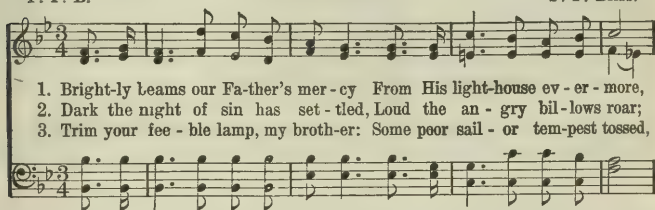
"Come to Me," saith One, "and, com-ing, Be at rest."  
 "In His feet and hands are wound-prints. And His side."  
 "Sor - row van-quished, la - bor end - ed, Jor - dan passed."  
 "Not till earth and not till Heav - en Pass a - way." A - MEN.

## 173 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

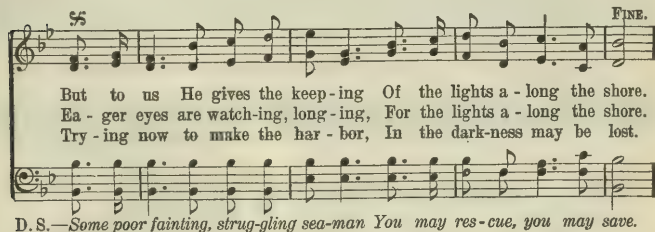
P. P. B.

USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. Bliss.

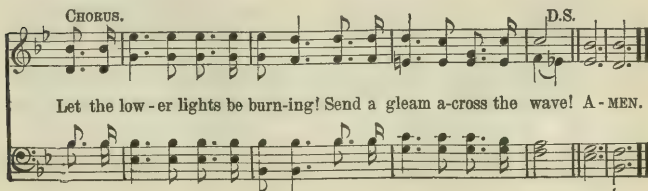


1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail - or tem-pest tossed,



But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.  
 Ea - ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.  
 Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

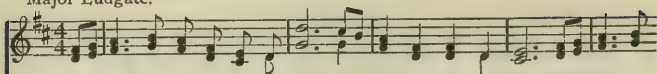
*D. S.—Some poor fainting, strug-gling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.*



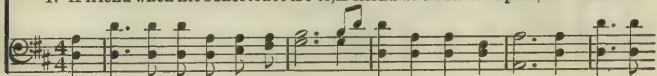
CHORUS. D.S.

Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave! A - MEN.

Major Ludgate.



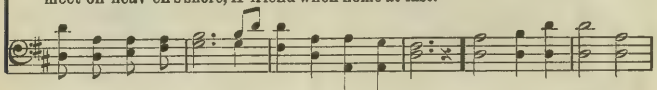
1. A friend of Je-sus, O what bliss, That one so vile as I Should ev-er.
2. A friend when other friendships cease, A friend when oth-ers fail, A friend who
3. A friend when sickness lays me low, A friend when death draws near, A friend as
4. A friend when life's short race is o'er, A friend when earth is past, A friend to



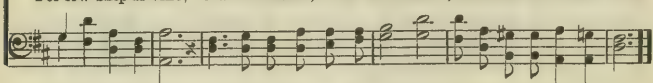
## CHORUS



have a friend like this To lead me to the sky.  
gives me joy and peace, A friend when foes as-sail. Friend-ship with Je-sus,  
thro' the vale I go, A friend to help and cheer.  
meet on heav-en's shore, A friend when home at last.



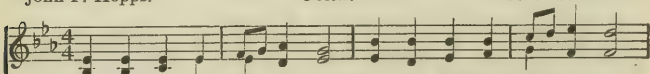
Fel-low-ship di-vine, O what blessed, sweet communion, Je-sus is a friend of mine.



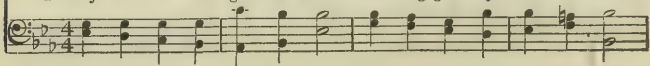
John P. Hopps.

Posen.

G. G. Strattner.



1. Fa-ther, lead me day by day, Ev-er in Thine own strong way;
2. When in dan-ger, make me brave, Make me know that Thou canst save;
3. When I'm tempt-ed to do wrong, Make me stead-fast, wise, and strong;
4. May I do the good I know, Serv-ing glad-ly here be-low,





# Father, Lead Me Day by Day.

Teach me to be pure and true, Show me what I ought to do.  
 Keep me safe-ly by Thy side; Let me in Thy love a-bide.  
 And when all a-lone I stand, Shield me with Thy might-y hand.  
 Then at last go home to Thee, Ev - er - more Thine own to be. A-MEN.

176

## Jesus Never fails.

A. A. Luther.

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A. A. Luther.

Har. and arr. by Carl Blackmore.

1. Earth - ly friends may prove un - true, Doubts and fears as - sail;  
 ~2. Though the sky be dark and drear, Fierce and strong the gale,  
 3. In life's dark and bit - ter hour Love will still pre - vail:

One still loves and cares for you: Je - sus nev - er fails.  
 Just re - mem - ber He is near, And He will not fail.  
 Trust His ev - er - last - ing pow'r, Je - sus will not fail.  
 (1.) nev - er fails.

CHORUS

Je - sus nev - er fails, Je - sus nev - er fails;

Heav'n and earth may pass a - way But Je - sus nev - er fails.

Harriet B. Stowe.

Consolation.

Arr. Mendelssohn.

1. Still, still with Thee, when pur-ple morn-ing break-eth, When the bird  
 2. A - lone with Thee, a - mid the mys-tic shad-ows, The sol-emn  
 3. As in the dawn-ing o'er the wave-less o - cean, The im-age  
 4. When sinks the soul, sub-dued by toil, to slum-ber, Its clos-ing  
 5. So shall it be at last, in that bright morn-ing, When the soul  
 wak-eth, and the shad-ows flee; Fair-er than morn-ing, love-li-  
 hush of na-ture new-ly born; A-lone with Thee in breath-less  
 of the morn-ing-star doth rest; So in this still-ness, Thou be-  
 eyes look up to Thee in prayer; Sweet the re-pose be-neath Thy  
 wak-eth, and life's shad-ows flee; O in that hour, fair-er than  
 er than day-light, Dawns the sweet con-scious-ness, I am with Thee.  
 ad - o - ra - tion, In the calm dew and fresh-ness of the morn.  
 hold-est on - ly Thine im-age in the wa - ters of my breast.  
 wings o'er-shad-ing, But sweet-er still, to wake and find Thee there.  
 day-light dawn-ing, Shall rise the glo-rious tho't—I am with Thee. A-MEN.

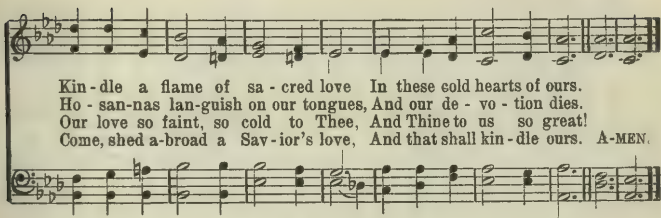
## 178 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove.

St. Agnes. C. M.

J. B. Dykes.

1. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick-'ning pow'rs;  
 2. In vain we tune our for-mal songs, In vain we strive to rise;  
 3. Dear Lord, and shall we ev-er live At this poor dy-ing rate?  
 4. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick-'ning pow'rs;

# Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove.



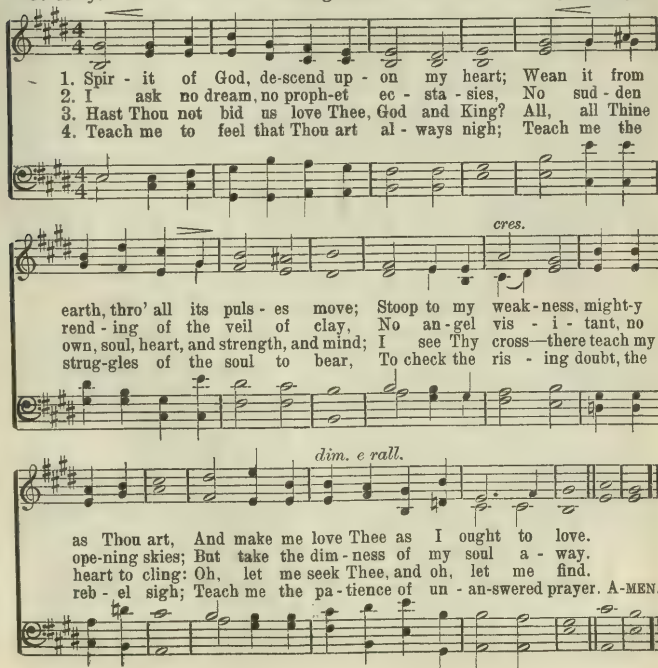
Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.  
 Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.  
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great!  
 Come, shed a - broad a Sav - ior's love, And that shall kin - dle ours. A - MEN.

## 179 Spirit of God, Descend Upon My Heart.

G. Croly.

Longwood.

J. Barnby.



1. Spir - it of God, de - scend up - on my heart; Wean it from  
 2. I ask no dream, no proph - et ec - sta - sies, No sud - den  
 3. Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King? All, all Thine  
 4. Teach me to feel that Thou art al - ways nigh; Teach me the

earth, thro' all its puls - es move; Stoop to my weak - ness, might - y  
 rend - ing of the veil of clay, No an - gel vis - i - tant, no  
 own, soul, heart, and strength, and mind; I see Thy cross—there teach my  
 strug - gles of the soul to bear, To check the ris - ing doubt, the

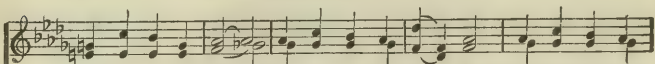
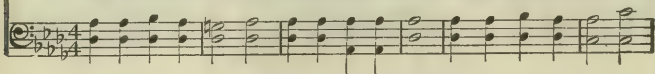
as Thou art, And make me love Thee as I ought to love.  
 open - ing skies; But take the dim - ness of my soul a - way.  
 heart to cling: Oh, let me seek Thee, and oh, let me find.  
 reb - el sigh; Teach me the pa - tience of un - an - swered prayer. A - MEN.

James Montgomery.

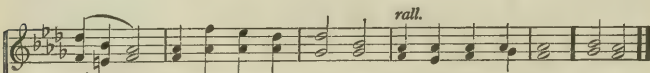
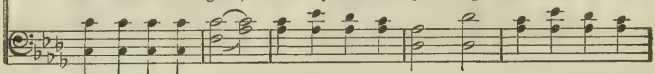
Spencer Lane.



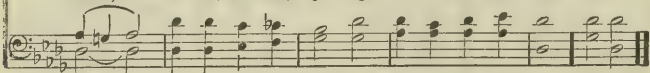
1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me, Lest by base de - ni - al,
2. With for-bid-den pleasures Would this vain word charm; Or its sordid treas-ures
3. Should Thy mercy send me Sor-row, toil and woe; Or should pain at-tend me
4. When my last hour cometh, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust returneth



I de-part from Thee. When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a look re-  
 Spread to work me harm; Bring to my re - mem-brance Sad Geth-sem-a-  
 On my path be - low; Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to  
 To the dust a - gain; On Thy truth re - ly - ing, Thro' that mor-tal



call,.... Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.  
 ne,.... Or, in dark-er sem-blance, Cross-crowned Calvary.  
 see,.... Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.  
 strife,... Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life. A - MEN.

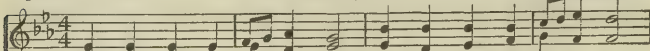


## 181 Savior, Teach Me Day By Day.

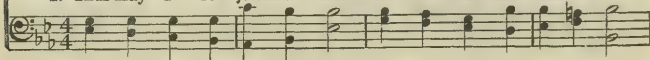
Jane E. Leeson.

Posen. 75.

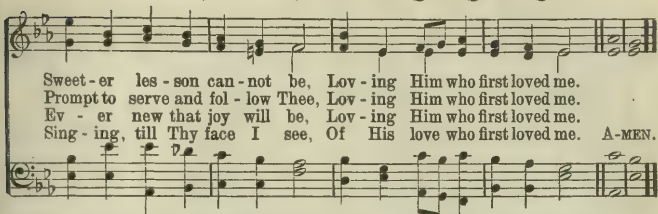
G. G. Strattner.



1. Sav - ior, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les - son to o - bey;
2. With a child-like heart of love, At Thy bid - ding may I move;
3. Love in lov - ing finds em - ploy, In o - be-dience all her joy;
4. Thus may I re - joice to show That I feel the love I owe;



# Savior, Teach Me Day By Day.

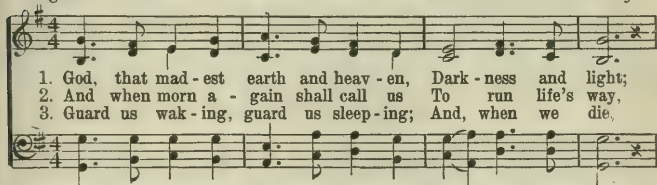


Sweet - er les - son can - not be, Lov - ing Him who first loved me.  
 Prompt to serve and fol - low Thee, Lov - ing Him who first loved me.  
 Ev - er new that joy will be, Lov - ing Him who first loved me.  
 Sing - ing, till Thy face I see, Of His love who first loved me. A-MEN.

## 182 God, That Madest Earth and Heaven.

Reginald Heber.

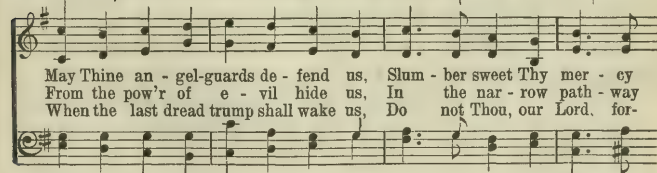
Welsh Traditional Melody.



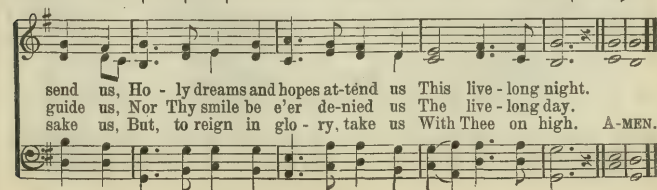
1. God, that mad - est earth and heav - en, Dark - ness and light;  
 2. And when morn a - gain shall call us To run life's way,  
 3. Guard us wak - ing, guard us sleep - ing; And, when we die,



Who the day for toil hast giv - en, For rest the night;  
 May we still, what - e'er be - fall us, Thy will o - bey.  
 May we in Thy might - y keep - ing All peace - ful lie.



May Thine an - gel-guards de - fend us, Slum - ber sweet Thy mer - cy  
 From the pow'r of e - vil hide us, In the nar - row path - way  
 When the last dread trump shall wake us, Do not Thou, our Lord, for -



send us, Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us This live - long night.  
 guide us, Nor Thy smile be e'er de - nied us The live - long day.  
 sake us, But, to reign in glo - ry, take us With Thee on high. A-MEN.



J. G. Small.

SWEETEST NAME.

W. B. Bradbury.

1. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;  
 2. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;  
 3. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! So kind and true and ten - der;

He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.  
 And not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.  
 So wise a Coun - sel - or and Guide, So might - y a De - fend - er!

And round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er;  
 Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er;  
 From Him who loves me now so well, What pow'r my soul shall sev - er?

For I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.  
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er.  
 Shall life or death, shall earth or hell? No; I am His for - ev - er.

## 184 fresh from The Throne Of Glory.

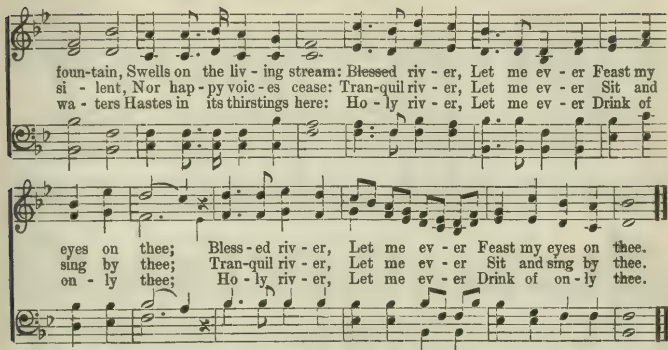
Horatius Bonar.

RIVER OF LIFE. P. M.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. Fresh from the throne of glo - ry, Bright in its crys - tal gleam, Bursts out the liv - ing  
 2. Stream full of life and glad - ness, Spring of all health and peace, No harp by thee hang  
 3. Riv - er of God, I greet thee, Not now a - far, but near, My soul to Thy still

# fresh from The Throne Of Glory.



foun-tain, Swells on the liv - ing stream: Blessed riv - er, Let me ev - er Feast my  
 si - lent, Nor hap - py voic - es cease: Tran-quil riv - er, Let me ev - er Sit and  
 wa - ters Hasten in its thirstings here: Ho - ly riv - er, Let me ev - er Drink of

eyes on thee; Bless - ed riv - er, Let me ev - er Feast my eyes on thee.  
 sing by thee; Tran-quil riv - er, Let me ev - er Sit and sing by thee.  
 on - ly thee; Ho - ly riv - er, Let me ev - er Drink of on - ly thee.

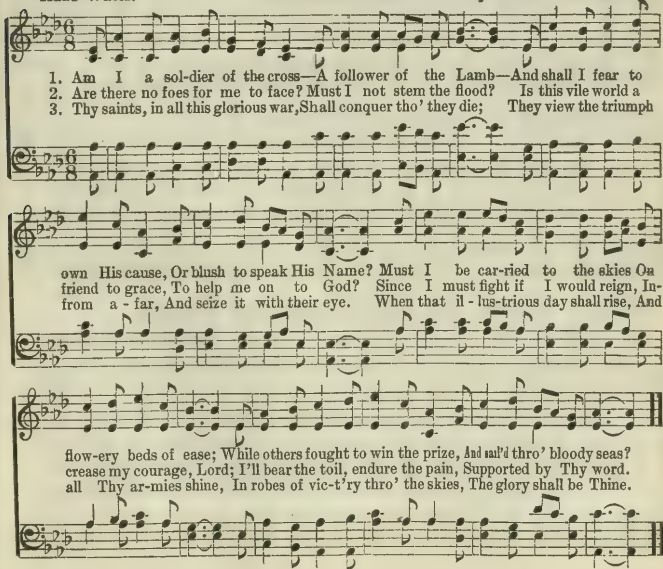
185

## Am I A Soldier.

Isaac Watts.

MCANALLY. C. M.

Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.



1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross—A follower of the Lamb—And shall I fear to  
 2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile world a  
 3. Thy saints, in all this glorious war, Shall conquer tho' they die; They view the triumph

own His cause, Or blush to speak His Name? Must I be car-ried to the skies On  
 friend to grace, To help me on to God? Since I must fight if I would reign, In-  
 from a - far, And seize it with their eye. When that il - lus-trious day shall rise, And

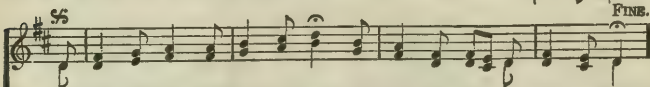
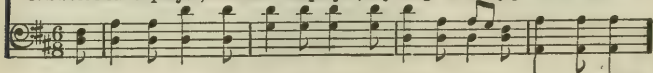
flow-ery beds of ease; While others fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' bloody seas?  
 crease my courage, Lord; I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Supported by Thy word.  
 all Thy ar-mies shine, In robes of vic-t'ry thro' the skies, The glory shall be Thine.

W. W. Walford.

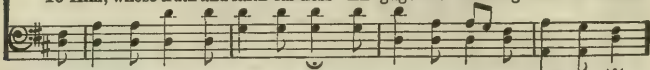
Wm. B. Bradbury.



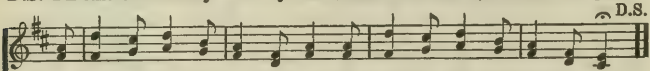
1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care.
2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, The joys I feel, the bliss I share
3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe-ti - tion bear



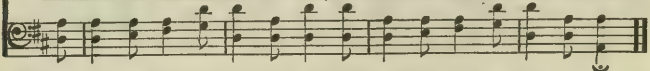
And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known!  
Of those whose anx-ious spir - its burn With strong de-sires for thy re - turn!  
To Him, whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless:



*D.S.*—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, 'sweet hour of prayer.  
*D.S.*—And glad-ly take my sta - tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.  
*D.S.*—I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.



In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,  
With such I has - ten to the place Where God, my Sav-ior, shows His face,  
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word, and trust His grace,

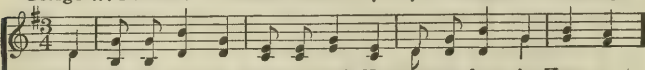


## 187 There Is No Name So Sweet.

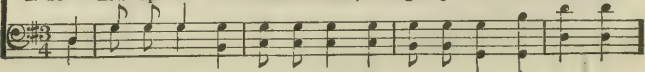
George W. Bethune.

*Sweetest Name. 8. 7. 8. 7.*

William B. Bradbury.



1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so dear in Heav - en,
2. 'Twas Ga-briel first that did pro-claim, To His most bless-ed moth - er,
3. And when He hung up - on the tree, They wrote His name a - bove Him,
4. So now up - on His Father's throne, Al-might-y to re - lieve us



# There Is No Name So Sweet.

**FINE.**

As that be - fore His won-drous birth To Christ the Sav - ior giv - en.  
That name which now and ev - er - more We praise a - bove all oth - er.  
That all might see the rea-son we For - ev - er - more must love Him.  
From sin and pain, He ev - er reigns The Prince and Sav - ior, Je - sus.

D.S.—For there's no word ear ev - er heard, So dear, so sweet as Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

We love to sing a - round our King, And hail Him bless - ed Je - sus;

## 188 Holy Spirit, faithful Guide.

Marcus M. Wells.

Faithful Guide. 7s. D.

Marcus M. Wells.

**FINE.**

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris-tian's side; }  
{ Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land; }  
2. { Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend, }  
{ Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop-ing on in dark - ness drear; }  
3. { When our days of toil shall cease, Wait-ing still for sweet re - lease, }  
{ Noth-ing left but Heav'n and prayer, Wond'ring if our names were there: }

D.C.—Whisp'ring soft-ly, "Wan-d'rer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."

D.C.—Whis-per soft - ly, "Wan-d'rer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."

D.C.—Whis-per soft - ly, "Wan-d'rer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."

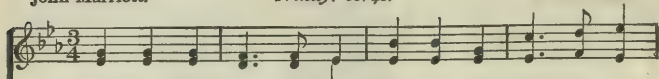
D. C.

Wear - y souls for - e'er re - jice, While they hear that sweet-est voice,  
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,  
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood,

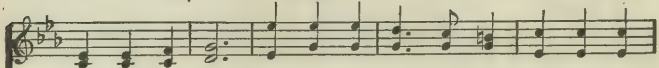
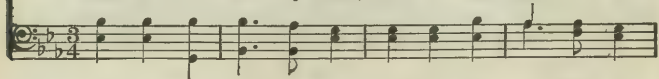
John Marriott.

Trinity. 6s. 4s.

W. R. Braine.



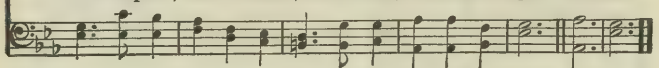
1. Thou, whose al - might - y word Cha - os and dark - ness heard,  
 2. Spir - it of truth and love, Life - giv - ing, Ho - ly Dove,  
 3. Bless - ed and Ho - ly Three, Glo - ri - ous Trin - i - ty,



And took their flight, Hear us, we hum - bly pray; And where the  
 Speed forth Thy flight: Move o'er the wa - ter's face, Bear - ing the  
 Truth, Love and Might! Bound - less as o - cean's tide, Roll - ing in



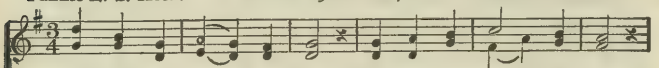
gos - pel's day Sheds not its glo - rious ray, Let there be light!  
 lamp of grace; And, in earth's darkest place, Let there be light!  
 full - est pride, Thro' the world, far and wide, Let there be light! A - MEN.



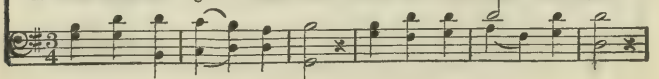
Fannie E. S. Heck.

Italian Hymn. 6s. 4s.

Felice de Giardini.

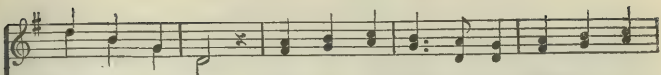


1. Come, wom - en, wide pro - claim Life thro' your Sav - ior slain;  
 2. Come, clasp - ing chil - dren's hands, Sis - ters from man - y lands,  
 3. Work with your cour - age high, Sing of the day - break nigh,  
 4. Then when the gar - nered field Shall to our Mas - ter yield

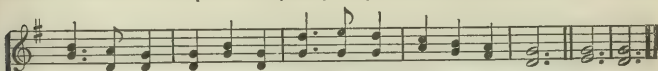




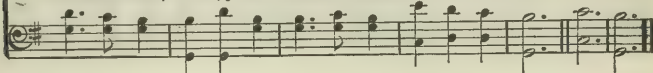
## The Woman's Hymn.



Sing ev - er - more. Christ, God's ef - ful-gence bright, Christ, who a-  
Teach to a - dore, For the sin - sick and worn, The weak and  
Your love out - pour. Stars shall your brow a - dorn, Your heart leap  
A boun-teous store, Christ, hope of all the meek, Christ, whom all



rose in might, Christ, who crowns you with light, Praise and a-dore.  
o - ver-borne, All who in darkness mourn, Pray, work, yet more.  
with the morn, And, by His love up-borne, Hope and a - dore.  
earth shall seek, Christ, your reward shall speak, Joy ev - er - more. A - MEN.

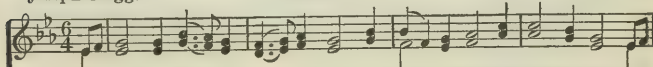


## 191 Jesus! and Shall it Ever Be.

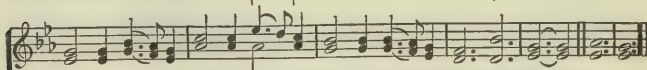
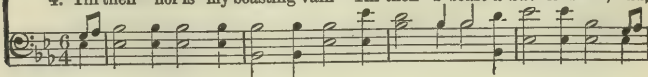
Joseph Grigg.

Woodworth. L. M.

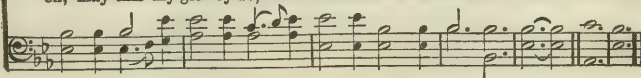
Wm. Bradbury.



1. Je - sus! and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man ashamed of Thee? A-
2. A-shamed of Je-sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n depend! No,
3. A-shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a - way, No
4. Till then—nor is my boasting vain—Till then I boast a Sav-ior slain; And,



shamed of Thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days?  
when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re-vere His name.  
tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fear to quell, no soul to save.  
oh, may this my glo - ry be, That Christ is not a-shamed of me. A-MEN.



Bernard of Cluny.

Ewing. 7s. os. D.

Alex. Ewing.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, With milk and honey blest! Beneath thy con - tem -  
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an  
 3. O sweet and blessed country, Shall I e'er see thy face? O sweet and blessed

plation Sink heart and voice oppressed; I know not, O I know not What joys a -  
 an - gel, And all the martyr throng; The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light  
 country, Shall I e'er win thy grace? Ex - ult, O dust and ash - es! The Lord shall

wait me there; What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond compare.  
 is se - rene; The pastures of the bless - ed Are decked in glorious sheen.  
 be thy part; His on - ly, His for - ev - er Thou shalt be, and thou art! A - MEN.

Anna B. Warner.

Raynolds.

F. Mendelssohn, Arr.

1. We would see Je - sus—for the shad - ows length - en A - cross this  
 2. We would see Je - sus—the great Rock - foun - da - tion, Where - on our  
 3. We would see Je - sus—oth - er lights are pal - ing, Which for long  
 4. We would see Je - sus—this is all we're need - ing, Strength, joy, and

## We Would See Jesus.

lit - tle land-scape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to  
feet were set by sov'reign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their ag - i-  
years we have re-joiced to see; The bless-ings of our pil-grim-age are  
will - ing-ness come with the sight; We would see Je - sus, dy - ing, ris-en,

strengthen For the last wea - ri - ness—the fi - nal strife.  
ta - tion, Can thence re - move us, if we see His face.  
fail - ing; We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.  
plead-ing; Then wel-come, day! and fare-well, mor-tal night! A - MEN.

## 194 Holy Spirit, from On High.

W. H. Bathurst.

*Seymour.* 75.

C. M. von Weber.

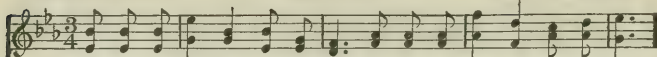
1. Ho - ly Spir - it, from on high, Bend o'er us a pity - ing eye;  
2. Light up ev - 'ry dark re - cess Of our heart's un - god - li - ness;  
3. Teach us, with re - pent - ant grief, Hum - bly to im - plore re - lief;  
4. May we dai - ly grow in grace, And pur - sue the heav'n - ly race,

Now re-fresh the droop-ing heart; Bid the pow'r of sin de - part.  
Show us ev - 'ry de - vious way Where our steps have gone a-stray.  
Then the Sav-ior's blood re - veal, And our bro - ken spir - its heal.  
Trained in wisdom, led by love, Till we reach our rest a - bove. A - MEN.

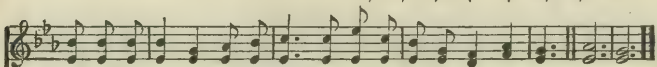
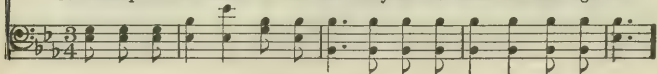
Margaret Mackay.

Rest. L. M.

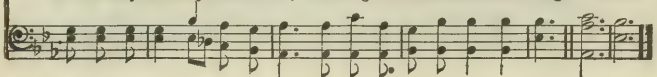
Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. A-sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep, From which none ev-er wakes to weep!
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet!
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peace-ful rest, Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest!
4. A-sleep in Je - sus! O for me May such a bliss-ful ref-uge be!



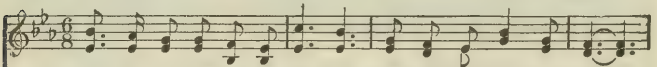
A calm and un-dis-turbed repose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.  
 With ho-ly con-fi-dence to sing, That death hath lost his venom'd sting.  
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That manifests the Savior's pow'r.  
 Se-cure-ly shall my ash-es lie, Wait-ing the summons from on high. A - MEN.



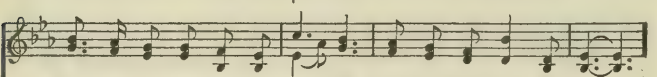
Walter O. Cushing.

Kelley. 8. 6. 8. 6.

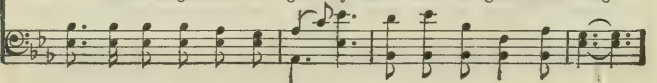
William F. Sherwin.



1. Beau-ti-ful val-ley of E-den! Sweet is thy noon-tide calm;
2. O - ver the heart of the mourn-er Shin-eth thy gold-en day,
3. There is the home of my Sav-ior; There, with the blood-washed throng,



O - ver the heart of the wear-y, Breath-ing thy waves of balm.  
 Waft-ing the songs of the an-gels Down from the far a-way.  
 O - ver the high-lands of glo-ry Roll-eth the great new song.



# Beautiful Valley of Eden.

## REFRAIN.

Beau-ti-ful val-ley of E-den, Home of the pure and blest, How  
the pure and blest,

*rit.*

oft-en a-mid the wild bil-lows I dream of thy rest, sweet rest! A-MEN.

# 197 We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

Elizabeth Mills.

William Miller.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the moment come When I shall  
2. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam, And lean for  
3. I sought at once my Sav-ior's side, No more my steps shall roam; With Him I'll

## CHORUS.

lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at home? We'll work till  
suc-cor on His breast Till He con-duct me home.  
brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home. We'll work

Je-sus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes; And we'll be gathered home. A-MEN.  
We'll work



# 198 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

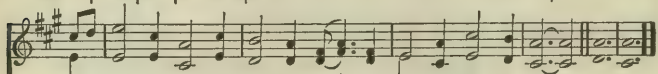
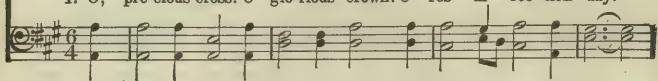
Thos. Shepherd.

Maitland. C. M.

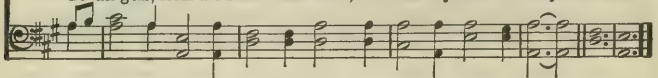
Geo. N. Allen.



1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?—
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,
3. Up - on the crys - tal pave - ment, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,
4. O, pre - cious cross! O glo - rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!



No; there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.  
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.  
 Joy - ful, I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.  
 Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way. A - MEN.

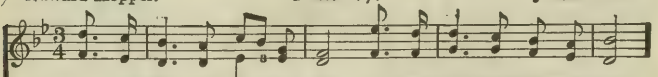


# 199 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

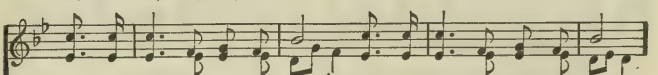
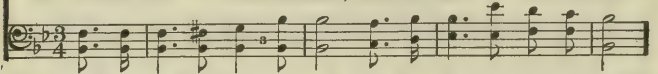
Edward Hopper.

Pilot. 6. 7.

J. E. Gould.



1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pes - tuous sea:
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar



Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;  
 Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"  
 'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,



# Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

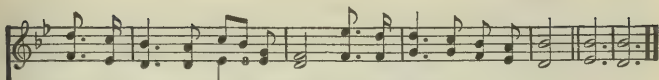
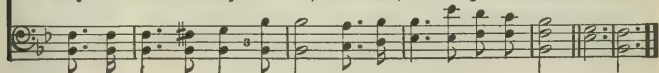


Chart and compass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.  
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.  
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee." A-MEN.

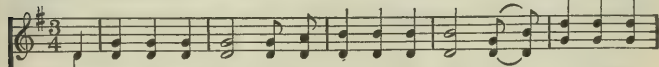


200

## Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay.

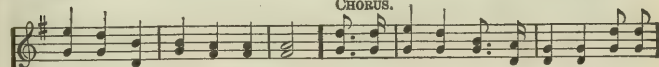
John J. Husband.



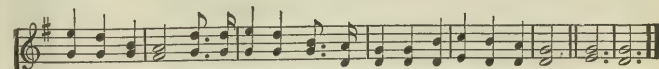
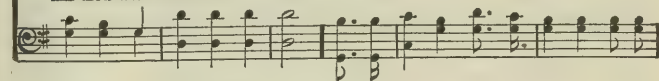
1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re -



CHORUS.



died, and is now gone a - bove.  
Sav - ior, and scat - tered our night. Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le -  
sins, and hath cleansed ev - ry stain.  
kin - dled with fire from a - bove.



lu - jah! a - men; Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, re - vive us a - gain. A - MEN.

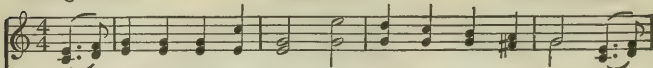


# 201 My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

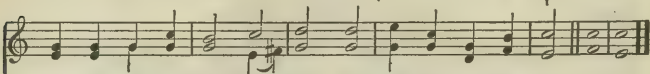
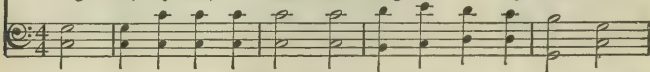
George Heath.

Laban. S. M.

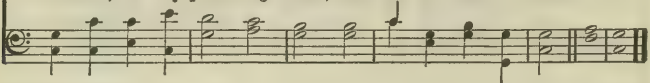
Lowell Mason.



1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou-sand foes a - rise; The
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat-tle ne'er give o'er; Re-
3. Ne'er think the vic-t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar-mor down; The
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God; He'll



- hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.  
 new it bold-ly ev-'ry day, And help di-vine im-plore.  
 work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob-tain the crown.  
 take thee, at thy part-ing breath, To His di-vine a-bode. A - MEN.

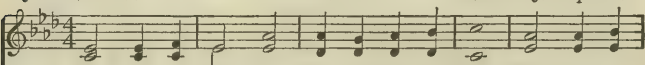


# 202 Savior, Again to Thy Dear Name.

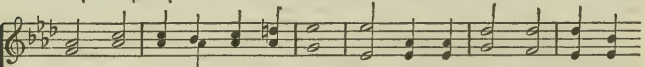
John Ellerton.

Ellers. 10s.

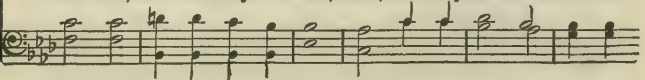
Edward J. Hopkins.



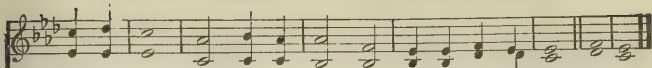
1. Sav-ior, a-gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac-
2. Grant us Thy peace up-on our home-ward way; With Thee be-
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com-ing night, Turn Thou for
4. Grant us Thy peace thro'-out our earth-ly life, Our balm in



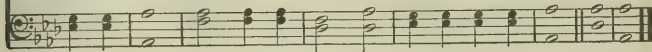
- cord our part-ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our  
 gan, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the  
 us its dark-ness in-to light; From harm and dan-ger keep Thy  
 sor-row, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall bid our



## Savior, Again to Thy Dear Name.



wor - ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.  
 hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.  
 chil - dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.  
 con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace. A - MEN.



203

## Awake, My Soul.

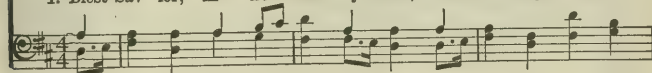
Philip Doddridge.

*Christmas. C. M.*

George F. Handel.



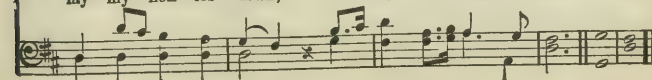
1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - 'ry nerve, And press with vig - or
2. A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round Hold thee in full sur -
3. 'Tis God's all - an - i - mat - ing voice That calls thee from on
4. Blest Sav - ior, in - tro - duced by Thee, Have I my race be -



on; A heav'n-ly race de - mands thy zeal, And  
 vey; For - get the steps al - read - y trod, And  
 high; 'Tis His own hand pre - sents the prize To  
 gun; And, crowned with vic - t'ry, at Thy feet I'll



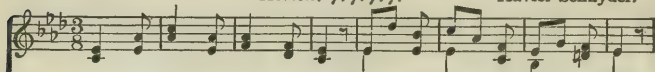
an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.  
 on - ward urge thy way, And on - ward urge thy way.  
 thine as - pir - ing eye, To thine as - pir - ing eye.  
 lay my hon - ors down, I'll lay my hon - ors down. A - MEN.



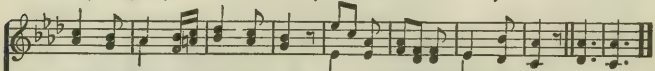
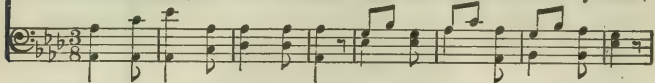
## Come, Said Jesus' Sacred Voice.

Horton. 7. 7. 7. 7.

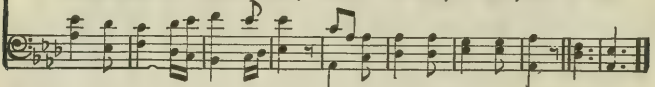
Xavier Schnyder.



1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make My path your choice;
2. Thou who, house-less, sole, for-lorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
3. Ye who, tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
4. Hith - er come, for here is found Balm that flows for ev - 'ry wound,



I will guide you to your home; Wea-ry pilgrim, hith-er come.  
 Long hast roamed the barren waste, Wea-ry pilgrim, hith-er haste.  
 Ye, by fierc - er an-guish torn, In re-morse for guilt who mourn;  
 Peace that ev-er shall en-dure, Rest e - ter - nal, sa - cred, sure. A-MEN.

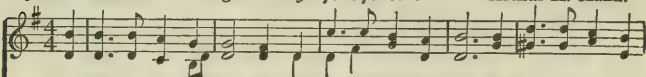


## O Jesus, I Have Promised.

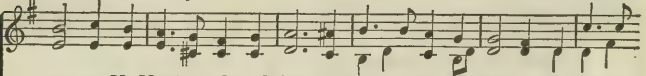
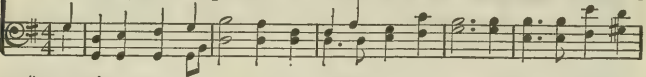
John E. Bode.

*Angel's Story. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.*

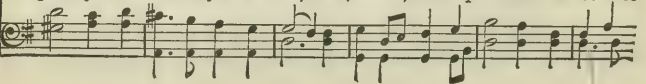
Arthur H. Mann.



1. O Je - sus, I have prom-ised To serve Thee to the end; Be Thou for-ev - er
2. O let me feel Thee near me, The world is ev - er near; I see the sights that
3. O Je-sus, Thou hast promised To all who fol-low Thee That where Thou art in



near me, My Mas-ter and my Friend: I shall not fear the bat-tle If Thou art  
 daz-zle, The tempting sounds I hear: My foes are ev - er near me, A-round me  
 glo - ry There shall Thy servant be; And, Je-sus, I have promised To serve Thee





# O Jesus, I Have Promised.

by my side, Nor wan-der from the pathway If Thou wilt be my Guide.  
and with-in; But, Je-sus, draw Thou near-er, And shield my soul from sin,  
to the end; O give me grace to fol - low My Mas-ter and my Friend. A-MEN.

206

## Come and Worship.

J. Montgomery.

James Hughes.

1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
2. Saints, be - fore the al - tar bend-ing, Watch-ing long in hope and fear,
3. Sin - ners, wrung with true re-pent-ance, Doomed for guilt to end - less pains,

Ye, who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro-claim Mes - si - ah's birth;  
Sud - den - ly the Lord, de-scend-ing, In His tem - ple shall ap - pear;  
Jus - tice now re - vokes the sentence, Mer - cy calls you—break your chains;

### CHORUS

Come and wor - ship, Come and wor - ship; Wor - ship Christ the new-born

King, (new - born King,) Wor - ship Christ the new - born King.

## 207

## Come, Sound His Praise.

Isaac Watts.

Silver Street. S. M.

Isaac Smith.

1. Come, sound His praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je-  
 2. He formed the deeps un-known; He gave the seas their bound; The  
 3. Come, wor - ship at His throne, Come, bow be - fore the Lord; We  
 4. To - day at - tend His voice, Nor dare pro - voke His rod; Come,

ho - vah is the sov - 'reign God, The u - ni-ver - sal King.  
 wa - t'ry worlds are all His own, And all the sol - id ground.  
 are His works, and not our own; He formed us by His word.  
 like the peo - ple of His choice, And own your gra - cious God. A-MEN.

## 208

## My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!

Benjamin Schmolck.

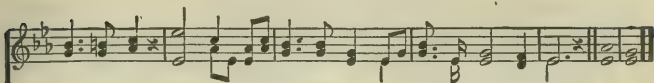
Jewett. 6. 6. 6. 6. D.

From C. M. von Weber.

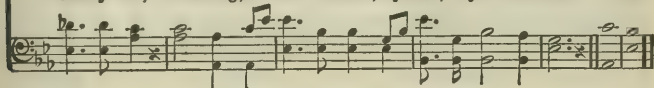
1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love  
 2. My, Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my star of hope  
 3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing future scene

I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Con - duct me  
 Grow dim or dis - ap - pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept And sor - rowed  
 I glad - ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el

# My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!



as Thine own; And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.  
 oft a-lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.  
 calmly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done. A-MEN.



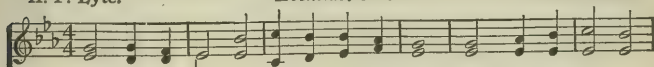
209

## Abide With Me.

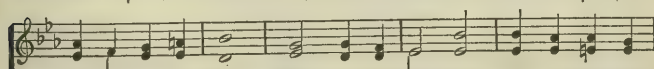
H. F. Lyte.

*Eventide. ros.*

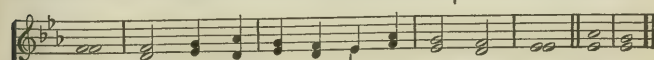
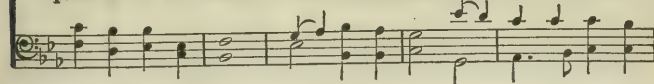
W. H. Monk.



1. A-bide with me: fast falls the e-ven-tide; The dark-ness deep-ens;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its
3. I need Thy pres-ence ev-'ry pass-ing hour: What but Thy grace can
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos-ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and



Lord, with me a-bide: When oth-er help-ers fail, and com-forts  
 glo-ries pass a-way; Change and de-cay in all a-round I  
 foil the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thy-self my guide and stay can  
 point me to the skies: Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shad-ows



flee, Help of the help-less, O a-bide with me!  
 see: O Thou who chang-est not, a-bide with me!  
 be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, O a-bide with me!  
 flee— In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me! A-MEN.



# 210

R. E. Hudson.

# I'll Live for Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY MRS. MARY HUDSON.  
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

C. R. Dunbar.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;  
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;  
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!

*D. C. for Chorus.*

Oh, may I ev - er faith-ful be, My Sav-ior and my God!  
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-ior and my God!  
I'll con-se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav-ior and my God! A - MEN.

*I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-ior and my God!*

# 211

P. P. B.

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P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al-most per-suad-ed" now to be-lieve; "Al-most per-suad-ed"  
2. "Al-most per-suad-ed," come, come to-day; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"  
3. "Al-most per-suad-ed," har-vest is past! "Al-most per-suad-ed,"

Christ to re-ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir-it,  
turn not a-way; Je-sus in-vites you here, An-gels are  
doom comes at last! "Al-most" can-not a-vail; "Al-most" is

# Almost Persuaded.

go Thy way, Some more con-ven-ient day On Thee I'll call."  
 lin-g'ring near, Prayers rise from heart so dear, O wan-d'rer, come.  
 but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit-ter wail—"Al-most—but lost!" A - MEN.

212

## Why Not Now?

El Nathan.

Copyright, 1919, Renewal.  
 Homer A. Rodeheaver, Owner.

C. C. Case.

1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-dered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub-led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fess - ion make; Come to Christ and par-don take;

While your Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?  
 Do not turn from God your face, But, to - day, ac - cept His grace.  
 Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.  
 Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

CHORUS.

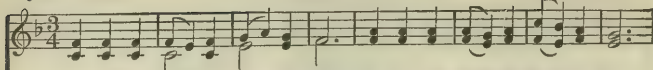
Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je-sus now? sus now? A - MEN.  
 Why not now? why not now?



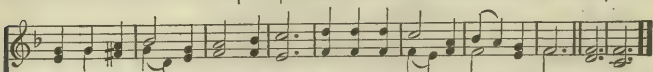
John Keble.

Hursley. L. M.

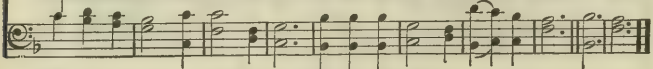
Peter Ritter.



1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wear-y eye-lids gen-tly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can-not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;



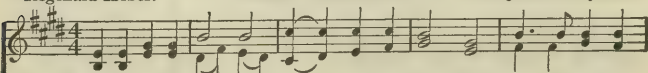
Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!  
 Be my last tho't—how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast!  
 A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.  
 A-bide with me till in Thy love I lose my-self in Heaven a-bove. A-MEN.



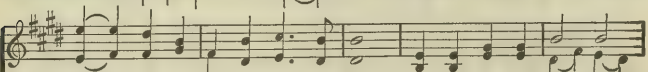
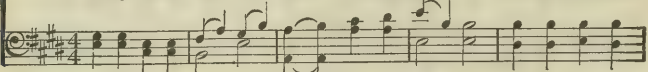
Reginald Heber.

Nicaea. 11. 12. 10.

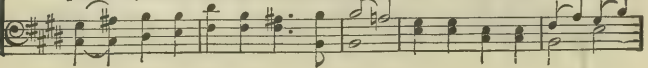
Rev. John B. Dykes.



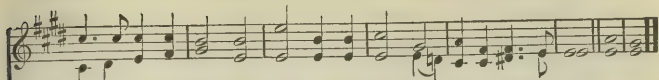
1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! All the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! Tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! All Thy work shall



morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!  
 gold-en crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u - bim and ser-a-phim  
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art ho - ly;  
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!



# Holy, Holy, Holy.



Mer-ci-ful and Might-y! God in Three Per-sons, blessed Trin-i-ty!  
 fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Who wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.  
 there is none be-side Thee Per-fect in pow'r, in love, and pu-ri-ty.  
 Mer-ci-ful and Might-y! God in Three Per-sons, blessed Trin-i-ty! A-MEN.



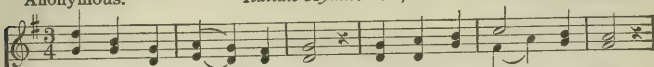
215

## Come, Thou Almighty King.

Anonymous.

*Italian Hymn. 6s. 4s.*

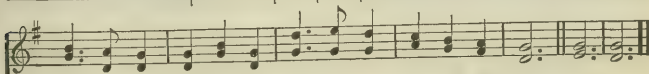
Felice de Giardini.



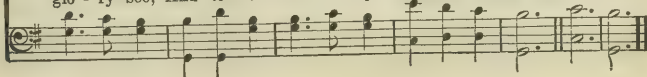
1. Come, Thou Al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou In-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword,
3. Come, Ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear
4. To the great One in Three E-ter-nal prais-es be



Help us to praise: Fa-ther, all-glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-  
 Our prayer at-tend: Come, and Thy peo-ple bless, And give Thy  
 In 'this glad hour: Thou who al-might-y art, Now rule in  
 Hence ev-er-more. His sov'-reign maj-es-ty May we in



to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of Days.  
 word suc-cess: Spir-it of ho-li-ness, On us de-scend.  
 ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r.  
 glo-ry see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore. A-MEN.

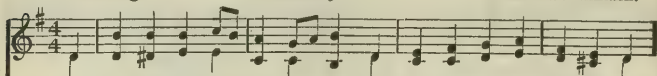


# 216 Lord, Speak to Me, That I May Speak.

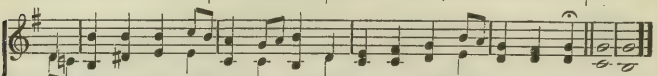
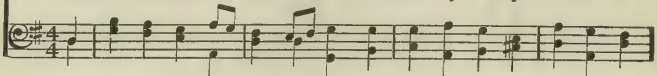
F. R. Havergal.

Canonbury. L. M.

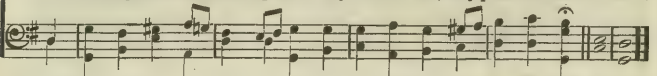
Robert Schumann.



1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech - oes of Thy tone;
2. Oh, strengthen me, that while I stand Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
3. Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach The pre-cious things Thou dost im-part;
4. Oh, fill me with Thy full-ness, Lord, Un - til my ver - y heart o'er-flow



As Thou hast sought, so let me seek, Thy err - ing chil-dren lost and lone.  
I may stretch out a lov-ing hand To wres-tlers with the troub-led sea.  
And wing my words, that they may reach The hid-den depths of man-y a heart.  
In kin-dling tho't and glowing word, Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show. A-MEN.

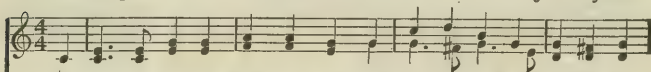


# 217 Eternal Father! Strong to Save.

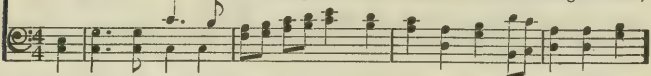
W. Whiting.

Melita. L. M.

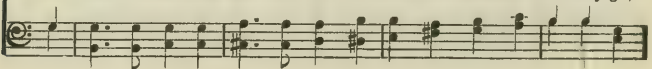
J. B. Dykes.



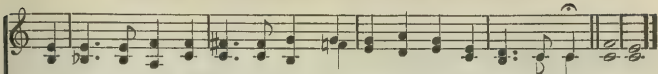
1. E - ter - nal Fa-ther! strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the rest-less wave,
2. O Sav - ior, whose al-might - y word The winds and waves sub-mis-sive heard,
3. O sa - cred Spir - it, who didst brood Up - on the cha-os dark and rude,
4. O Trin - i - ty of love and pow'r! Our breth-ren shield in dan-ger's hour;



Who bidd'st the might-y o - cean deep Its own ap-point-ed lim-its keep;  
Who walk-edst on the foam-ing deep, And calm a - mid its rage didst sleep;  
Who bad'st its an-gry tu-mult cease, And gav-est light, and life, and peace;  
From rock and tem-pest, fire and foe, Pro-tect them where-so-e'er they go,



# Eternal father! Strong to Save.



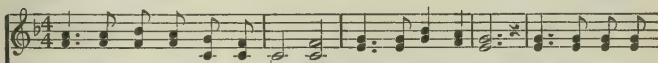
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee, For those in per - il on the sea.  
 Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee, For those in per - il on the sea!  
 Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee, For those in per - il on the sea!  
 Thus ev - er let there rise to Thee Glad hymns of praise from land and sea. AMEN.



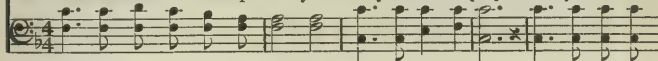
## 218 Did You Think to Pray?

Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

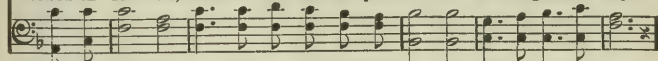
W. O. Perkins.



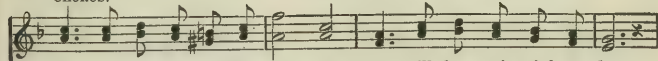
1. Ere you left your room this morn-ing Did you think to pray? In the name of
2. When you met with great temp-ta-tion Did you think to pray? By His dy-ing
3. When your heart was filled with anger Did you think to pray? Did you plead for
4. When sore tri-als came up - on you Did you think to pray? When your soul was



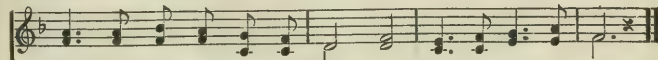
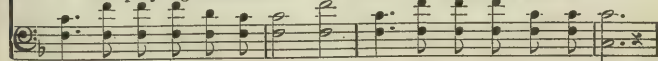
Christ, our Sav - ior, Did you sue for lov - ing fa - vor, As a shield to - day?  
 love and mer - it Did you claim the Ho - ly Spir - it As your guide and stay?  
 grace, my broth - er, That you might for - give an - oth - er Who had crossed your way?  
 bowed in sor - row, Balm of Gil - ead did you bor - row At the gates to - day?



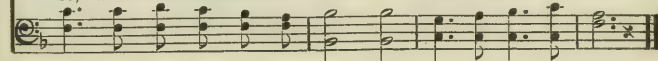
CHORUS.



O how pray-ing rests the wea - ry! Prayer will change the night to day;



So, when life seems dark and drear - y, Don't for - get to pray.



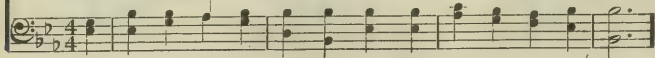
John Newton.

St. Peter. C. M.

A. R. Reinagle.



1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole, And calms the troub - led breast;
3. Dear name! the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing place;
4. Je - sus, my Shep - herd, Broth - er, Friend, My Proph - et, Priest and King,



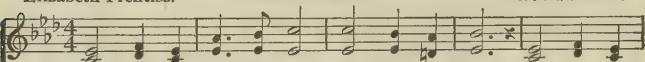
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.  
 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry, rest.  
 My nev - er - fail - ing treas - ure, filled With boundless stores of grace!  
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End. Ac - cept the praise I bring. A - MEN.



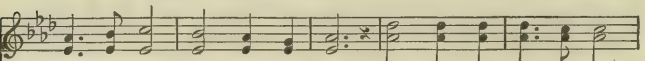
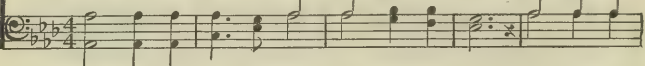
Elizabeth Prentiss.

USED BY PERMISSION.

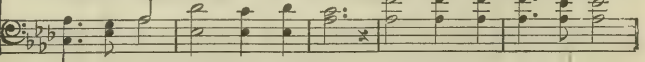
W. H. Doane.



1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -
3. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the

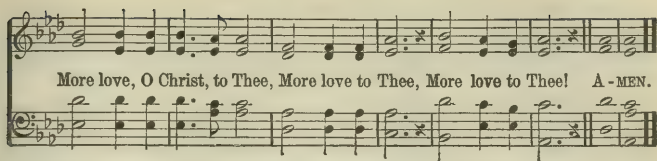


prayer I make On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea:  
 lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be;  
 part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be;





# More Love to Thee.



More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee! A - MEN.

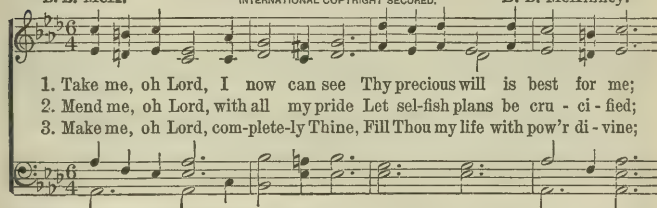
221

## My Prayer.

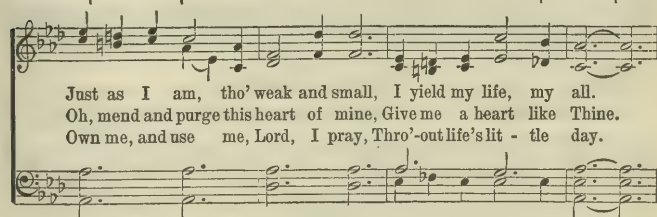
B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

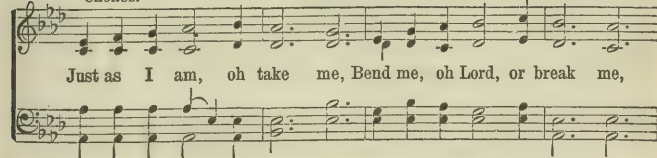


1. Take me, oh Lord, I now can see Thy precious will is best for me;
2. Mend me, oh Lord, with all my pride Let sel-fish plans be cru - ci - fied;
3. Make me, oh Lord, com-plete-ly Thine, Fill Thou my life with pow'r di - vine;

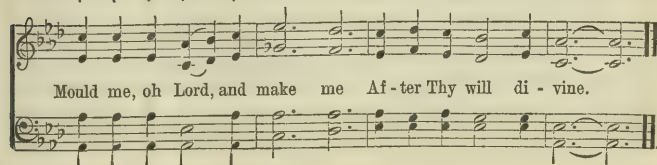


Just as I am, tho' weak and small, I yield my life, my all.  
Oh, mend and purge this heart of mine, Give me a heart like Thine.  
Own me, and use me, Lord, I pray, Thro'-out life's lit - tle day.

CHORUS.



Just as I am, oh take me, Bend me, oh Lord, or break me,



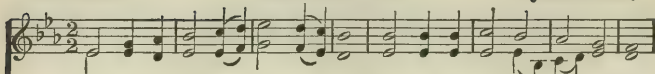
Mould me, oh Lord, and make me Af - ter Thy will di - vine.

## Jesus Shall Reign.

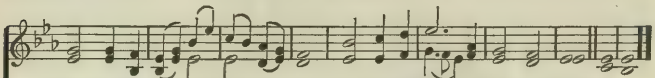
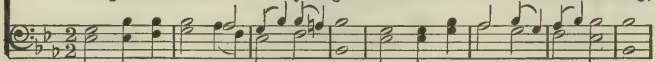
Isaac Watts.

Duke Street, L. M.

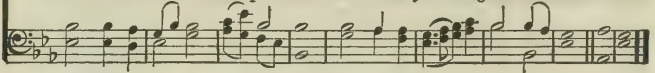
John Hatton.



1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc-cess-ive jour-neys run;
2. From north to south the prin-ces meet To pay their hom-age at His feet;
3. To Him shall end-less prayer be made, And end-less prais-es crown His head;
4. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweet-est song,



His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.  
 While western empires own their Lord, And savage tribes attend His word.  
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise With ev-'ry morn-ing sac-ri - fice.  
 And in - fant voi - ces shall pro-claim Their earthly blessings on His name. AMEN.

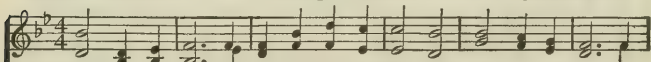


## O Zion, Haste.

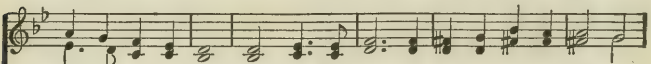
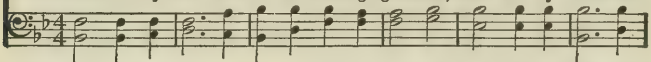
Mary A. Thomson.

Tidings, P. M.

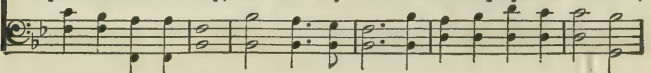
James Walch.



1. O Zi-on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful-fill-ing, To tell to all the
2. Be-hold how man-y thou-sands still are ly-ing, Bound in the dark-some
3. Pro-claim to ev-'ry peo-ple, tongue and na-tion That God in Whom they
4. Give of thy sons to bear the mes-sage glo-rious; Give of thy wealth to



world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will-ing  
 pris-on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-ior's dy-ing,  
 live and move is love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre-a-tion,  
 speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic-to-rious;

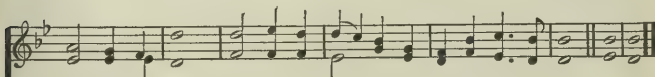


# O Zion, Haste..

REFRAIN.



One soul should per-ish, lost in shades of night.  
Or of the life He died for them to win. Pub-lish glad ti-dings,  
And died on earth that man might live a-bove.  
And all thou spend-est Je-sus will re-pay.



Ti-dings of peace; Ti-dings of Je-sus, Re-demp-tion and re-lease. A-MEN.



## 224 Fling Out the Banner! Let It Float.

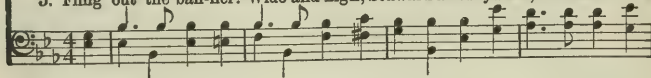
George W. Doane.

Doane. L. M.

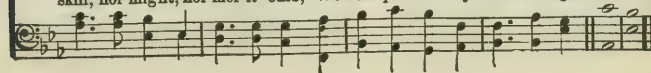
J. Baptiste Calkin.



1. Fling out the ban-ner! Let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide; The
2. Fling out the ban-ner! An-gels bend In anx-ious si-lence o'er the sign, And
3. Fling out the ban-ner! Heathen lands Shall see from far the glorious sight, And
4. Fling out the ban-ner! Sin-sick souls, That sink and per-ish in the strife, Shall
5. Fling out the ban-ner! Wide and high, Seaward and skyward, let it shine: Nor



sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav-ior died.  
vain-ly seek to com-pre-hend The won-der of the love di-vine.  
na-tions crowd-ing to be born, Bap-tize their spir-its in its light.  
touch in faith its ra-diant hem, And spring im-mor-tal in-to life.  
skill, nor might, nor mer-it ours; We con-quer on-ly in that sign. A-MEN.



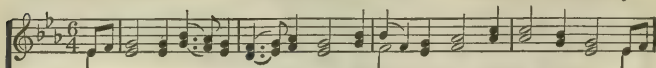
## 225

## Just As I Am.

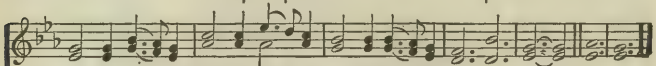
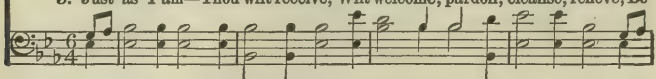
Charlotte Elliott.

Woodworth. L. M.

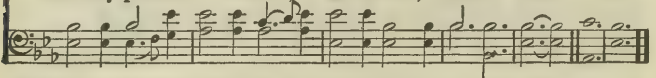
William B. Bradbury.



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fight-
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea,
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Be-



that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come! A - MEN.



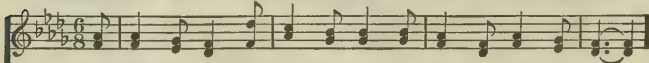
## 226

## I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

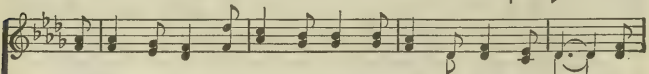
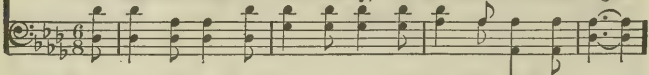
Horatius Bonar.

Jerusalem. C. M. D.

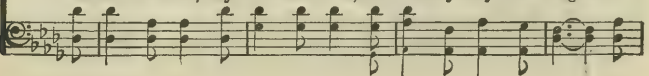
Arr. from Spohr.



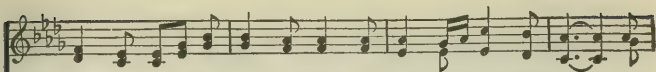
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light:



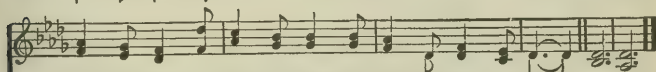
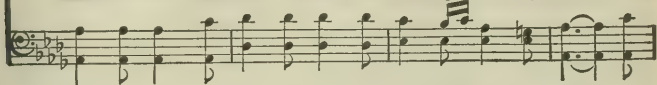
Lay down, thou wear-y one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast." I  
 The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst-y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live." I  
 Look un - to Me; thy morn shall rise, And ali thy day be bright." I



# I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.



came to Je - sus as I was, Wear-y, and worn, and sad; I  
came to Je - sus and I drank Of that life - giv-ing stream: My  
looked to Je - sus and I found In Him my Star, my Sun; And



found in Him a rest-ing-place, And He has made me glad.  
thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.  
in that light of life I'll walk Till all my jour-ney's done. A - MEN.



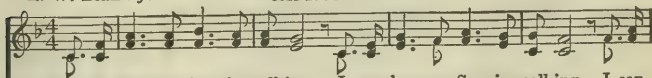
227

## Where He Leads Me.

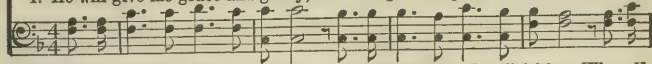
E. W. Blandly.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. S. NORRIS.  
USED BY PERMISSION.

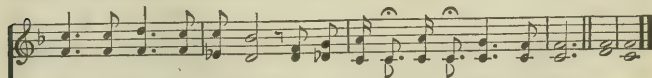
J. S. Norris.



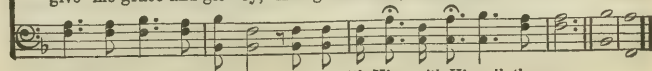
1. I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, I can
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will



REF.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He



hear my Sav - ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol - low Me."  
with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.  
with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.  
give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way. A - MEN.



leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

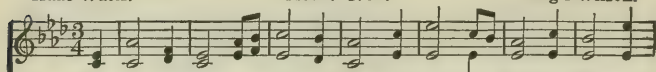


## 228 Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

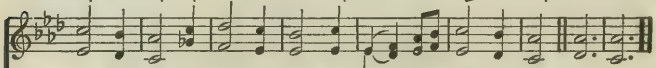
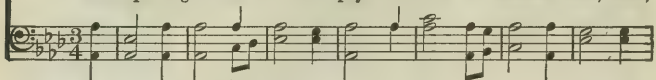
Isaac Watts.

*Avon. C. M.*

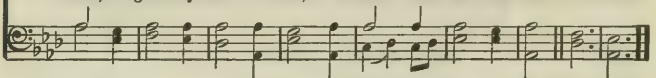
Hugh Wilson.



1. A - las! and did my Sav-ior bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die? Would
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up-on the tree? A-
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo-ries in, When
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe; Here,



He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?  
 maz-ing pit-y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de-gree!  
 Christ, the might-y Mak-er, died, For man, the crea-ture's sin.  
 Lord, I give my-self to Thee,—'Tis all that I can do. A - MEN.

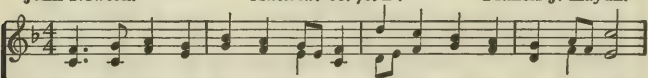


## 229 Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.

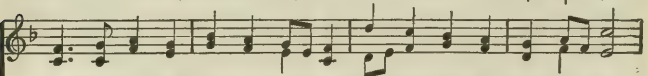
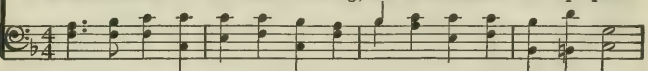
John Newton.

*Austria. 8s. 7s. D.*

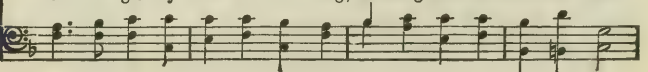
Francis J. Haydn.



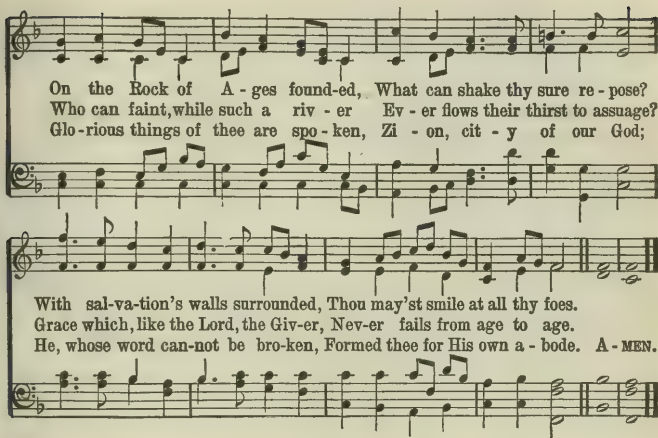
1. Glo-rious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi-on, cit-y of our God;
2. See, the streams of liv-ing wa-ters, Spring-ing from e-ter-nal love,
3. Round each hab-i-ta-tion hov'-ring, See the cloud and fire ap-pear



He, whose word can-not be bro-ken, Formed thee for His own a-bode;  
 Well sup-ply thy sons and daugh-ters, And all fear of want re-move:  
 For a glo-ry and a cov-ring, Show-ing that the Lord is near!



# Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.



On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?  
 Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst to assuage?  
 Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;

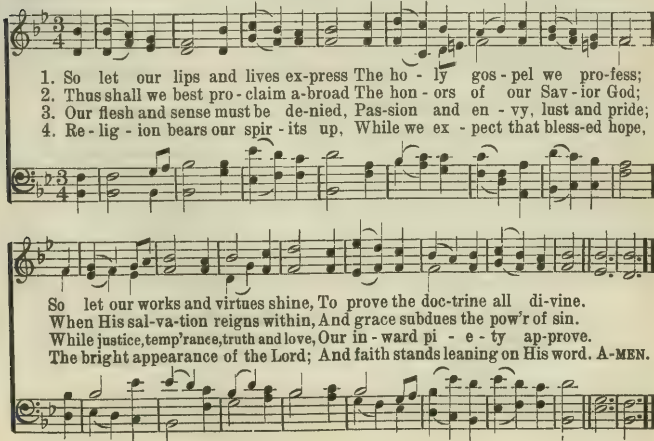
With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.  
 Grace which, like the Lord, the Giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.  
 He, whose word can - not be bro - ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode. A - MEN.

## 230 So Let Our Lips and Lives Express.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

Wareham. L. M.

William Knapp.



1. So let our lips and lives ex - press The ho - ly gos - pel we pro - fess;
2. Thus shall we best pro - claim a - broad The hon - ors of our Sav - ior God;
3. Our flesh and sense must be de - nied, Pas - sion and en - vy, lust and pride;
4. Re - lig - ion bears our spir - its up, While we ex - pect that bless - ed hope,

So let our works and virtues shine, To prove the doc - trine all di - vine.  
 When His sal - va - tion reigns within, And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.  
 While justice, temp'rance, truth and love, Our in - ward pi - e - ty ap - prove.  
 The bright appearance of the Lord; And faith stands leaning on His word. A - MEN.

## 231 O for a faith That Will Not Shrink.

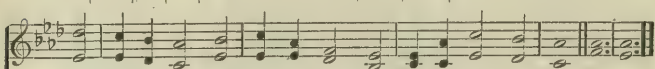
William H. Bathurst.

*Evan. C. M.*

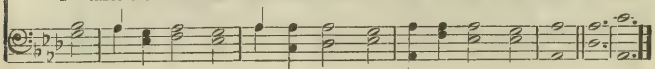
William H. Havergal.



1. O for a faith that will not shrink Tho' pressed by man - y a foe,
2. That will not mur - mur nor com - plain Be - neath the chas - t'ning rod,
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage with - out,
4. Lord, give me such a faith as this, And then, what - e'er may come,



That will not trem - ble on the brink Of pov - er - ty or woe;  
But in the hour of grief or pain Can lean up - on its God;  
That, when in dan - ger, knows no fear, In dark - ness feels no doubt.  
I taste e'en now the hal - lowed bliss Of an e - ter - nal home. A-MEN.

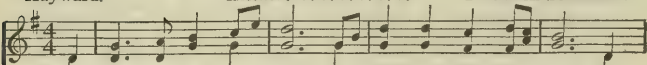


## 232 Welcome, Delightful Morn.

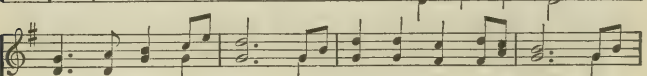
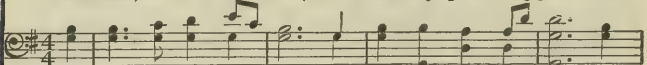
Hayward.

*Lischer. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.*

Friedrich Schneider.



1. Wel - come, de - light - ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest! I
2. Now may the King de - scend, And fill His throne with grace; Thy
3. De - scend, ce - les - tial Dove, With all Thy quick - 'ning pow'rs; Dis -



hail Thy kind re - turn; Lord, make these mo - ments blest: From  
scep - ter, Lord ex - tend, While saints ad - dress Thy face: Let  
close a Sav - ior's love, And bless the sa - cred hours: Then



## Welcome, Delightful Morn.

the low train of mor - tal toys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys,  
sin - ners feel Thy quick'ning word, And learn to know and fear the Lord,  
shall my soul new life ob - tain, Nor Sabbaths be en - joyed in vain,

I soar to reach im - mor - tal..... joys.  
And learn to know and fear the..... Lord.  
Nor Sab - baths be en - joyed in..... vain. A-MEN.

I soar to reach

## 233 Lord, We Come Before Thee Now.

William Hammond.

*Pleyel's Hymn. 75.*

Ignace J. Pleyel.

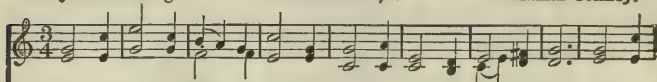
1. Lord, we come be-fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum-bly bow; O do  
2. Lord, on Thee our souls de-pend; In com-pas-sion now de-scend; Fill our  
3. In Thine own ap-point-ed way, Now we seek Thee, here we stay; Lord, we  
4. Send some message from Thy word, That may joy and peace af-ford; Let Thy

not our suit dis-dain; Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?  
hearts with Thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.  
know not how to go, Till a bless-ing Thou be-stow.  
Spir - it now im - part Full sal - va - tion to each heart. A - MEN.

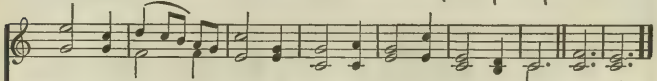
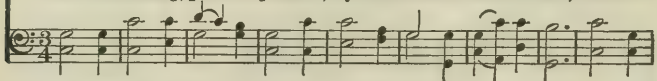
Sir John Bowring.

Rathbun. 8s. 7s.

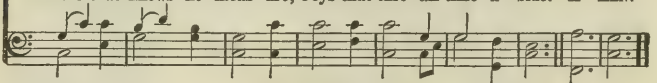
Ithamar Conkey.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time; All the
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive, and fears an-noy, Nev-er
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up-on my way, From the
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc-ti-fied; Peace is



light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.  
 shall the cross for-sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.  
 cross the ra - diance streaming Adds more lus-ter to the day.  
 there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide. A - MEN.

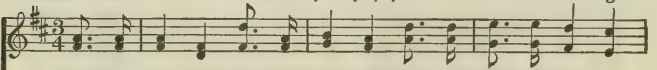


## 235 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

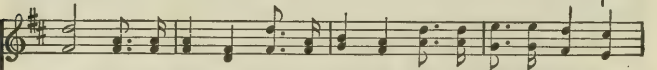
William Williams.

Zion. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

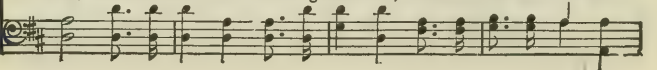
Thomas Hastings.



1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren
2. O - pen now the crys-tal foun-tain Whence the heal - ing wa - ters
3. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub-



land; I am weak, but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful  
 flow; Let the fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney  
 side; Bear me thro' the swelling cur - rent, Land me safe on Ca - naan's





# Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

hand: Bread of Heav - en, Feed me till I want no more;  
thro': Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield;  
side: Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee;

Bread of Heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.  
Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.  
Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee. A - MEN.

236

## 'Tis Midnight.

William B. Tappan.

*Olive's Brow. L. M.*

William B. Bradbury.

- 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow The star is dimmed that lately shone: 'Tis
- 'Tis midnight; and from all removed, The Savior wrestles lone with fears; E'en
- 'Tis midnight; and for oth-ers' guilt The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood; Yet
- 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains Is borne the song that angels know; Un-

mid- night; in the gar - den now, The suff'ring Sav-ior prays a - lone.  
that dis - ci - ple whom He loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.  
He that hath in an - guish knelt Is not for - sak - en by His God.  
heard by mor - tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe. A - MEN.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander. *Galilee. 8. 7. 8. 7.*

William H. Jude.

1. Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden store,
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je - sus calls us: by Thy mer - cies, Sav - ior, may we hear Thy call,

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, fol-low Me."  
 From each i - dol that would keep us, Saying, "Christian, love Me more."  
 Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love Me more than these."  
 Give our hearts to Thy o - be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all. A - MEN.

Joseph Scriven.

*Converse. 8s. 7s. D.*

Charles C. Converse.

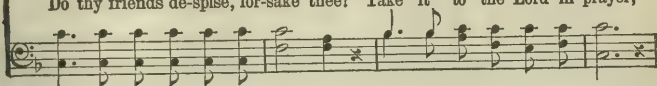
1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there trou-ble an - y-where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y - la - den, Cum-bere'd with a load of care?—

What a priv-i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!  
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge,— Take it to the Lord in prayer.

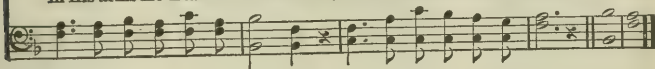
# What a friend.



O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,  
Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor-rows share?  
Do thy friends de-spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;



All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev-'ry-thing to God in prayer!  
Je-sus knows our ev-'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol-ace there. A - MEN.



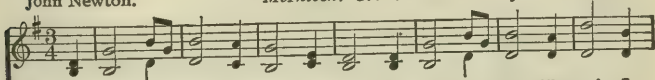
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## Amazing Grace.

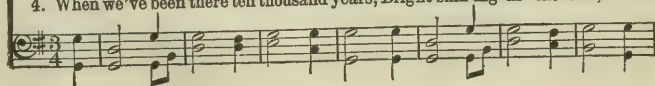
John Newton.

McIntosh. C. M.

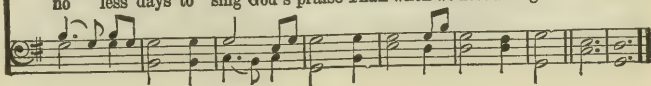
Arr. by E. O. Excell.



1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved; How
3. Thro' man - y dan-gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come; 'Tis
4. When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shin-ing as the sun, We've



once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.  
pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be-lieved!  
grace hath bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.  
no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first be - gun. A - MEN.

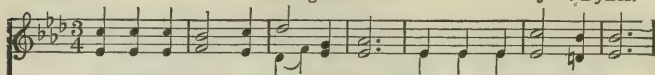


# 240 Jesus! the Very Thought of Thee.

Bernard.

St. Agnes. C. M.

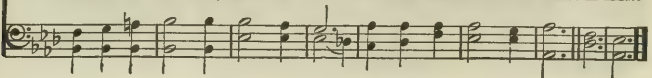
J. B. Dykes.



1. Je - sus! the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast:
2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem-'ry find
3. O hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart, O joy of all the meek,
4. But whât to those who find? Ah! this Nor tongue nor pen can show,



But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest.  
A sweet-er sound than Je-sus' name, The Sav-ior of man-kind.  
To those who ask, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!  
The love of Je - sus, what it is None but His loved ones know. A-MEN.



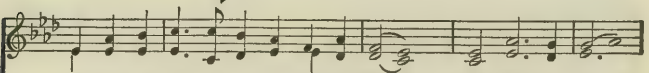
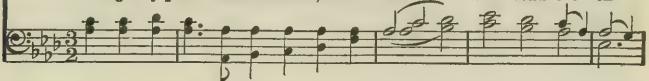
# 241 Lead, Kindly Light.

John H. Newman. *Lux Benigna. 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.*

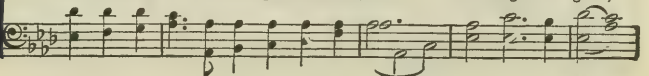
John B. Dykes.



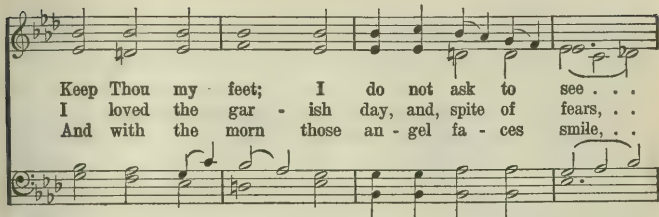
1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on!
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on



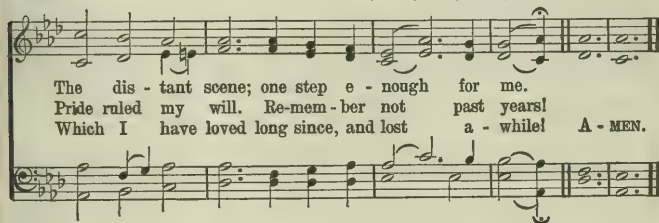
The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on!  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on!  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone,



## Lead, Kindly Light.



Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see . . .  
 I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears, . .  
 And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile, . .



The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.  
 Pride ruled my will. Re-mem - ber not past years!  
 Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while! A - MEN.

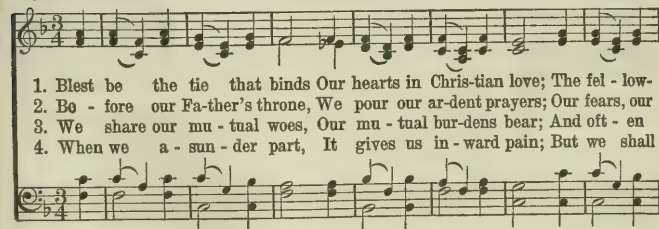
242

## Blest Be the Tie.

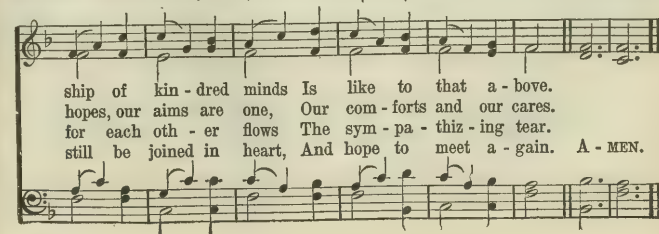
John Fawcett.

Dennis. S. M.

Hans G. Naegeli.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The fel - low-  
 2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar-dent prayers; Our fears, our  
 3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur-dens bear; And oft - en  
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But we shall



ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.  
 hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.  
 for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.  
 still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain. A - MEN.



# 243 Behold a Stranger at the Door!

Rev. Joseph Grigg.

Bera. L. M.

John E. Gould.

1. Be - hold a Stranger at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked be-fore,  
 2. O love-ly at - ti-tude! He stands With melting heart and la - den hands:  
 3. But will He prove a friend in-deed? He will; the ver - y friend you need:  
 4. Rise, touched with grat-i-tude di-vine; Turn out His en - e - my and thine,

Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.  
 O match-less kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.  
 The Friend of sinners—yes, 't is He, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.  
 That soul-de-stroy-ing monster, sin, And let the heav'nly Stranger in. AMEN.

# 244 O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How.

St. Hilda. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Justin H. Knecht.

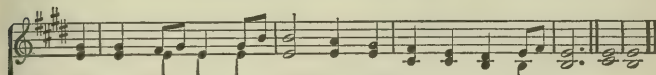
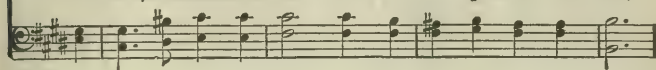
1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand-ing Out - side the fast-closed door,  
 2. O Je - sus, Thou art knock-ing; And lo, that hand is scarred,  
 3. O Je - sus, Thou art plead-ing In ac - cents meek and low,

In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh-old o'er:  
 And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred:  
 "I died for you, My chil-dren, And will ye treat Me so?"

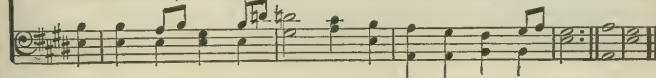
# O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.



Shame on us, Chris-tian broth - ers, His name and sign who bear,  
O love that pass-eth knowl - edge, So pa - tient-ly to wait!  
O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen now the door;



O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand-ing there!  
O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!  
Dear Sav - ior, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more. A-MEN.

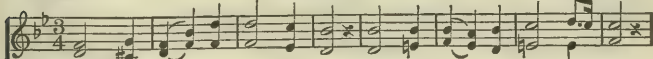


## 245 Holy Ghost, With Sight Divine.

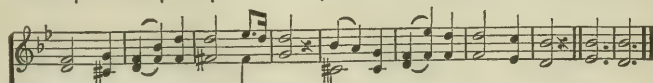
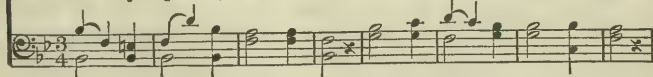
A. Reed.

Mercy. 7s.

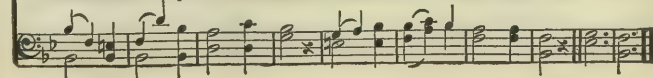
Gottschalk.



1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di-vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di-vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di-vine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di-vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;



Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.  
Long hath sin with-out con-trol, Held do-min-ion o'er my soul.  
Bid my man-y woes de - part, Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.  
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol-throne, Reign supreme—and reign alone. A - MEN.



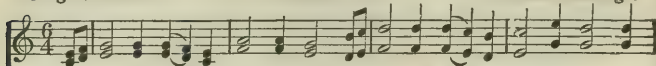
## 246

## from Every Stormy Wind

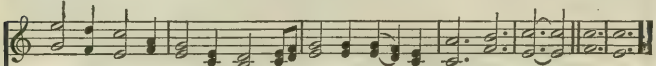
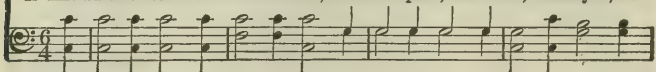
Hugh Stowell.

Retreat. L. M.

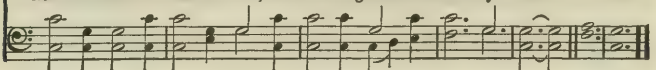
Thomas Hastings.



1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes, There
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads; A
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Tho'
4. Ah! whith-er could we flee for aid, When tempted, des-o-late, dis-mayed; Or



is a calm, a sure re-treat: 'Tis found beneath the mer-cy - seat.  
 place than all besides more sweet: It is the blood-bo't mer-cy - seat.  
 sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common mer-cy - seat.  
 how the hosts of hell de - feat, Had suff'ring saints no mer-cy - seat? A - MEN.



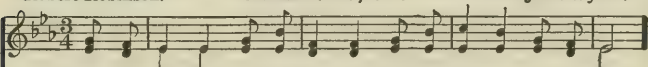
## 247

## Come, Thou Fount.

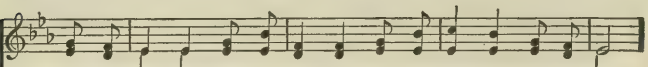
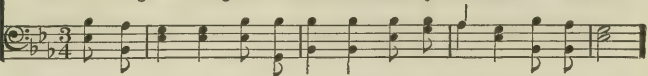
Robert Robinson.

Nettleton. 8s. 7s. D.

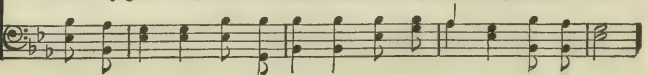
John Wyeth.



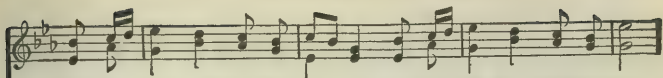
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise mine Eb - en - e - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;
3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be!



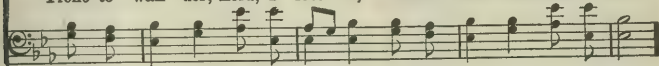
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.  
 And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe-ly to ar - rive at home.  
 Let Thy good-ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee:



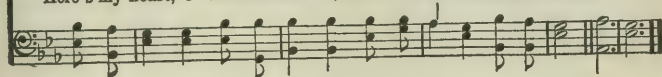
## Come, Thou Fount.



Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;  
Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;  
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;



Praise the mount—I'm fixed up-on it—Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.  
He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre-cious blood.  
Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove. A - MEN.

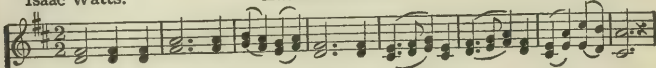


## 248 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

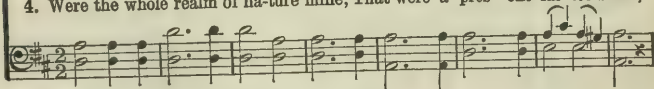
Isaac Watts.

*Eucharist. L. M.*

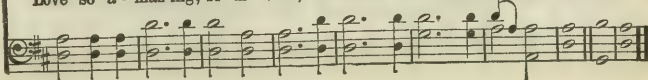
I. Woodbury.



1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the Prince of Glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow min - gled down;
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;



My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.  
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.  
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?  
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all. A - MEN.



## 249

## Take My Life, and Let It Be.

F. R. Havergal.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-crat-ed, Lord, to Thee;  
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee;  
 3. Take my sil-ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold;  
 4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon-ger mine;

CHO.—Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for-ev-er-more to be;  
 D. C.

Take my hands and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.  
 Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on-ly, for my King.  
 Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.  
 Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy-al throne.

Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for-ev-er-more to be.

## 250

## Hark, Ten Thousand Harps.

Thomas Kelly.

Harwell. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Lowell Mason.

1. Hark, ten thou-sand harps and voi-ces Sound the note of praise a-bove!  
 2. Je-sus, hail! whose glo-ry bright-ens All a-bove, and gives it worth;  
 3. Sav-ior, has-ten Thine ap-pear-ing; Bring, O bring the glo-rious day,

Je-sus reigns, and Heav'n re-joi-ces, Je-sus reigns, the God of love;  
 Lord of life, Thy smile en-light-ens, Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth;  
 When, the aw-ful sum-mons hear-ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a-way;



## Hark, Ten Thousand Harps.

See, He sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.  
 When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine.  
 Then with gold-en harps we'll sing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! A - MEN.

## 251 I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

Charles Wesley.

*Messiah. C. M.*

Handel.

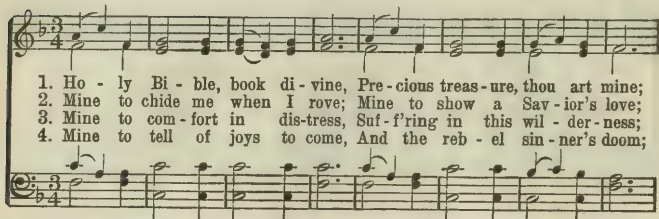
1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, And ev - er prays for me;  
 2. I find Him lift - ing up my head, He brings sal - va - tion near;  
 3. Je - sus, I hang up - on Thy word; I stead - fast - ly be - lieve  
 4. When God is mine, and I am His, Of Par - a - dise pos - sessed,

A to - ken of His love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.  
 His pres - ence makes me free in - deed, And He will soon ap - pear.  
 Thou wilt re - turn, and claim me, Lord, And to Thy - self re - ceive.  
 I taste un - ut - ter - a - ble bliss, And ev - er - last - ing rest. A - MEN.

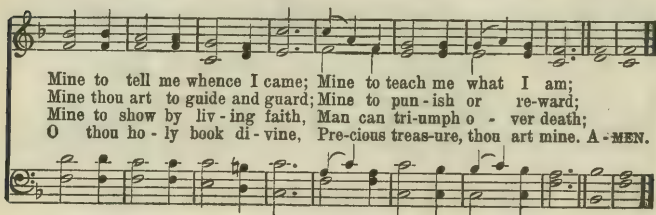
John Burton.

*Aletta.* 7. 7. 7. 7.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine;  
 2. Mine to chide me when I rove; Mine to show a Sav - ior's love;  
 3. Mine to com - fort in dis - tress, Suf - f'ring in this wil - der - ness;  
 4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the reb - el sin - ner's doom;



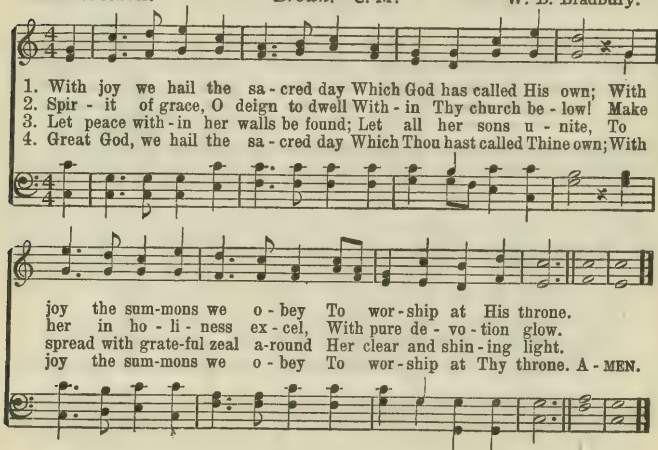
Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine to teach me what I am;  
 Mine thou art to guide and guard; Mine to pun - ish or re - ward;  
 Mine to show by liv - ing faith, Man can tri - umph o - ver death;  
 O thou ho - ly book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine. A - MEN.

## 253 With Joy We Hail the Sacred Day.

Harriet Auber.

*Brown.* C. M.

W. B. Bradbury.



1. With joy we hail the sa - cred day Which God has called His own; With  
 2. Spir - it of grace, O deign to dwell With - in Thy church be - low! Make  
 3. Let peace with - in her walls be found; Let all her sons u - nite, To  
 4. Great God, we hail the sa - cred day Which Thou hast called Thine own; With

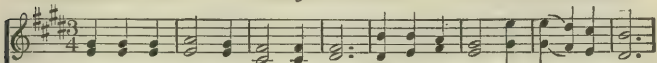
joy the sum - mons we o - bey To wor - ship at His throne.  
 her in ho - li - ness ex - cel, With pure de - vo - tion glow.  
 spread with grate - ful zeal a - round Her clear and shin - ing light.  
 joy the sum - mons we o - bey To wor - ship at Thy throne. A - MEN.

## 254 O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

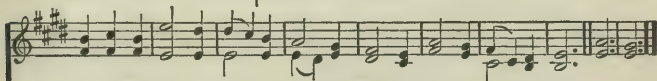
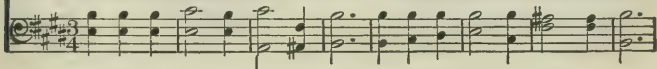
W. Gladden.

Maryton. L. M.

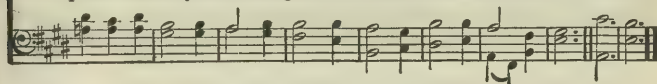
H. P. Smith.



1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low-ly paths of serv-ice free;
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, winning word of love;
3. Teach me Thy patience! still with Thee In clos-er, dear-er com - pa - ny,
4. In hope that sends a shin - ing ray Far down the future's broad'ning way,



Tell me Thy se-cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.  
Teach me the way-ward feet to stay, And guidethem in the homeward way.  
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs over wrong.  
In peace that on-ly Thou canst give, With Thee, O Master, let me live. A-MEN.

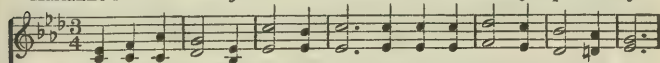


## 255 Just As I Am, Thine Own to Be.

Marianne Hearn.

*Just As I Am.* 8. 8. 8. 6.

Joseph Barnby.



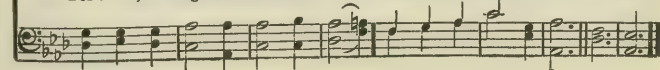
1. Just as I am, Thine own to be, Friend of the young, who lov-est me,
2. In the glad morn-ing of my day, My life to give, my vows to pay,
3. I would live ev - er in the light; I would work ev - er for the right;
4. Just as I am, young, strong, and free, To be the best that I can be



UNISON



To con - se-crate my - self to Thee, O Je - sus Christ, I come.  
With no re-serve and no de - lay, With all my heart I come.  
I would serve Thee with all my might; Therefore, to Thee I come.  
For truth, and righteousness, and Thee, Lord of my life, I come. A-MEN.

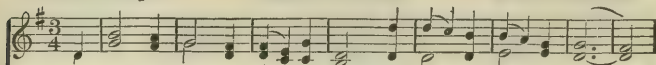


## 256 What Glory Gilds the Sacred Page.

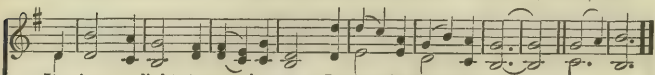
William Cowper.

Belmont. C. M.

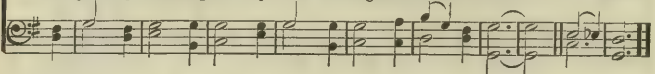
William Gardiner.



1. What glo-ry gilds the sa-cred page, Ma-jes-tic like the sun!
2. The hand that gave it still sup-plies His gra-cious light and heat;
3. Let ev-er-last-ing thanks be Thine, For such a bright dis-play
4. My soul re-joices to pur-sue The paths of truth and love,



It gives a light to ev-'ry age; It gives, but bor-rows none.  
His truths up-on the na-tions rise; They rise, but nev-er set.  
As makes the world of darkness shine With beams of heav'nly day.  
Till glo-ry breaks up-on my view In bright-er worlds a-bove. A - MEN.

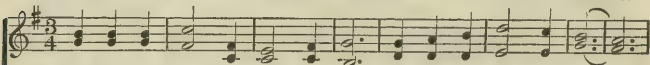


## 257 Lamp of Our Feet, Whereby We Trace.

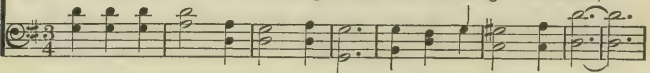
Bernard D. Barton.

Lambeth. C. M.

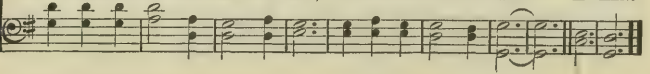
A. Schulthes.



1. Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path, when wont to stray;
2. Bread of our souls, where-on we feed, True man-na from on high;
3. Pil-lar of fire, thro' watch-es dark, Or ra-diant cloud by day;
4. Word of the ev-er-liv-ing God, Will of His glo-rious Son;



Stream from the fount of heav'nly grace, Brook by the trav'ler's way;  
Our guide and chart, wherein we read Of realms beyond the sky;  
When waves would 'whelm our tossing bark, Our an-chor and our stay;  
With-out thee how could earth be trod, Or heav'n it-self be won? A - MEN.

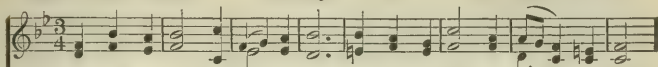


## 258 Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life.

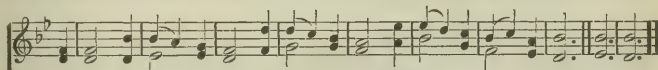
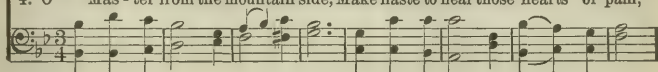
Frank Mason North.

Germany. L. M.

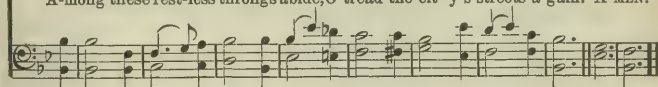
Arr. from Beethoven.



1. Where cross the crowd-ed ways of life, Where sound the cries of race and clan,
2. In haunts of wretchedness and need, On shad-owed thres-holds dark with fears,
3. The cup of wa - ter giv'n for Thee Still holds the fresh-ness of Thy grace;
4. O Mas - ter from the mountain side, Make haste to heal those hearts of pain;



A - bove the noise of self - ish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of man!  
 From paths where hide the lures of greed, We catch the vi-sion of Thy tears.  
 Yet long these mul-ti-tudes to see The sweet com-pas-sion of Thy face.  
 A-mong these rest-less throngs abide, O tread the cit-y's streets a-gain. A-MEN.



## 259 Set Us With a Gladsome Mind.

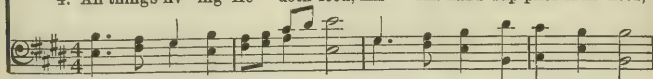
Innocents. 7, 7, 7, 7.

John Milton, 1623. Altered.

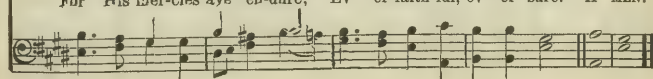
Arr. from Handel, 1728.



1. Let us with a glad-some mind Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
2. Let us blaze His name a - broad, For of gods He is the God;
3. He the gold - en-tress - ed sun Caused all day his course to run;
4. All things liv - ing He doth feed, His full hand sup-plies their need;



For His mer-cies aye en-dure. Ev - er faith-ful, ev - er sure.  
 Who by all com-mand-ing might, Filled the new-made world with light.  
 Th'norn-ed moon to shine by night, 'Mid her spangled sis-ters bright.  
 For His mer-cies aye en-dure. Ev - er faith-ful, ev - er sure. A - MEN.



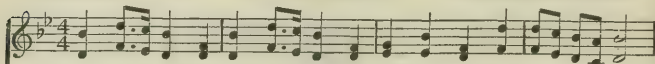


# 260 God is Love; His Mercy Brightens.

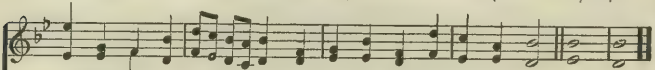
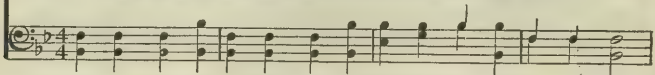
J. Bowring.

Wilmot.

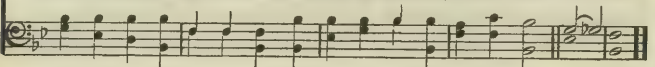
Carl Marie von Weber.



1. God is love; His mer-cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;
2. Chance and change are bus-y ev-er; Man de-cays, and a-ges move;
3. E'en the hour that dark-est seem-eth Will His changeless goodness prove;
4. He with earth-ly cares en-twin-eth Hope and com-fort from a-bove;



Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens; God is wis-dom, God is love.  
 But His mer-cy wan-eth nev-er; God is wis-dom, God is love.  
 From the gloom His brightness streameth; God is wis-dom, God is love.  
 Ev-'ry-where His glo-ry shin-eth; God is wis-dom, God is love. A - MEN.

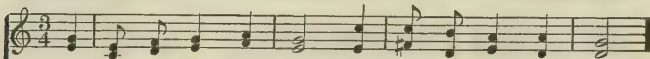


# 261 My Times Are In Thy Hand.

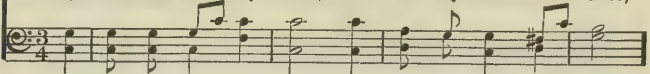
William F. Floyd.

Boylston. S. M.

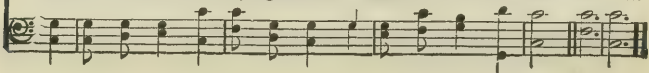
Lowell Mason.



1. My times are in Thy hand; My God, I wish them there;
2. My times are in Thy hand, What-ev-er they may be;
3. My times are in Thy hand, Je-sus, the Cru-ci-fied!
4. My times are in Thy hand, I'll al-ways trust in Thee;



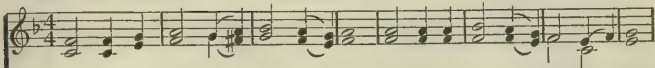
My life, my friends, my soul I leave En-tire-ly to Thy care.  
 Pleas-ing or pain-ful, dark or bright, As best may seem to Thee.  
 Those hands my cru-el sins had pierced Are now my guard and guide.  
 And, aft-er death, at Thy right hand I shall for-ev-er be. A - MEN.



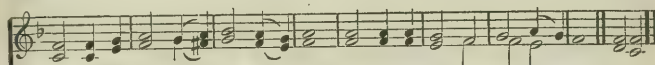
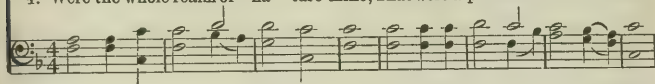
Rev. Isaac Watts.

Hamburg. L. M.

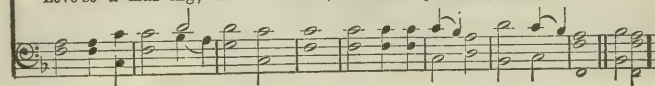
Arr. by Lowell Mason.



1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of Glo-ry died,
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down:
4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small:



My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.  
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.  
 Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?  
 Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all. A-MEN.

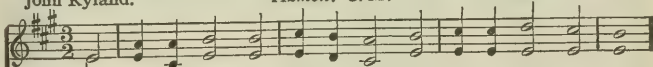


## 263 In All My Lord's Appointed Ways.

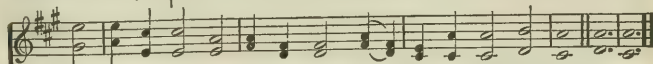
John Ryland.

Azmon. C. M.

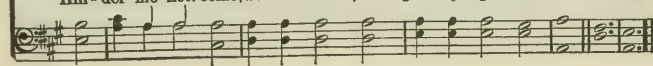
Carl G. Glaser.



1. In all my Lord's ap-point-ed ways My jour-ney I'll pur-sue;
2. Thro' floods and flames, if Je-sus lead, I'll fol-low where He goes;
3. Thro' du-ty, and thro' tri-als too, I'll go at His com-mand;
4. And when my Sav-ior calls me home, Still this my cry shall be,



Hin-der me not! ye much-loved saints, For I must go with you.  
 Hin-der me not! shall be my cry, Tho' earth and hell op-pose.  
 Hin-der me not! for I am bound To my Im-man-uel's land.  
 Hin-der me not! come, welcome death; I'll glad-ly go with Thee! A-MEN.

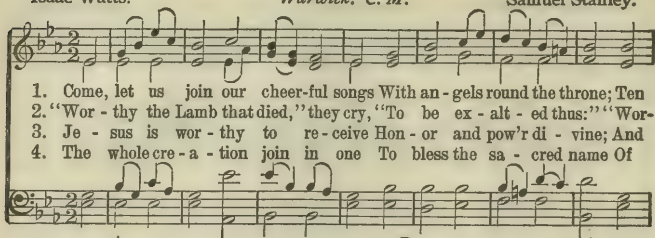


## 264 Come, Let Us Join Our Cheerful Songs.

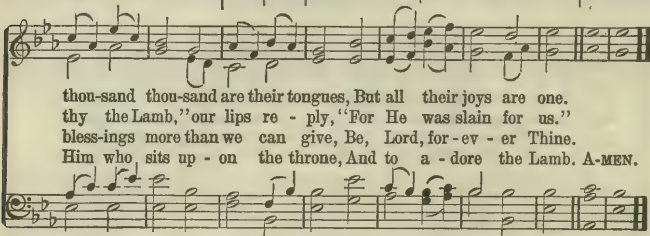
Isaac Watts.

Warwick. C. M.

Samuel Stanley.



1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an-gels round the throne; Ten  
2. "Wor- thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex- alt- ed thus:" "Wor-  
3. Je- sus is wor- thy to re-ceive Hon- or and pow'r di- vine; And  
4. The whole cre- a- tion join in one To bless the sa- cred name Of



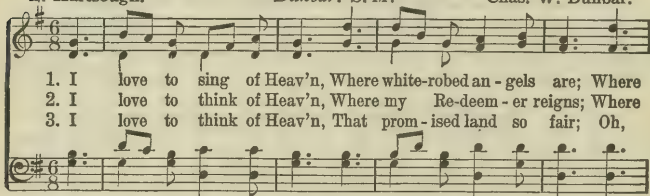
thou- sand thou- sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.  
thy the Lamb," our lips re- ply, "For He was slain for us."  
bless- ings more than we can give, Be, Lord, for- ev- er Thine.  
Him who sits up- on the throne, And to a- dore the Lamb. A-MEN.

## 265 I Love To Sing Of Heaven.

L. Hartsough.

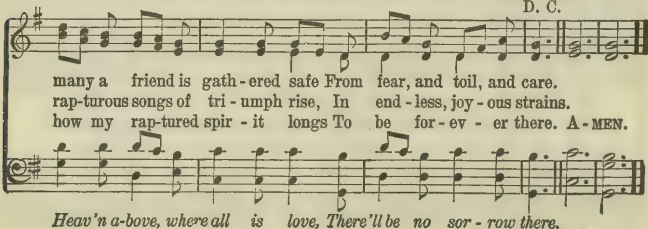
Dunbar. S. M.

Chas. W. Dunbar.



1. I love to sing of Heav'n, Where white-robed an- gels are; Where  
2. I love to think of Heav'n, Where my Re-deem- er reigns; Where  
3. I love to think of Heav'n, That prom- ised land so fair; Oh,

CHO.—There'll be no sor- row there, There'll be no sor- row there; In  
D. C.



many a friend is gath-ered safe From fear, and toil, and care.  
rap-turous songs of tri- umph rise, In end- less, joy- ous strains.  
how my rap-tured spir- it longs To be for- ev- er there. A-MEN.

Heav'n a-bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor- row there.

## O for a Thousand Tongues.

Charles Wesley.

Azmon. C. M.

Carl G. Glaser.  
Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise, The  
 2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim, To  
 3. Je-sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-rows cease; 'Tis  
 4. He breaks the pow'r of can-celed sin, He sets the pris-'ner free; His  
 5. Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, Your loosened tongues em-ploy; Ye

glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace.  
 spread thro' all the earth a-broad The hon-ors of Thy name.  
 mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.  
 blood can make the foul-est clean; His blood a-vailed for me.  
 blind, be-hold your Sav-ior come; And leap, ye lame, for joy. A - MEN.

## 267 Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?

Benj. Beddome.

Boylston. S. M.

Lowell Mason.

1. Did Christ o'er sin-ners weep? And shall our tears be dry? Let  
 2. The Son of God in tears The wond'ring an-gels see; Be  
 3. He wept that we might weep—Each sin de-mands a tear; In

tears of pen-i-ten-tial grief Flow forth from ev-'ry eye.  
 thou as-ton-ished, O my soul; He shed those tears for thee.  
 Heav'n a-lone no sin is found, And there's no weep-ing there. A - MEN.

## 268 There Is a Green Hill far Away.

Cecil Frances Alexander.

*Horsley. C. M.*

William Horsley.

1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,  
 2. We may not know, we can - not tell, What pains He had to bear,  
 3. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good,  
 4. There was no oth - er good e - nough To pay the price of sin;  
 5. O dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved! And we must love Him too,

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.  
 But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fered there.  
 That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by His pre-cious blood.  
 He on - ly could un-lock the gate Of heav'n, and let us in.  
 And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do. A-MEN.

## 269 Prayer Is the Soul's Sincere Desire.

James Montgomery.

*Lambeth. C. M.*

Anonymous.

1. Prayer is the soul's sin-cere de - sire, Ut-tered or un - ex - pressed;  
 2. Prayer is the bur - den of a sigh, The fall-ing of a tear,  
 3. Prayer is the con - trite sin-ner's voice, Re-turn-ing from his ways;  
 4. Prayer is the Chris-tian's vi - tal breath, The Chris-tian's na - tive air,  
 5. O Thou, by whom we come to God, The Life, the Truth, the Way,

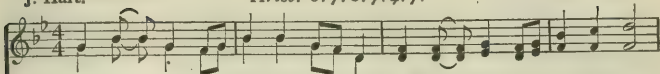
The mo-tion of a hid-den fire That trem-bles in the breast.  
 The up-ward glanc-ing of an eye, When none but God is near.  
 While an-gels in their songs re-joice And cry, "Be - hold, he prays!"  
 His watch-word at the gates of death; He en-ters heav'n with prayer.  
 The path of prayer Thy-self hast trod: Lord, teach us how to pray! A - MEN.



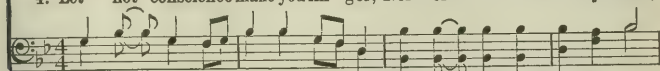
J. Hart.

*Arise. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.*

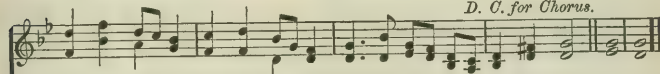
Arr.



1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
2. Come, ye thirst-y, come, and welcome, God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy;
3. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, Lost and ru - ined by the fall;
4. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond-ly dream;



CHO.—I will a-rise and go to Je - sus, He will em-brace me in His arms;

*D. C. for Chorus.*

Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.  
 True be - lief and true re-pen-tance, Ev'-ry grace that brings you nigh.  
 If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev - er come at all.  
 All the fit-ness He re - quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him. A-MEN.



*In the arms of my dear Sav-ior, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.*

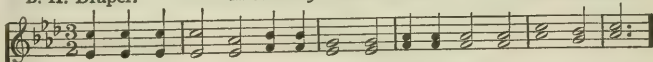
## 271

## Ye Christian Heralds!

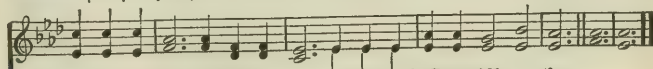
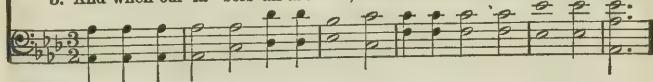
B. H. Draper.

*Missionary Chant. L. M.*

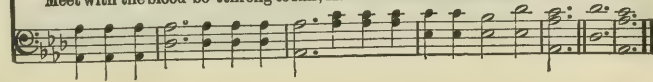
H. C. Zeuner.



1. Ye Chris-tian her-alds! go pro-claim Sal-va-tion thro' Im-man-uel's name;
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flaming zeal your hearts in-spire,
3. And when our la - bors all are o'er, Then shall we meet to part no more—



To dis-tant climes the ti-dings bear, And plant the Rose of Sharon there.  
 Bid rag-ing winds their fu-ry cease, And hush the tempest in - to peace.  
 Meet with the blood-bo'thron to fall, And crown our Jesus—Lord of all. A - MEN.



## All Hail the Power.

Coronation. C. M.

Oliver Holden.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;  
 2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,  
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res-trial ball,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,  
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all,  
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!  
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!  
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all! A-MEN.

Miles' Lane. C. M.

William Shrubsole.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy-al

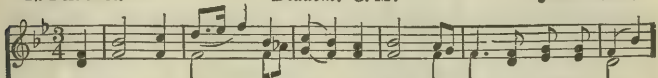
di - a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all! A-MEN.

# 274 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

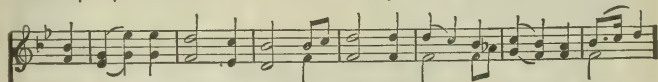
E. Perronet.

Diadem. C. M.

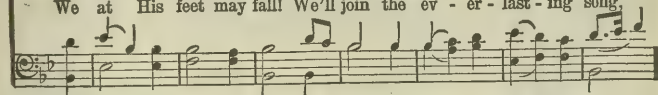
James Ellor.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall,
2. Ye cho - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that with you - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,



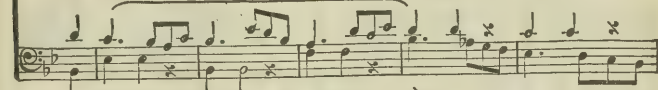
Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,  
Ye ran - somed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,  
We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,



And crown . . . . . Him, Crown Him,



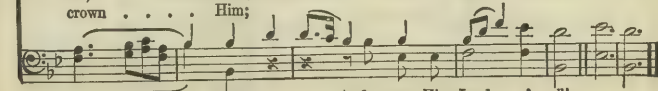
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of  
And crown . . . . . Him, Crown Him,



And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown . . . . .  
crown Him, crown Him;



all, crown Him; And crown Him Lord of all! A - MEN.  
crown . . . . . Him;



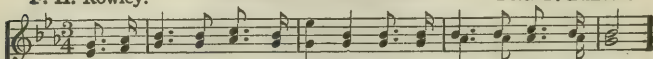
Him; And crown Him Lord of all!

# 275 I Will Sing the Wondrous Story.

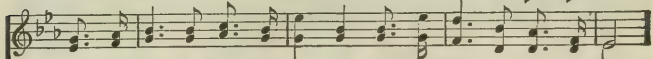
F. H. Rowley.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY IRA D. SANKEY.  
RENEWAL, 1914, BY P. P. BILHORN.

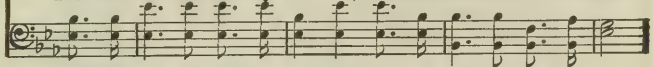
Peter P. Bilhorn.



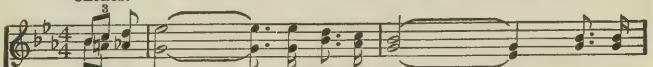
1. I will sing the won-drous sto - ry, Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray,
3. I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
4. Days of dark-ness still come o'er me, Sor - row's paths I oft - en tread,
5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;



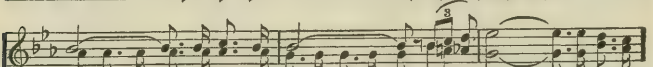
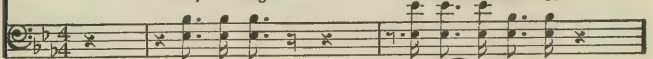
How He left His home in glo - ry, For the cross on Cal - va - ry.  
Threw His lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to His way.  
Sight was gone, and fears pos-sessed me, But He freed me from them all.  
But the Sav - ior still is with me, By His hand I'm safe - ly led.  
Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.



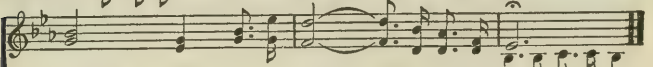
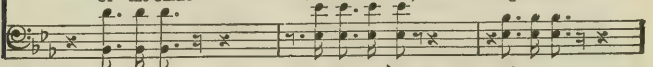
CHORUS.



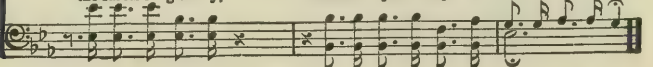
Yes, I'll sing..... the won-drous sto - - - ry Of the  
Yes, I'll sing the won-drous sto - ry,



Christ..... who died for me, ... Sing it with... the saints in  
Of the Christ who died for me, Sing it with



glo - - - ry, Gath-ered by..... the crys-tal sea.  
the saints in glo - ry, Gath-ered by the crys-tal sea, the crys-tal sea.



# 276 Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

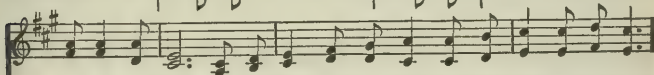
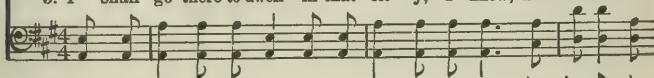
R. H. McDaniel.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

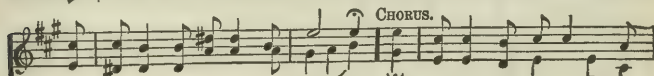
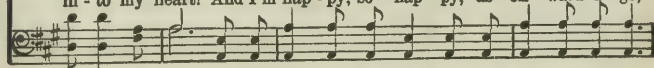
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. What a won - der - ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je - sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go - ing a - stray, Since Je - sus came
3. I'm pos - sessed of a hope that is stead - fast and sure, Since Je - sus came
4. There's a light in the val - ley of death now for me, Since Je - sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit - y, I know, Since Je - sus came

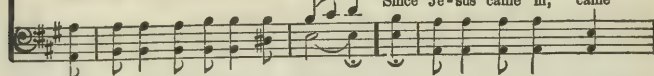


in - to my heart! I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,  
in - to my heart! And my sins which were man - y are all washed a - way,  
in - to my heart! And no dark clouds of doubt now my path - way ob - scure,  
in - to my heart! And the gates of the Cit - y be - yond I can see,  
in - to my heart! And I'm hap - py, so hap - py, as on - ward I go,

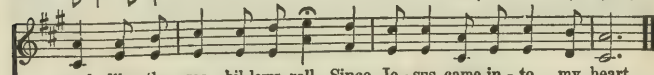
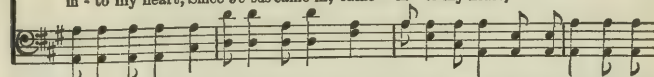


CHORUS.

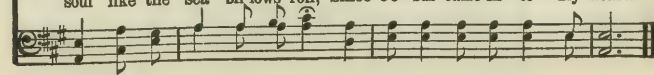
Since Je - sus came in - to my heart! Since Je - sus came in - to my  
Since Je - sus came in, came



heart, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart, Floods of joy o'er my  
in - to my heart, Since Je - sus came in, came in - to my heart,



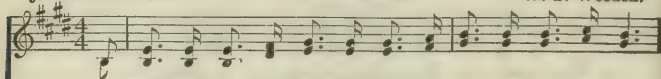
soul like the sea bil - lows roll, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart.



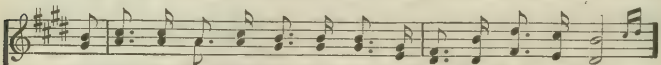
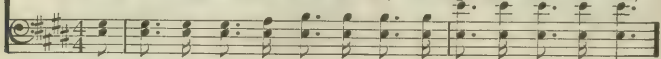


J. W. Van DeVenter.

W. S. Weeden.



1. I wan-dered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
2. Tho' clouds may gath-er in the sky, And bil - lows round me roll,
3. While walk-ing in the light of God, I sweet com - mun - ion find;
4. I cross the wide-ex - tend - ed fields, I jour - ney o'er the plain,
5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The light that came to me,



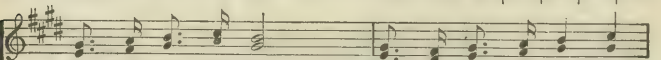
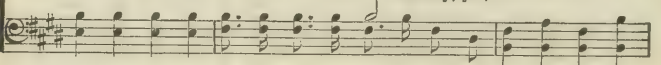
And with the sun - light of His love Bid all my dark - ness flee.  
 How - ev - er dark the world may be, I've sun - light in my soul.  
 I press with ho - ly vig - or on, And leave the world be - hind.  
 And in the sun - light of His love I reap the gold - en grain.  
 Be - hold the bright - ness of His face, Thro'-out e - ter - ni - ty.



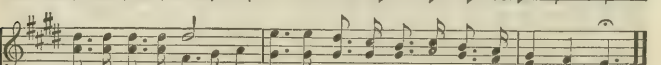
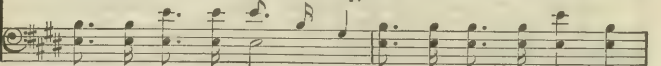
## CHORUS.



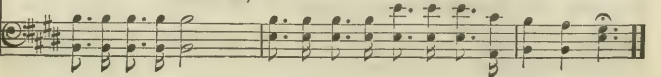
Sun - light, sun - light in my soul to - day, Sun - light, sun - light  
 to - day, yes,



all a - long the way; Since the Sav - ior found me,  
 nar - row way;



Took a-way my sin, I have had the sun - light of His love with - in.  
 load of sin,

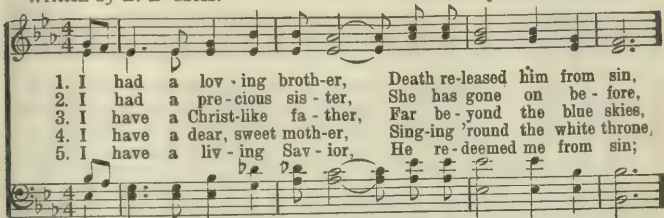


# 278 When the Saints Go Marching In.

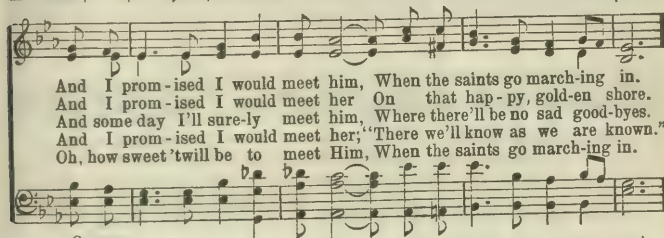
Words adapted and  
Written by B. B. McK.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1931, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

Arr by B. B. McKinney

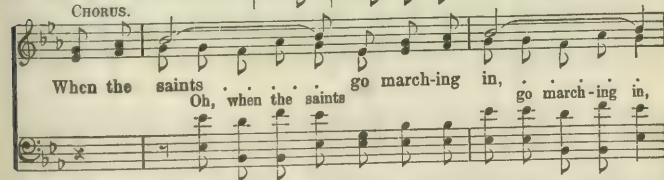


1. I had a lov - ing broth - er, Death re - leased him from sin,  
 2. I had a pre - cious sis - ter, She has gone on be - fore,  
 3. I have a Christ - like fa - ther, Far be - yond the blue skies,  
 4. I have a dear, sweet moth - er, Sing - ing 'round the white throne,  
 5. I have a liv - ing Sav - ior, He re - deemed me from sin;

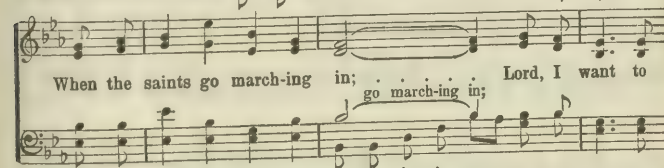


And I prom - ised I would meet him, When the saints go march - ing in.  
 And I prom - ised I would meet her On that hap - py, gold - en shore.  
 And some day I'll sure - ly meet him, Where there'll be no sad good - byes.  
 And I prom - ised I would meet her; "There we'll know as we are known."  
 Oh, how sweet 'twill be to meet Him, When the saints go march - ing in.

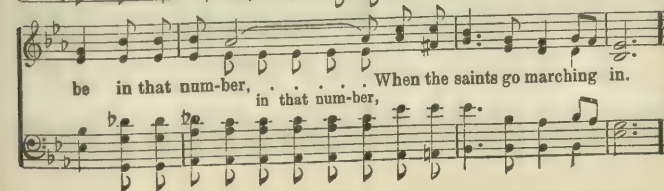
CHORUS.



When the saints go march - ing in, go march - ing in,  
 Oh, when the saints go march - ing in,




When the saints go march - ing in; go march - ing in; Lord, I want to





be in that num - ber, in that num - ber, When the saints go march - ing in.

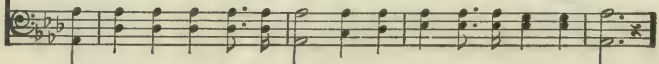
C. H. G.

Copyright, 1905, by Chas. H. Gabriel,  
Hope Publishing Co., Owner. Used by Permission. Chas. H. Gabriel.


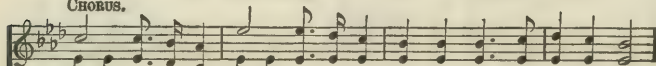
1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je - sus the Naz - a - rene,  
 2. For me it was in the gar - den He prayed: "Not My will, but Thine;"  
 3. In pit - y an - gels be - held Him, And came from the world of light  
 4. He took my sins and my sor - rows, He made them His ver - y own;  
 5. When with the ransomed in glo - ry His face I at last shall see,

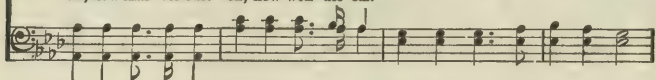
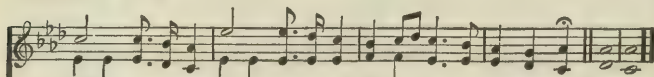
And won - der how He could love me, A sin - ner, condemned, un-clean.  
 He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat-drops of blood for mine.  
 To com - fort Him in the sor - rows He bore for my soul that night.  
 He bore the bur - den to Cal - v'ry, And suf - fered, and died a - lone.  
 'Twill be my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of His love for me.




## CHORUS.



How mar - vel - ous! how won - der - full! And my song shall ev - er be:  
 Oh, how mar - vel - ous! oh, how won - der - full!

How mar - vel - ous! how won - der - full Is my Sav - ior's love for me! A - MEN.  
 Oh, how mar - vel - ous! oh, how won - der - full

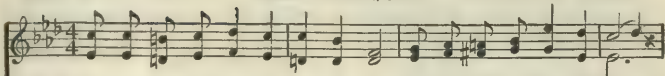


## He Keeps Me Singing.

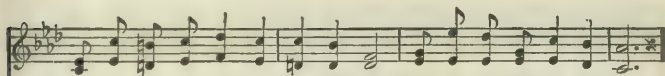
L. B. B.

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ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

L. B. Bridgers.



1. There's within my heart a mel - o - dy Je - sus whis-pers sweet and low,
2. All my life was wrecked by sin and strife, Dis-cord filled my heart with pain,
3. Feast-ing on the rich-es of His grace, Resting 'neath His shelt'ring wing,
4. Tho' sometimes He leads thro' waters deep, Tri - als fall a - cross the way,
5. Soon He's com-ing back to wel-come me Far be-yond the star - ry sky;



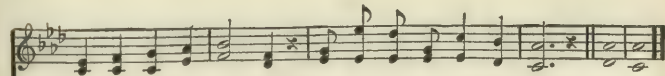
Fear not, I am with thee, peace, be still, In all of life's ebb and flow.  
 Je - sus swept across the broken strings, Stirred the slumb'ring chords again.  
 Al- ways look-ing on His smil-ing face, That is why I shout and sing.  
 Tho' sometimes the path seems rough and steep, See His footprints all the way.  
 I shall wing my flight to worlds un-known, I shall reign with Him on high.



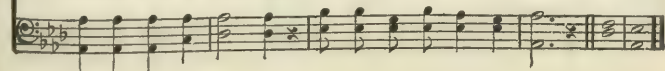
## CHORUS.



Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus,— Sweet-est name I know,



Fills my ev - 'ry long - ing, Keeps me sing-ing as I go. A-MEN.



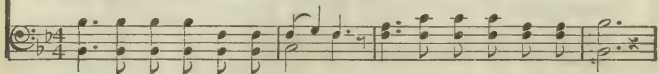
Copyright, 1927, by Grant Colfax Tullar. Renewal.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

Grant Colfax Tullar.



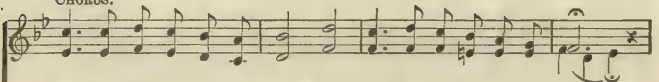
1. Face to face with Christ my Sav-ior, Face to face, how can it be,
2. On - ly faint - ly now I see Him, With the dark-ling veil be - tween;
3. What re-joic - ing in His pres - ence, When are banished grief and pain!
4. Face to face—O bliss-ful mo - ment! Face to face, to see and know;



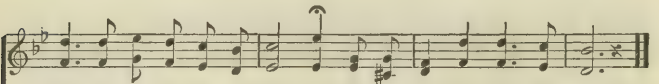
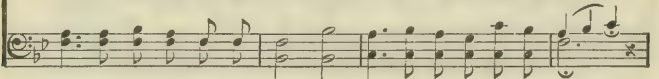
When with rap-ture I be - hold Him, Je - sus Christ, who died for me?  
 But a bless-ed day is com - ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen.  
 When the crook-ed ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain!  
 Face to face with my Re-deem - er, Je - sus Christ, who loves me so.



## CHORUS.



Face to face shall I be - hold Him, Far be-yond the star-ry sky; . . .



Face to face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by!





## The Name of Jesus.

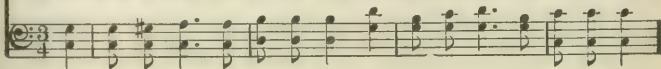
Rev. W. C. Martin.

Copyright, 1901 and 1902, by E. S. Lorenz.  
Renewal secured.

E. S. Lorenz.

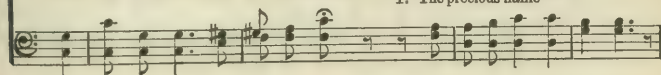


1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to re - peat;
2. I love the name of Him whose heart Knows all my griefs, and bears a part;
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear, It nev - er fails my heart to cheer;
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well;



It makes my joys full and com-plete, The precious name of Je - sus.  
 Who bids all anx-ious fears de-part—I love the name of Je - sus.  
 Its mu-sic dries the fall-en tear: Ex-alt the name of Je - sus.  
 Oh, let its prais-es ev - er swell, Oh, praise the name of Je - sus.

1. The precious name



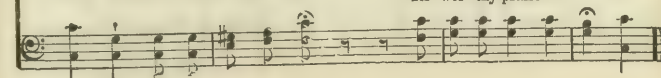
## CHORUS.



"Je - sus," O how sweet the name! "Je - sus," ev - 'ry day the same;



"Je - sus," let all saints pro-claim Its wor - thy praise for - ev - er.  
 Its wor - thy praise



# 283 Talk It All Over With Jesus.

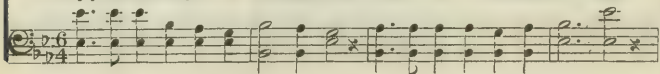
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B. B. McK.

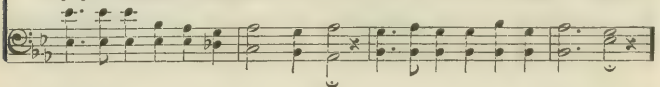
B. B. McKinney.



1. If you are burdened with grief and woe, Talk it all o-ver with Je - sus;
2. When you are tempted and tried by sin, Talk it all o-ver with Je - sus;
3. If you are wea-ry of toil and strife, Talk it all o-ver with Je - sus;
4. Lay your heart o-pen at His dear feet, Talk it all o-ver with Je - sus;



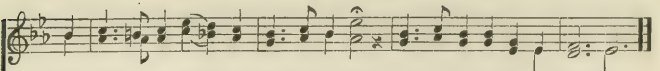
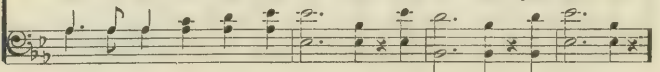
Peace and contentment He will be-stow, Talk it all o-ver with Je - sus.  
O - ver the world He will help you win, Talk it all o-ver with Je - sus.  
If you would master your dai - ly life, Talk it all o-ver with Je - sus.  
Joy you will find "at the mer - cy seat," Talk it all o-ver with Je - sus.



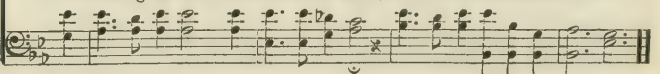
## CHORUS.



Talk it all o - ver with Je - sus, With Je - sus, your Sav - ior,



He's waiting so near To comfort and cheer, Talk it all o-ver with Je - sus.

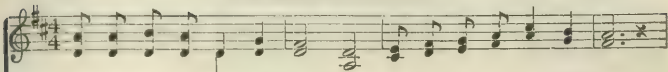


## Always With Us.

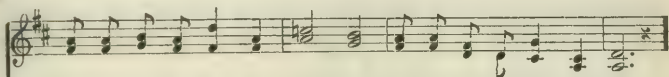
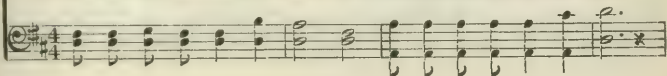
E. H. Nevin.

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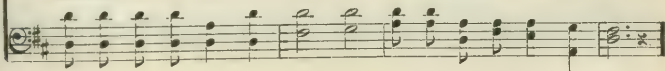
B. B. McKinney.



1. Al - ways with us, al - ways with us, Words of cheer and words of love;
2. With us when we are dis - cour - aged, Sow - ing much and reap - ing none;
3. With us when the storm is sweep - ing O'er our path - way dark and drear;
4. With us in the lone - ly val - ley When we reach the chil - ly tide;



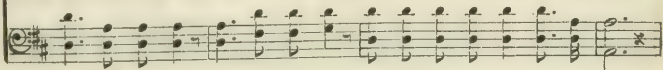
Thus the ris - en Sav - ior whis - pers From His dwelling place a - bove.  
 Tell - ing us that in the fu - ture Gold - en harvests shall be won.  
 Wak - ing hope with - in our bos - oms, Still - ing ev' - ry anx - ious fear.  
 Light - ing up the steps to glo - ry O - ver on the oth - er side.



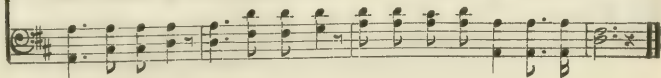
## CHORUS.



Al - ways with us, al - ways with us, "E - ven to the end of the world;"



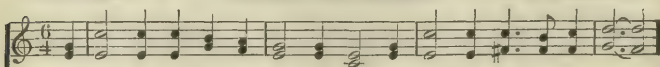
He'll di - rect us, He'll pro - tect us, "E - ven to the end of the world."



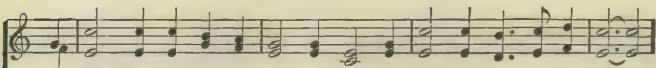
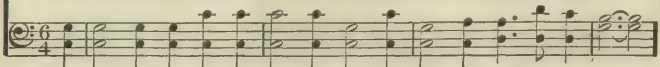
Gene Routh.

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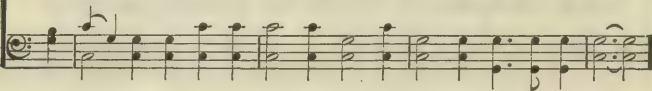
B. B. McKinney.



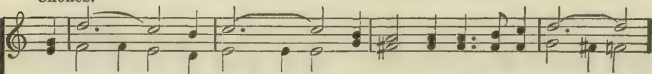
1. I know the Bi - ble was sent from God, The Old, as well as the New;
2. I know the sto - ry of Christ is true, His vir - gin, glo - ri - ous birth,
3. I know the Bi - ble is whol - ly true, For peace it gave me with - in;
4. Tho' foes de - ny with a spir - it bold The mes - sage old, but still new,



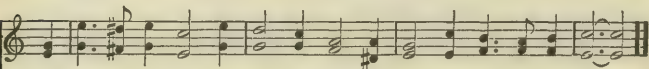
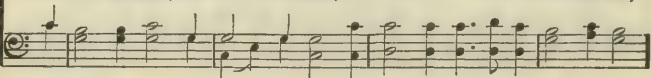
In - spired and ho - ly, the liv - ing Word, I know the Bi - ble is true.  
His life, His death, and the o - pen tomb, And His re - turn to the earth.  
It finds me, com - forts me day by day, And gives me vic - t'ry o'er sin.  
Its truth is sweet - er each time 'tis told, I know the Bi - ble is true.



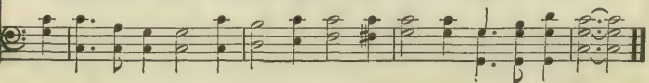
## CHORUS.



I know, . . . I know, . . . . I know the Bi - ble is true; . . .  
I know, I know, is true;



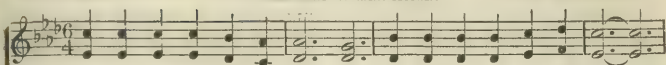
Di - vine - ly in - spired the whole way thro', I know the Bi - ble is true.



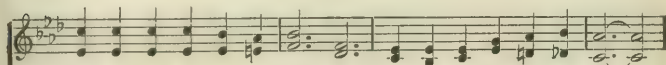
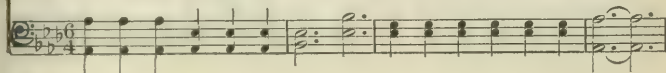
B. B. McK.

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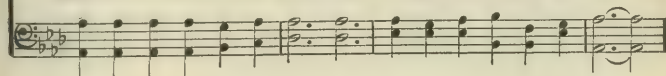
B. B. McKinney.



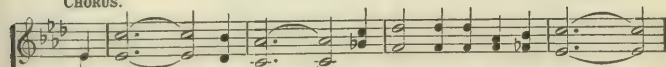
1. Won - der - ful words of the Mas - ter, Won - der - ful mes - sage sub - lime;
2. Still the glad mes - sage is ring - ing Out from e - ter - ni - ty's shore;
3. Lost ones a - round us are dy - ing, Out in the shad - ows so dim;
4. Lift - ing up Je - sus by liv - ing Lives that are faith - ful and true;



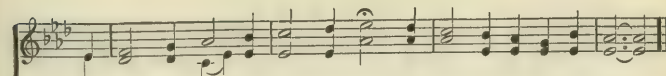
Test - ed and tried by all na - tions, O - ver the cy - cles of time.  
 Hear the sweet song of sal - va - tion Spo - ken by Je - sus once more.  
 We would lift Je - sus be - fore them That He may draw them to Him.  
 Read - y to go at His bid - ding, Read - y His serv - ice to do.



## CHORUS.



"And I, . . . if I . . . be lift - ed up from the earth, . . .  
 "And I, . . . if I be lift - - ed up from the earth,



I'll draw all men from chains of sin, I'll draw all men un - to Me."

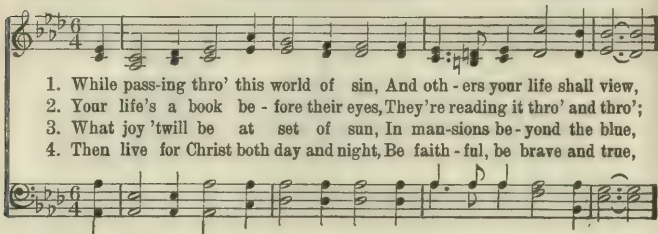




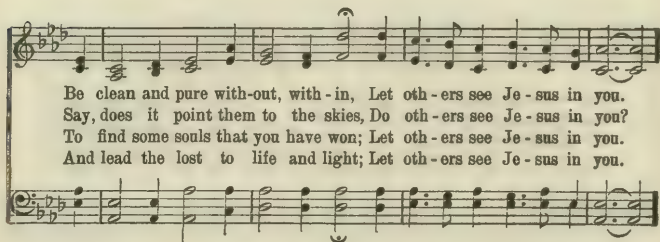
B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

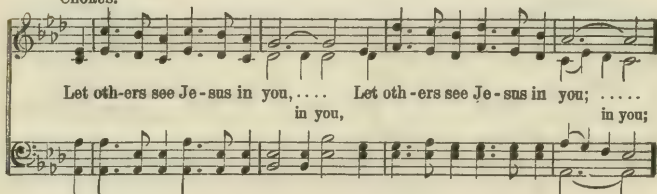


1. While pass-ing thro' this world of sin, And oth - ers your life shall view,  
2. Your life's a book be - fore their eyes, They're reading it thro' and thro';  
3. What joy 'twill be at set of sun, In man-sions be-yond the blue,  
4. Then live for Christ both day and night, Be faith - ful, be brave and true,

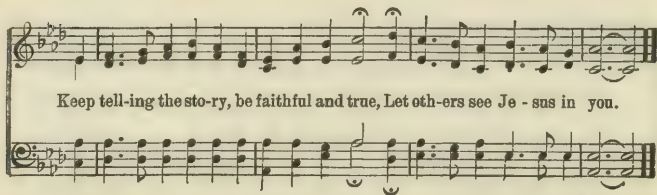


Be clean and pure with-out, with-in, Let oth - ers see Je - sus in you.  
Say, does it point them to the skies, Do oth - ers see Je - sus in you?  
To find some souls that you have won; Let oth - ers see Je - sus in you.  
And lead the lost to life and light; Let oth - ers see Je - sus in you.

## CHORUS.



Let oth - ers see Je - sus in you, . . . . Let oth - ers see Je - sus in you; . . . .  
in you, in you;



Keep tell-ing the sto-ry, be faithful and true, Let oth - ers see Je - sus in you.

Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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Homer A. Rodeheaver, Owner.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



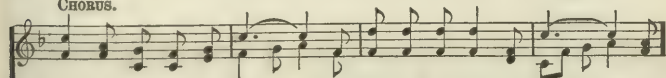
1. Look all a-round you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov-ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-dens too heav-y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are dis-cour-aged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!



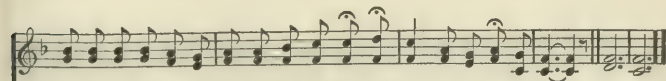
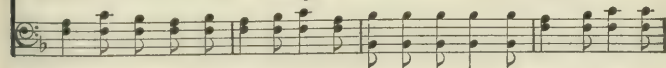
Tho' it be lit - tle—a neigh - bor - ly deed—Help some - bod - y to - day!  
Thou hast a mes - sage, O let it be heard, Help some - bod - y to - day!  
Grief is the por - tion of some ev - 'ry - where, Help some - bod - y to - day!  
Some one the jour - ney to Heaven should start, Help some - bod - y to - day!



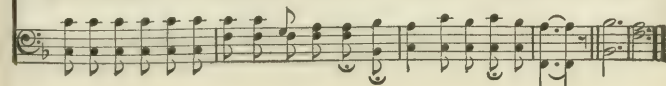
CHORUS.



Help some-bod-y to-day, . . . Some-bod-y a-long life's way; . . . Let  
to-day, home-ward way;



sorrow be ended, The friendless befriended, Oh, help somebody to-day! A - MEN.



## Love Is the Theme.

To my friend, L. E. Jones.

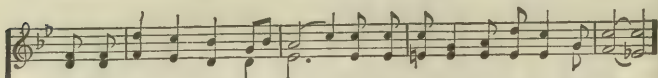
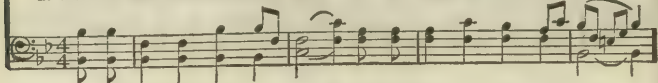
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A. C. F.

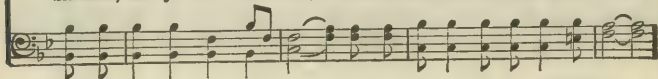
Albert C. Fisher.



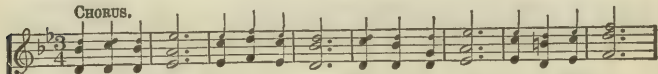
1. Of the themes that men have known, One su-preme-ly stands a - lone;
2. Let the bells of Heav-en ring, Let the saints their trib-ute bring,
3. Since the Lord my soul un - bound, I am tell - ing all a - round
4. As of old when blind and lame To the bless-ed Mas - ter came,



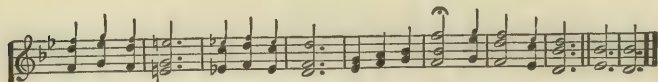
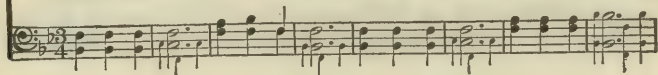
Thro' the a - ges it has shown, — 'Tis His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.  
 Let the world true prais-es sing Fer His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.  
 Par-don, peace and joy are found In His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.  
 Sin-ners, call ye on His name, — Trust His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.



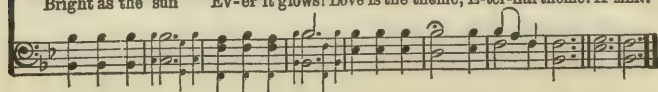
## CHORUS.



Love is the theme, Love is su-preme; Sweet-er it grows, Glo-ry be-stows;



Bright as the sun Ev-er it glows! Love is the theme, E-ter-nal theme! A-MEN.



## Pray Your Troubles Away.

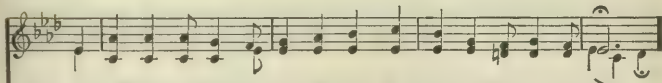
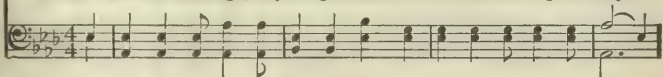
B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.



1. When you are wea-ry and sore op-press, When sor-row darkens the day,
2. When strong temptations in you com-bine To lead your footsteps a-stray,
3. Be not dis-cour-aged, but press a-long, And live for Je-sus to-day;
4. Oh, soul in bond-age, why lon-ger roam In sin's un-end-ing dis-may?



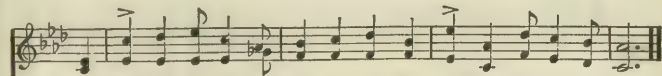
Have faith in Je-sus, He know-eth best, And pray your troubles a-way.  
 Just go to Je-sus your Friend divine, And pray your troubles a-way.  
 He'll turn your sighing in-to a song, And pray your troubles a-way.  
 Just trust in Je-sus, He'll lead you home, And pray your troubles a-way.



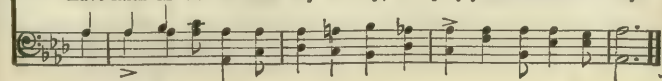
## CHORUS.



Just pray your troubles a-way; (a-way;) Just pray your troubles a-way; (a-way;)



Have faith in Je-sus from day to day, And pray your trou-bles a-way.

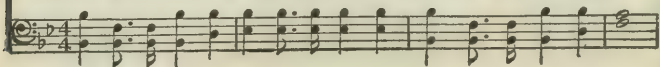


## I Am Resolved.

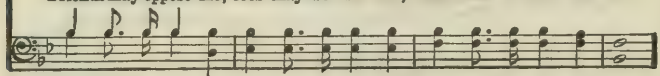
Palmer Hartsough. Copyright, 1924. Renewal. James H. Fillmore, Owner. J. H. Fillmore.  
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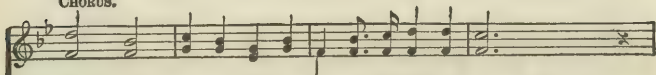
1. I am resolved no lon-ger to lin-ger, Charmed by the world's de-light;
2. I am resolved to go to the Sav-ior, Leav-ing my sin and strife;
3. I am resolved to fol-low the Sav-ior, Faith-ful and true each day;
4. I am resolved to en-ter the Kingdom, Leav-ing the paths of sin;



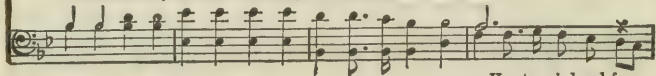
Things that are higher, things that are no-ble, These have al-lured my sight.  
He is the true One, He is the just One, He hath the words of life.  
Heed what He say-eth, do what He will-eth, He is the liv-ing way.  
Friends may oppose me, foes may be-set me, Still will I en-ter in.



## CHORUS.



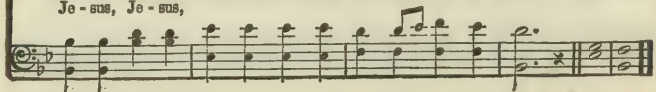
I will has-ten to Him, Has-ten so glad and free;  
I will has-ten, has-ten to Him, Has-ten so glad and free;



Has-ten glad and free;




Je - sus, Great-est, High-est, I will come to Thee. A-MEN.  
Je - sus, Je - sus,






Miss M. E. Servoss.

James McGranahan.

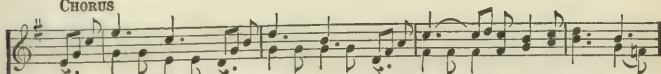


1. When the storms of life are rag - ing, Tem-pests wild on sea and land,  
 2. Tho' He may send some af-flic - tion, 'Twill but make me long for home;  
 3. En - e - mies may strive to in - jure, Sa - tan all his arts em-ploy;  
 4. So, while here the cross I'm bear-ing, Meet-ing storms and bil - lows wild,




I will seek a place of ref-uge In the shad - ow of God's hand.  
 For in love and not in an-ger, All His chas - ten - ings will come.  
 He will turn what seems to harm me In - to ev - er - last-ing joy.  
 Je - sus for my soul is car-ing, Naught can harm His Fa-ther's child.

## CHORUS



He will hide me, He will hide me, Where no harm can e'er be tide me;  
 He will hide me, He will hide me, Where no harm can e'er be - tide me;



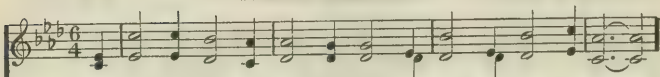
He will hide me, safe-ly hide me, In the shad - ow of His hand.  
 He will hide me, safe - ly hide me, In the shad-ow of His hand.

Give Me a Heart Like Thine.

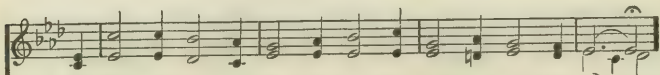
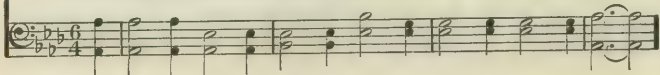
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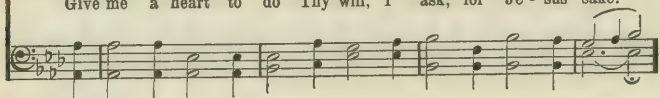
B. B. McKinney.



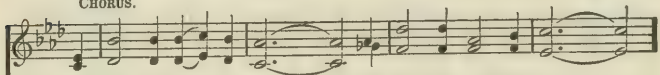
1. Give me a heart like Thine, dear Lord, A heart that's clean and strong,
2. Give me a heart like Thine, dear Lord, A heart of ten - der-ness,
3. Give me a heart like Thine, dear Lord, A heart with lov - ing glow,
4. Give me a heart like Thine, dear Lord, This is the plea I make,



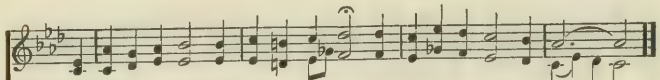
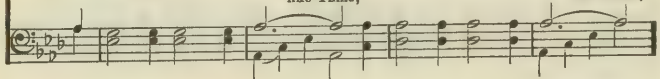
A sun - lit heart with ho - ly zeal, To tri - umph o - ver wrong.  
A heart to feel my broth - er's woe, And lift him from dis - tress.  
That leads a lone - ly sin - sick soul Thy pre - cious love to know.  
Give me a heart to do Thy will, I ask, for Je - sus' sake.



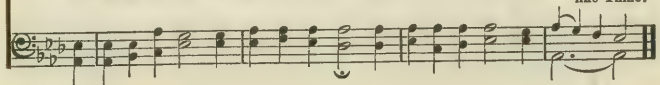
CHORUS.



Give me a heart like Thine, . . Give me a heart like Thine, . .  
like Thine, like Thine,



O Mas-ter di-vine, my na-ture re-fine, And give me a heart like Thine. . .  
like Thine.

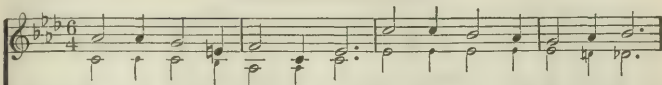


## Man of Sorrows.

B. B. McK.

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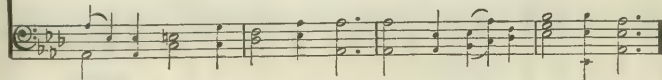
B. B. McKinney.



1. Man of Sor - rows kneel - ing down 'Neath the Fa - ther's aw - ful frown,
2. Man of Sor - rows with the cross, Bear - ing all its shame and loss,
3. Man of Sor - rows on a tree, Hang - ing there in ag - o - ny,
4. Man of Sor - rows rose a - gain, "Vic - tor o'er the dark do - main;"



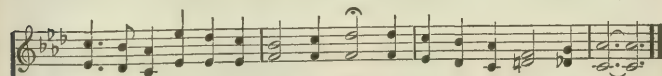
Hear Him pray, "Thy will be done," In Geth - sem - a - ne a - lone.  
See Him stag - ger, faint and fall 'Neath the curse He bore for all.  
It is fin - ished!" now He cries, As He bows His head and dies.  
King of Glo - ry! lives on high, He is com - ing by and by.



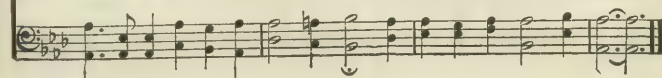
## CHORUS.



Man of Sor - rows bore my blame, Man of Sor - rows took my shame,



Won - der - ful Sav - ior, Thy love for me Has saved me, and set me free.



B. B. McK.

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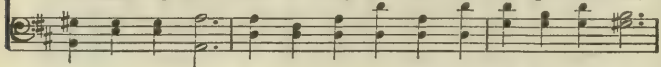
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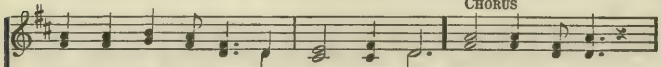
1. Back to the Bi-ble, the true Liv-ing Word, Sweet-est old sto-ry that
2. Back to the beau-ti-ful path I once trod, Back to the church and the
3. Back to the giv-ing of mon-ey and time, Back to the life of con-
4. Back to the prayer-life in Christ I once knew, Back to its beau-ti-ful



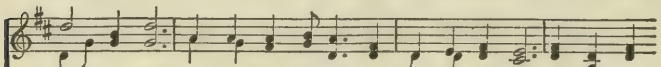
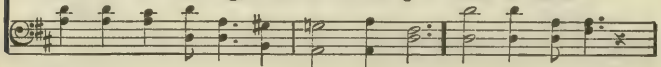
ev-er was heard; Back to the joy-life my soul longs to know,  
 peo-ple of God; Out of the cold world of sin and its woe,  
 tent-ment sub-lime, Back to pro-tec-tion the world can-not know,  
 life-cleans-ing dew, Back to help oth-ers to con-quer each foe,



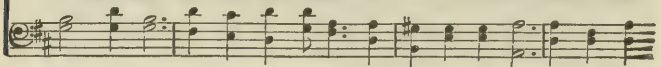
## CHORUS



Beth-el is call-ing, and I must go. Back to Beth-el



I must go, Back where the riv-ers of sweet wa-ters flow, Back to the



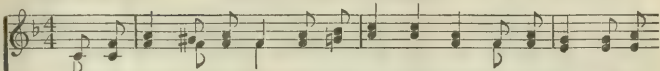
true life my soul longs to know, Beth-el is call-ing, and I must go.



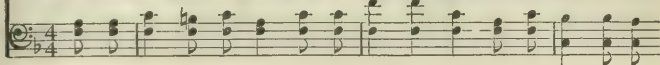
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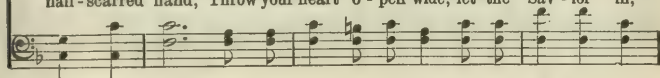
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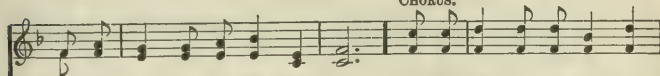
1. Have you failed in your plan of your storm-tossed life? Place your hand in the
2. Are you walk-ing a - lone thro' the shad - ows dim? Place your hand in the
3. Would you fol - low the will of the ris - en Lord? Place your hand in the
4. Is your soul bur-dened down with its load of sin? Place your hand in the



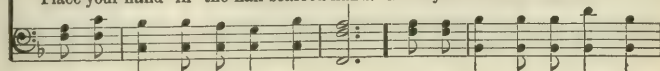
nail - scarred hand; Are you wea - ry and worn from its toil and strife?  
 nail - scarred hand; Christ will com - fort your heart, put your trust in Him,  
 nail - scarred hand; Would you live in the light of His bless - ed word?  
 nail - scarred hand; Throw your heart o - pen wide, let the Sav - ior in,



## CHORUS.



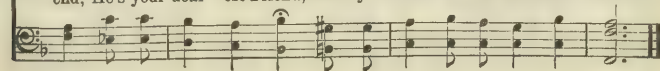
Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand. Place your hand in the nail-scarred



hand, Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand; He will keep to the



end, He's your dear - est Friend, Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand.

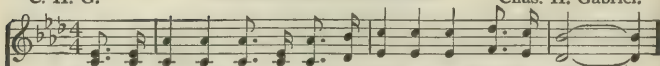




C. H. G.

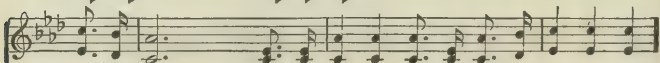
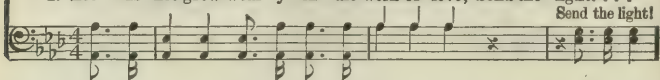
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Chas. H. Gabriel.



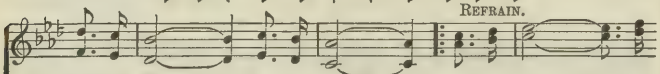
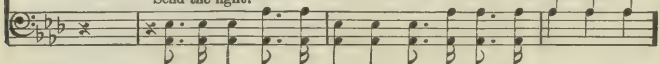
1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light! . . .
2. We have heard the Mac - e - do - nian call to-day, "Send the light! . . .
3. Let us pray that grace may ev-'ry-where a-bound; Send the light! . . .
4. Let us not grow wear - y in the work of love, Send the light! . . .

Send the light!



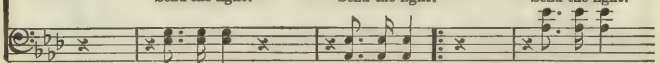
Send the light!"      There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,  
 Send the light!"      And a gold - en of-f'ring at the cross we lay,  
 Send the light!      And a Christ-like spir - it ev - 'ry-where be found,  
 Send the light!      Let us gath - er jew - els for a crown a - bove,

Send the light!

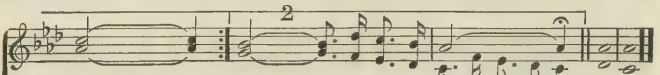
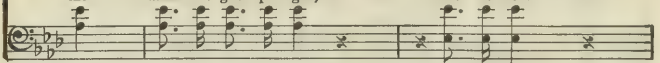


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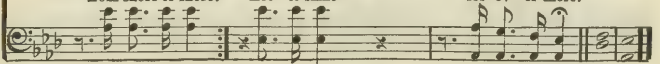
Send the light! . . . Send the light! . . . Send the light! . . . the  
 Send the light!      Send the light!      Send the light!



bless - ed gos - pel light; Let it shine . . . . from shore to  
 the      bless - ed gos - pel light;      Let it shine



shore! . . . . shine . . . for-ev - er - more. . . . . A-MEN.  
 from shore to shore!      Let it shine      for-ev - er - more.

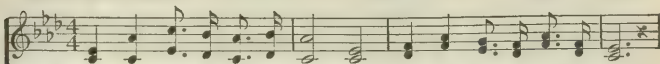


# 298 Take the Name of Jesus With You.

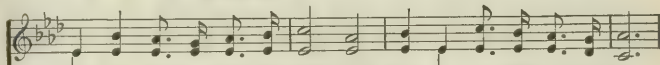
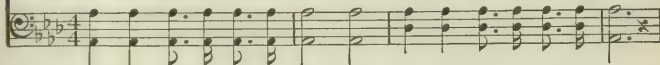
Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL.

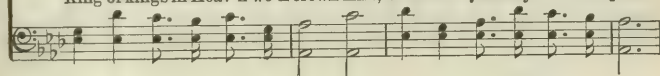
W. H. Doane.



1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er As a shield from ev - 'ry snare;
3. O the pre - cious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing pros - trate at His feet,



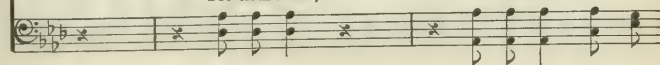
It will joy and com - fort give you, Take it then, wher - e'er you go.  
 If temp - ta - tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.  
 When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!  
 King of kings in Heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour - ney is com - plete.



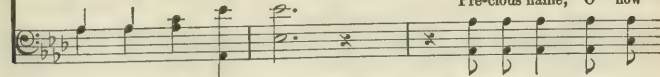
## CHORUS.



Pre - cious name, O how sweet! Hope of  
 Pre - cious name, O how sweet!



earth and joy of Heav'n; Pre - cious name, O how  
 Pre - cious name, O how



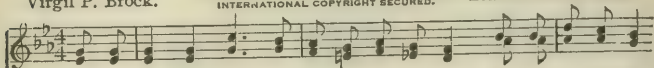
sweet! . . . Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n. A - MEN.  
 sweet, how sweet!



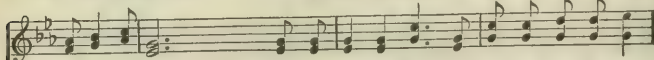
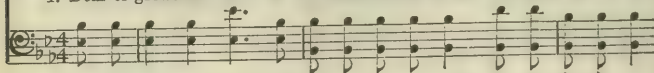
# 299 He's a Wonderful Savior to Me.

Virgil P. Brock.

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1. I was lost in sin, but Je-sus res-cued me, He's a won-der-ful
2. He's a Friend so true, so pa-tient and so kind, He's a won-der-ful
3. He is al-ways near to com-fort and to cheer, He's a won-der-ful
4. Dear-er grows the love of Je-sus day by day, He's a won-der-ful



Sav-ior to me;

Sav-ior to me;

Sav-ior to me; (So wonderful)

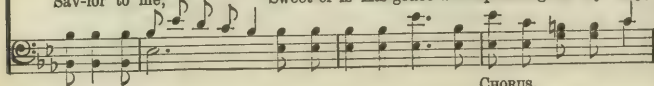
Sav-ior to me;

I was bound by fear, but Je-sus set me free,

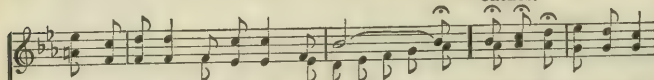
Ev-'ry-thing I need in Him I al-ways find,

He for-gives my sins, He dries my ev-'ry tear,

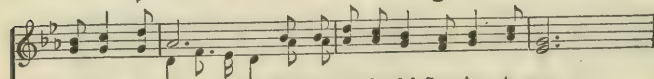
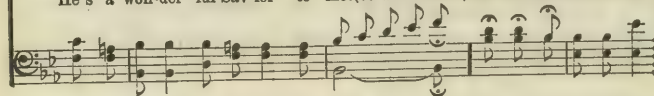
Sweet-er is His grace while pressing on my way,



CHORUS.



He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to me. (So won-der-ful) For He's a won-der-ful

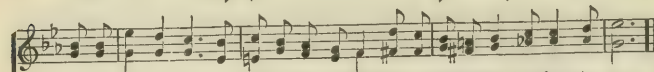
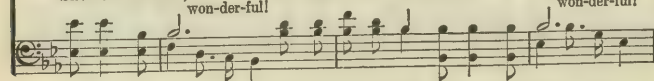


Sav-ior to me,

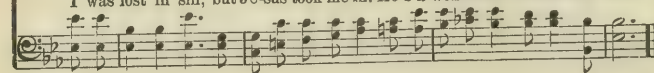
won-der-ful!

He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to me;

won-der-ful!



I was lost in sin, but Je-sus took me in: He's a wonderful Sav-ior to me.



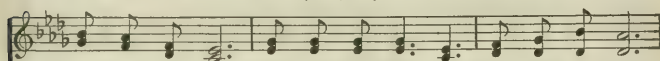
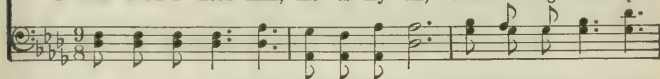
Rev. Wm. Poole.

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COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

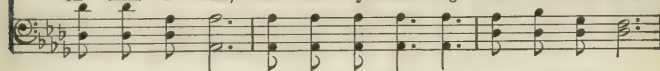
Chas. H. Gabriel.



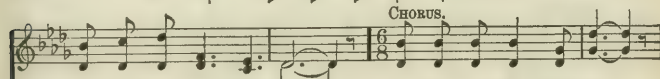
1. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is near, Just when I fal - ter,
2. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is true, Nev - er for - sak - ing
3. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is strong, Bear - ing my bur - dens
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An - swer - ing when up -



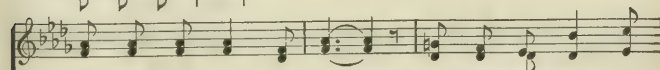
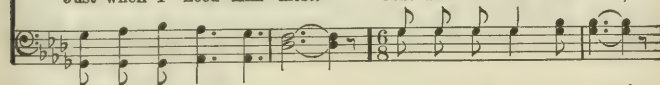
just when I fear; Read - y to help me, read - y to cheer,  
all the way thro'; Giv - ing for bur - dens pleas - ures a - new,  
all the day long; For all my sor - row giv - ing a song,  
on Him I call; Ten - der - ly watch - ing lest I should fall,



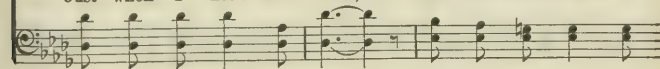
## CHORUS.



Just when I need Him most. Just when I need Him most,



Just when I need Him most; Je - sus is near to



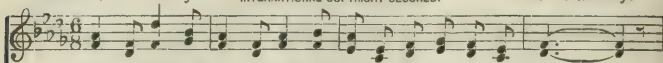
com - fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most. A - MEN.



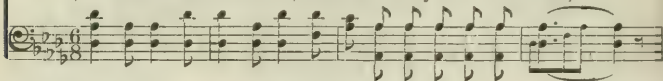
Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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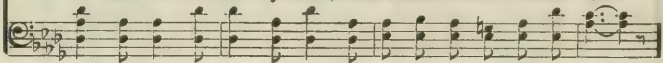
B. D. Ackley.



1. I want Je - sus in my heart To pur - i - fy loves that are there; . . .
2. I want Je - sus in my life, His wisdom, His courage, His grace; . . .
3. I want Je - sus by my side, When thro' the dark valley I go; . . . . .
4. I want Je - sus at the end, When life's weary road I have trod; . . . . .



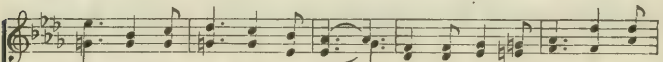
I want Je - sus to im-part The spir - it of un-fail-ing pray'r.  
 I want Je - sus in the strife, None oth - er can e'er take His place.  
 I want Je - sus as my guide, When tempted and tried by my foe.  
 I want Je - sus as my friend, When I stand at last be-fore God.



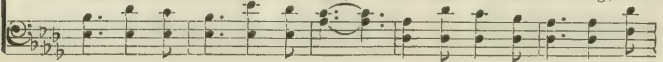
## CHORUS.



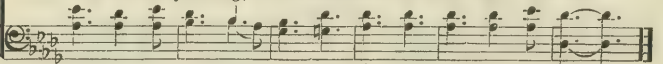
I want Je - sus, my need He sup - plies; . . . I want



Je - sus, for He sat - is - fies; To Him I am turn - ing, With



in - fi - nite yearning; I want Je - sus! Je - sus a - lone.

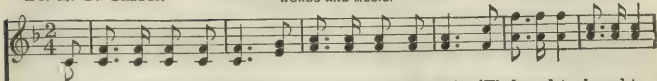




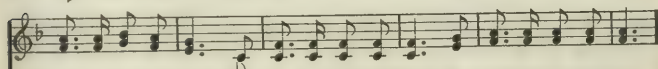
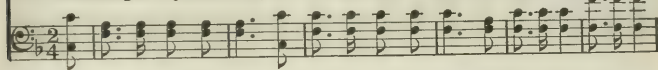
Dr. E. T. Cassel.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, 1895, BY E. O. EXCELL.  
WORDS AND MUSIC.

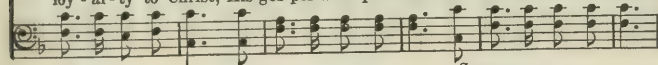
Flora H. Cassel.



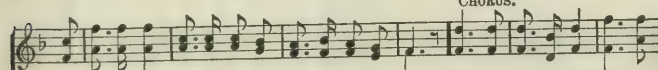
1. From o-ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je-sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,



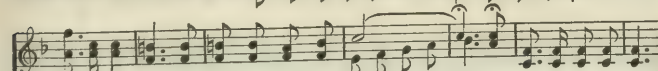
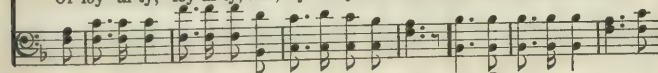
loy-al-ty to Christ; Its mu-sic rolls a-long, The hills take up the song,  
loy-al-ty to Christ; A-rise to dare and do, Ring out the watch-word true,  
loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Satan's banners float We'll send the bu-gle note,  
loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos-pel we'll pro-claim Thro'-out the world's domain,



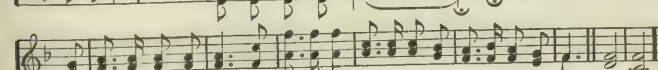
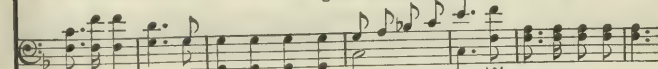
## CHORUS.



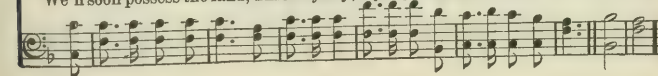
Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to



vic-to-ry!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" . . . We'll move at His com-mand,  
great Commander; "On!"



We'll soon possess the land, Thro' loyalty, loyalty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. A-MEN.

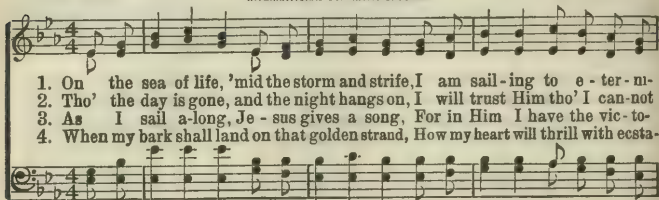


# 303 The Everlasting Arms Are Underneath

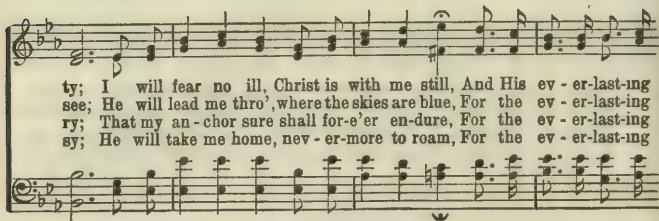
B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney

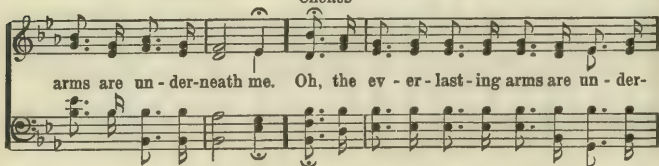


1. On the sea of life, 'mid the storm and strife, I am sail-ing to e - ter-mi-  
2. Tho' the day is gone, and the night hangs on, I will trust Him tho' I can-not  
3. As I sail a-long, Je - sus gives a song, For in Him I have the vic-to-  
4. When my bark shall land on that golden strand, How my heart will thrill with ecsta-

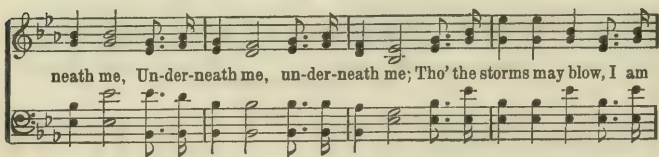


ty; I will fear no ill, Christ is with me still, And His ev - er-last-ing  
see; He will lead me thro', where the skies are blue, For the ev - er-last-ing  
ry; That my an-chor sure shall for-e'er en-dure, For the ev - er-last-ing  
sy; He will take me home, nev - er-more to roam, For the ev - er-last-ing

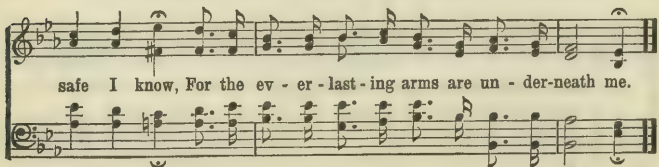
## CHORUS



arms are un - der-neath me. Oh, the ev - er-last-ing arms are un - der-



neath me, Un-der-neath me, un-der-neath me; Tho' the storms may blow, I am



safe I know, For the ev - er-last-ing arms are un - der-neath me.

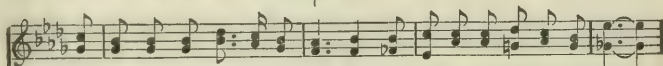
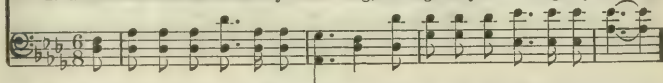
H. L.

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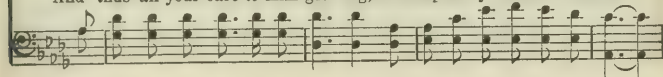
Haldor Lillenas.



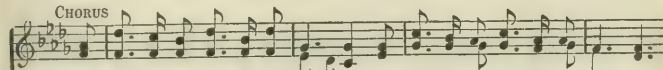
1. Why car-ry your load an-y lon-ger, Why struggle a-lone with your care,
2. Why car-ry your bur-den of sor-row. When Jesus sweet comfort can give?
3. The tri-als that sometimes may vex you, Sur-ren-der to Him, for you may!
4. The strain and the stress of your liv-ing, Re-sign to your Al-might-y Friend;



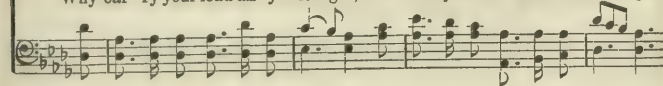
When arms that are greater and stron-ger Are waiting your burdens to bear?  
Oh, why should you wait till to-mor-row To let Him His life in you live?  
The problems that oft-en per-plex you Let Je-sus un-rav-el to-day.  
And thus all your care to Him giv-ing, The help that you need He will send.



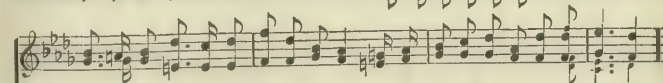
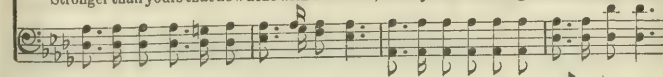
## CHORUS



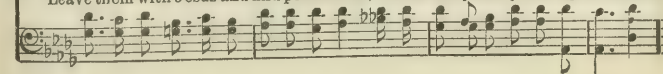
Why car-ry your load an-y lon-ger, When near you are arms that are stronger—



Stronger than yours that now ache with their load, While you are trav'ling life's wearisome road?



Leave them with Jesus and find perfect rest, He can carry both you and your burdens.



## Prayer Changes Things

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. When the dark shad-ows come o - ver you, Bring-ing troubles you nev - er knew,  
2. Prayer will bring peace when the days are long, Turn your sighing in - to a song,  
3. Pray for the wan-der - er at your door, Pray for lost ones the wide world o'er;  
4. Pray and take courage thro' weal or woe, In life's bat-tles on earth be - low;

Trust in the Sav-ior and pray it thro', For prayer chang-es things.  
It will bring vic-to - ry o - ver wrong, For prayer chang-es things.  
Je - sus will save them for-ev - er - more, For prayer chang-es things.  
Pray with a faith that will not let go, For prayer chang-es things.

CHORUS

Prayer chang - es things, . . . Prayer chang - es things, . . .  
chang - es things, chang - es things,

When the world is cold and blue, Trust in Je - sus, pray it through,

Vic - to - ry will come to you, For prayer chang-es things.

E. A. H.

Elisha A. Hoffman

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the  
 2. Are you walk-ing dai - ly by the Sav - ior's side? Are you washed in the  
 3. When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white? Are you washed in the  
 4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the

blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in His grace this hour? Are you  
 blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci - fied? Are you  
 blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright, And be  
 blood of the Lamb, There's a fountain flowing for the soul un - clean, O be

## CHORUS

washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the blood,  
 Are you washed in the blood,

In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your garments  
 of the Lamb?

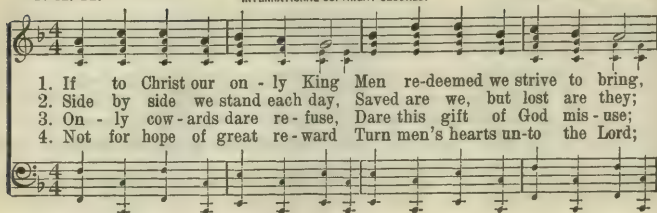
spot-less? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?



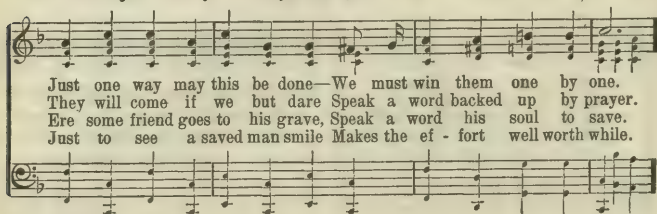
C. A. M.

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C. Austin Miles.

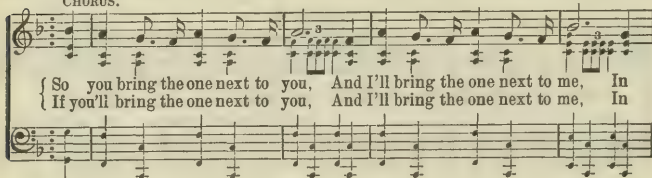


1. If to Christ our on - ly King Men re-deemed we strive to bring,  
 2. Side by side we stand each day, Saved are we, but lost are they;  
 3. On - ly cow - ards dare re - fuse, Dare this gift of God mis - use;  
 4. Not for hope of great re - ward Turn men's hearts un-to the Lord;

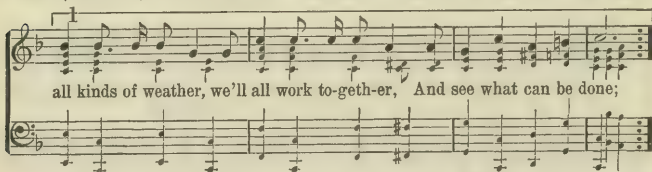


Just one way may this be done—We must win them one by one.  
 They will come if we but dare Speak a word backed up by prayer.  
 Ere some friend goes to his grave, Speak a word his soul to save.  
 Just to see a saved man smile Makes the ef - fort well worth while.

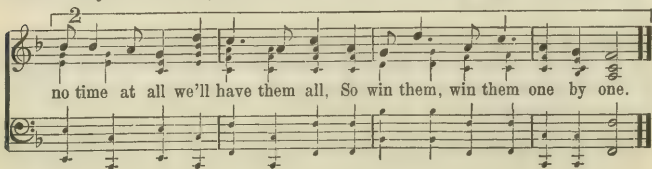
## CHORUS.



{ So you bring the one next to you, And I'll bring the one next to me, In  
 { If you'll bring the one next to you, And I'll bring the one next to me, In



all kinds of weather, we'll all work to-ge-th-er, And see what can be done;

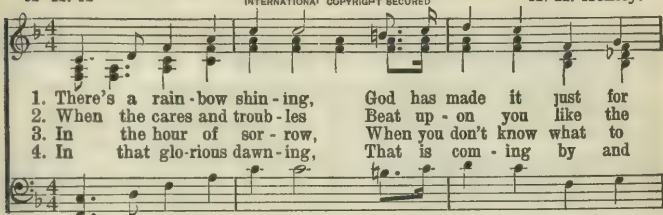


no time at all we'll have them all, So win them, win them one by one.

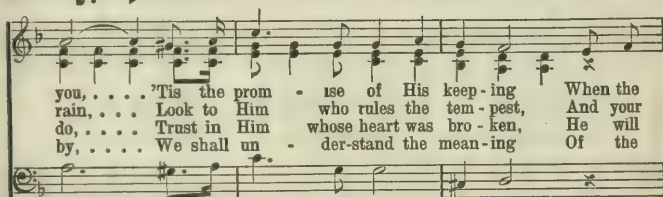
A. H. A.

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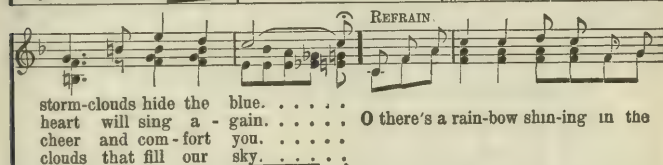
A. H. Ackley.



1. There's a rain-bow shin-ing,      God has made it just for  
2. When the cares and trou-bles      Beat up-on you like the  
3. In the hour of sor-row,      When you don't know what to  
4. In that glo-rious dawn-ing,      That is com-ing by and

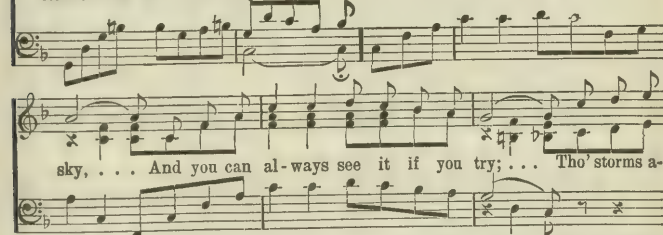


you, . . . 'Tis the prom-ise of His keep-ing      When the  
rain, . . . Look to Him who rules the tem-pest,      And your  
do, . . . Trust in Him whose heart was bro-ken,      He will  
by, . . . We shall un-der-stand the mean-ing      Of the

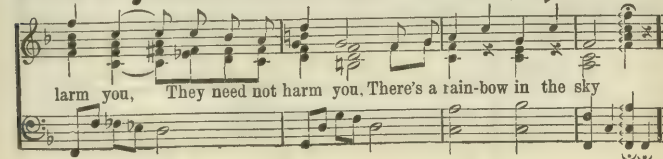


REFRAIN

storm-clouds hide the blue. . . . .  
heart will sing a-gain. . . . . O there's a rain-bow shin-ing in the  
cheer and com-fort you. . . . .  
clouds that fill our sky. . . . .

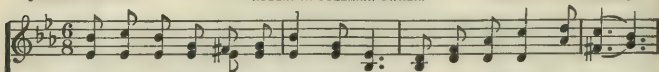


sky, . . . And you can al-ways see it if you try; . . . Tho' storms a-

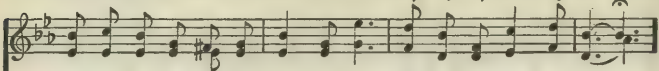


larm you,      They need not harm you. There's a rain-bow in the sky

James Rowe.

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ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

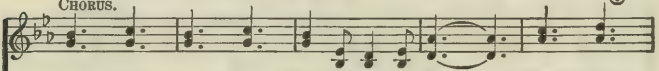
1. When I need some-one in time of grief, Some-one my cheer to be,
2. When I need some-one to guide my soul O - ver the storm-y sea,
3. When I need help to de-feat the foe, Some-one my shield to be,
4. When all my tri - als on earth are o'er, And the dark stream I see,



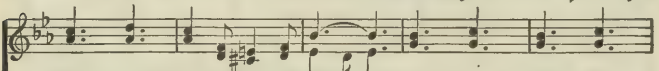
Je - sus I choose, for He gives re - lief, He is the best for me.  
 Al - ways to Je - sus I give con - trol, He is the best for me.  
 Al - ways to Je - sus in faith I go, He is the best for me.  
 Je - sus shall bear me to yon - der shore, He is the best for me.



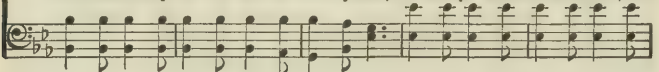
## CHORUS.



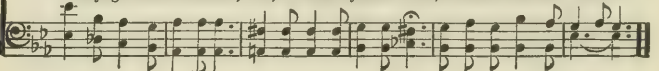
I choose Je - sus when I need a friend; . . . What I  
 Yes, I choose my Sav - ior al - ways when I need a help - ful friend; What I need I



need I know that He will send; . . . I have proved Him,  
 know that sure - ly He to me will free - ly send; I have proved Him o'er and o'er, and



good and true is He; . . . I choose Je - sus, He is the best for me . . .  
 al - ways good and true is He; Yes, I choose my Savior dear, He is the best of all for me.

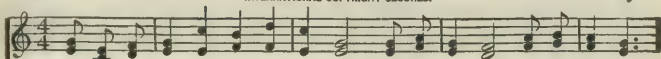


## Let the Tide Come In.

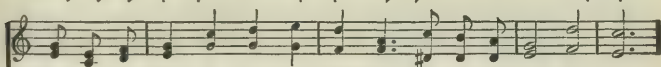
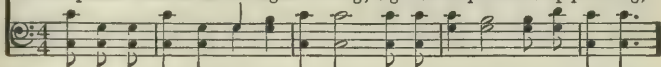
Rev. David Ross.

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B. B. McKinney.



1. We thank Thee, Lord, that pow'r is flowing, Joy is com-ing, sor-row go-ing;
2. Oh, let Thy cross win ev'-ry na-tion, Send the peo-ple Thy sal-va-tion!
3. Life's precious hours are quickly fly-ing, Men are dy-ing, ev-er dy-ing!
4. We praise Thee for the ti-dings cheer-ing, Signs of conquest now ap-pear-ing,



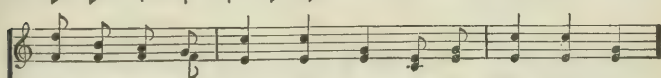
Thy ran-somed host is grow-ing, grow-ing, But may the tide come in.  
 A-mong them show Thy new cre-a-tion, Oh, may the tide come in.  
 Thy pleading Church is cry-ing, cry-ing, Now may the tide come in.  
 Thy day of vic-to-ry is near-ing, Thank God! the tide comes in.



## CHORUS.



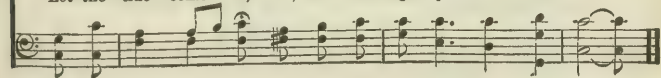
Let the tide come in, Let the tide come in, Let the cleans-ing



bil-lows sweep a-way our sin; Let the tide come in,



Let the tide come in, Oh, let the might-y tide come in.



I. E. R.

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I. E. Reynolds.

1. When the sun shines bright and your heart is light, Je-sus is the Friend you need;  
 2. If you're lost in sin, all is dark with-in, Je-sus is the Friend you need;  
 3. When in that sad hour, when in death's grim pow'r, Je-sus is the Friend you need;  
 4. When the cares of life all a-round are rife, Je-sus is the Friend you need;

When the clouds hang low in this world of woe, Je-sus is the Friend you need.  
 God a-lone can save thro' the Son He gave, Je-sus is the Friend you need.  
 If you would prepare 'gainst the tempter's snare, Je-sus is the Friend you need.  
 Glo-ry to His name, al-ways He's the same, Je-sus is the Friend you need.

CHORUS.

Je-sus is the Friend you need, Such a Friend is He in-  
 Je - - sus is the Friend you need, Such a

deed; He who no-teth ev-'ry tear, He will  
 Friend is He in-deed;

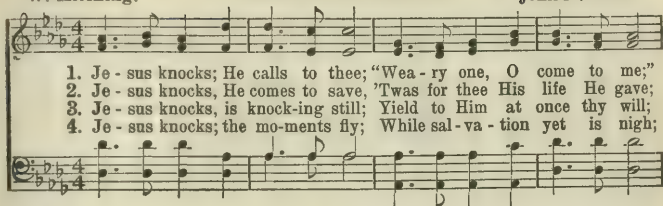
ban-ish ev-'ry fear, Je-sus is the Friend you need. A-MEN.



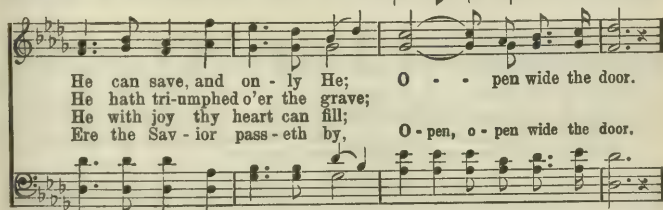
## Open Wide the Door.

W. Kitching.

John H. Burke.

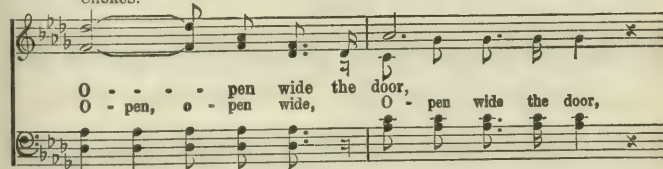


1. Je - sus knocks; He calls to thee; "Wea - ry one, O come to me;"  
 2. Je - sus knocks, He comes to save, 'Twas for thee His life He gave;  
 3. Je - sus knocks, is knock-ing still; Yield to Him at once thy will;  
 4. Je - sus knocks; the mo-ments fly; While sal - va - tion yet is nigh;

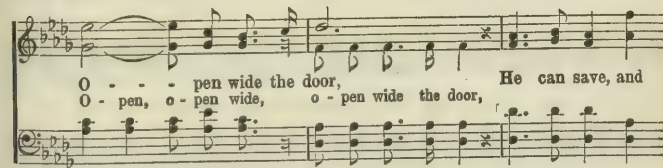


He can save, and on - ly He; O - - pen wide the door.  
 He hath tri-umphed o'er the grave;  
 He with joy thy heart can fill; O - pen, o - pen wide the door.  
 Ere the Sav - ior pass - eth by,

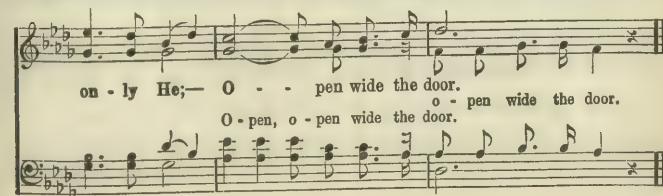
## CHORUS.



O - - pen wide the door,  
 O - pen, o - pen wide, O - pen wide the door,



O - - pen wide the door, He can save, and  
 O - pen, o - pen wide, o - pen wide the door,

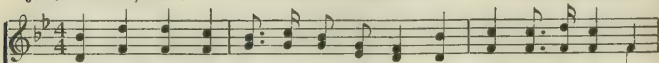


on - ly He;— O - - pen wide the door.  
 O - pen, o - pen wide the door.

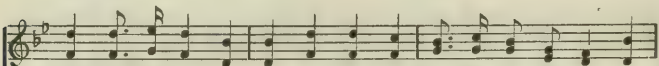
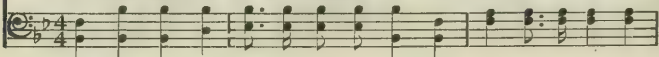
J. E. Rankin, D.D.

PROPERTY OF E. S. LORENZ.

E. S. Lorenz.



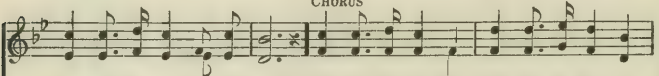
1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav - y - heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un - bid - den? Tell it to Je - sus,
3. Do you fear the gath - ring clouds of sor - row? Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Are you troub - led at the thought of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus,



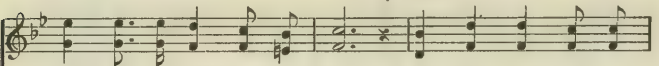
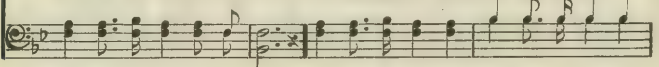
Tell it to Je - sus; Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de - part - ed?  
 Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to men's eyes are hid - den?  
 Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx - ious what shall be to - mor - row?  
 Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's com - ing King - dom are you sigh - ing?



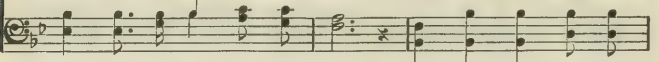
## CHORUS



Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus,



He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth - er



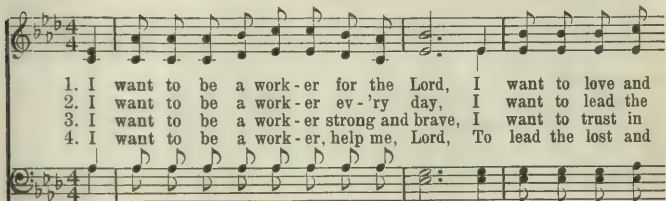
such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.



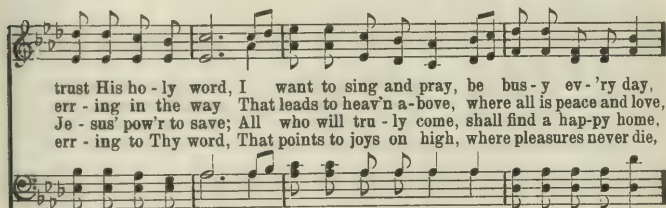
I. B.

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I. Baltzell.

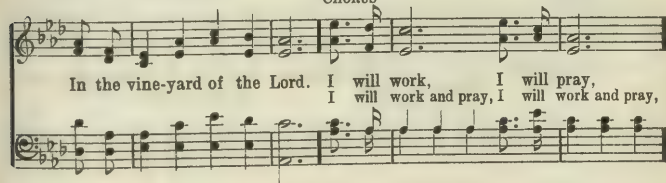


1. I want to be a work-er for the Lord, I want to love and  
 2. I want to be a work-er ev-'ry day, I want to lead the  
 3. I want to be a work-er strong and brave, I want to trust in  
 4. I want to be a work-er, help me, Lord, To lead the lost and

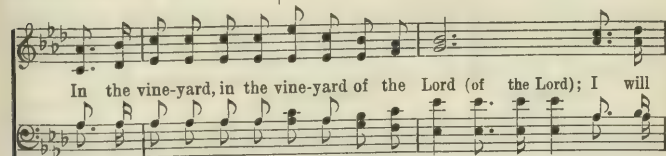


trust His ho-ly word, I want to sing and pray, be bus-y ev-'ry day,  
 err-ing in the way That leads to heav'n a-bove, where all is peace and love,  
 Je-sus' pow'r to save; All who will tru-ly come, shall find a hap-py home,  
 err-ing to Thy word, That points to joys on high, where pleasures never die,

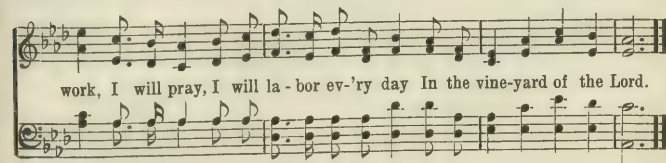
## CHORUS



In the vine-yard of the Lord. I will work, I will pray,  
 I will work and pray, I will work and pray,



In the vine-yard, in the vine-yard of the Lord (of the Lord); I will



work, I will pray, I will la-bor ev-'ry day In the vine-yard of the Lord.

## I Know He's Mine.

Copyright, 1927, by Benjamin Franklin Butts. Renewal.  
 Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Used by Permission.

B. Frank Butts.

1. There's One a - bove all earth-ly friends Whose love all earthly love transcends;  
 2. He's mine be-cause He died for me, He saved my soul, He set me free;  
 3. He's mine be-cause He's in my heart, And nev - er, nev - er will we part;  
 4. Some day up - on the streets of gold Mine eyes His glo - ry shall be - hold;

It is my Lord and Christ di-vine, My Lord, be-cause I know He's mine.  
 With joy I wor - ship at His shrine And cry, "Praise God, I know He's mine."  
 Just as the branch is to the vine, I'm joined to Christ; I know He's mine.  
 Then, while His arms around me twine, I'll cry for joy, "I know He's mine."

## CHORUS.

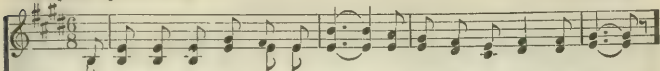
I know He's mine, . . . . . this Friend so dear, . . . . . He lives with  
 I know He's mine this Friend so dear,  
 me, . . . . . He's ev - er near; . . . . . Ten thousand charms . . . . .  
 He lives with me, He's ev - er near; Ten thousand charms  
 a - round Him shine, . . . . . And, best of all, I know He's mine.  
 a-round Him shine,

# 316 Thy Word Have I Hid In My Heart.

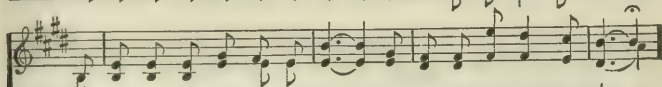
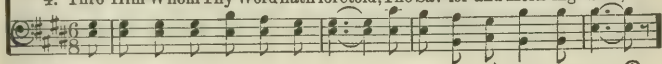
Adapted by E. O. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY ERNEST O. SELLERS.

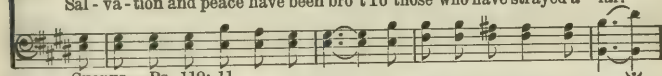
E. O. Sellers.



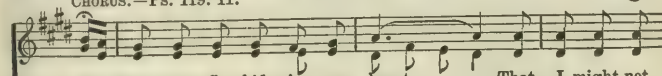
1. Thy word is a lamp to my feet, A light to my path al - way;
2. For - ev - er, oh, Lord, is Thy Word Es-tab-lished and fixed on high;
3. At morn-ing, at noon, and at night I ev - er will give Thee praise;
4. Thro' Him Whom Thy Word hath foretold, The Sav-ior and Morn-ing Star,



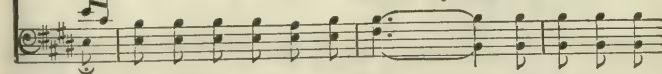
To guide and to save me from sin, And show me the heav'n-ly way  
Thy faith-ful-ness un - to all men A - bid - eth for - ev - er more.  
For Thou art my por-tion, O Lord, And shall be thro' all my days:  
Sal - va - tion and peace have been bro't To those who have strayed a - far.



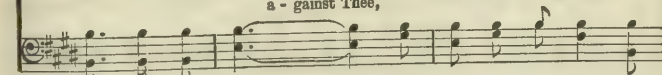
CHORUS.—Ps. 119: 11.



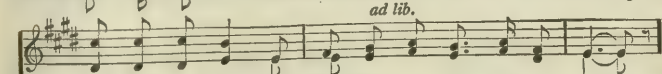
Thy Word have I hid in my heart, . . . . . That I might not  
in my heart,



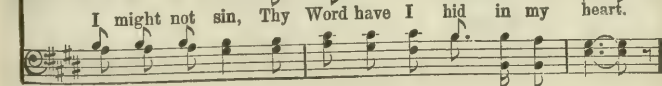
sin a - gainst Thee, . . . . . That I might not sin, That  
a - gainst Thee,



*ad lib.*



I might not sin, Thy Word have I hid in my heart.

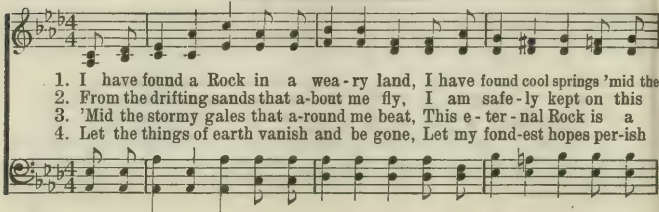




B. M. L.

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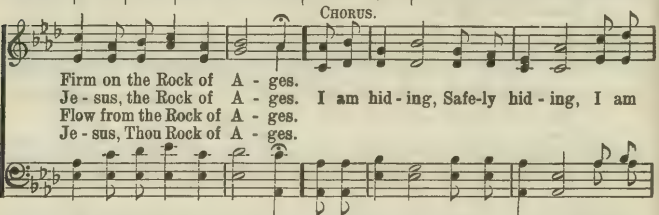
Bertha Mae Lillenas.



1. I have found a Rock in a wea-ry land, I have found cool springs 'mid the  
 2. From the drifting sands that a-bout me fly, I am safe-ly kept on this  
 3. 'Mid the stormy gales that a-round me beat, This e-ter-nal Rock is a  
 4. Let the things of earth vanish and be gone, Let my fond-est hopes per-ish

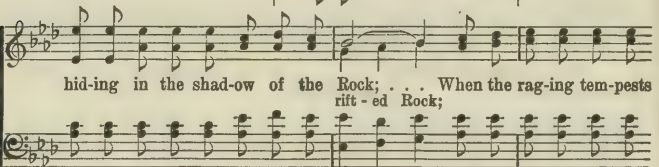


des - ert sand, And my heart sings for joy, for my feet now stand  
 ref - uge high; Here my needs are all met from a full sup - ply,  
 safe re - treat; Here the cool, sparkling streams 'mid the burning heat  
 one by one; In Thy cleft I shall hide till the morn shall dawn,

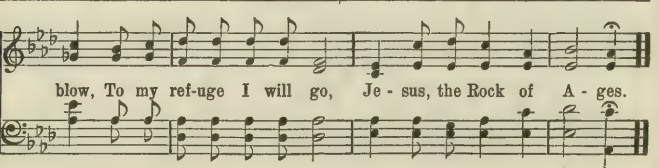


CHORUS.

Firm on the Rock of A - ges.  
 Je - sus, the Rock of A - ges. I am hid - ing, Safe-ly hid - ing, I am  
 Flow from the Rock of A - ges.  
 Je - sus, Thou Rock of A - ges.



hid-ing in the shad-ow of the Rock; . . . When the rag-ing tem-pests  
 rift - ed Rock;



blow, To my ref-uge I will go, Je - sus, the Rock of A - ges.

## He Lifted Me Up To Stay.

Gene Routh.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. I was sink - ing down in the waves of sin, Dark-ness cov-ered the  
 2. There's a song of joy ring-ing in my soul As I trav - el the  
 3. I am an-ched safe in the Rock di-vine, Blest as - sur-ance I  
 4. Oh, what joy to tell of His matchless love, Of His won - der - ful

light of day, With a ten - der hand Je - sus took me in, He  
 home-ward way, Since my Lord di - vine has com-plete con - trol And  
 have to - day, For I know I'm His and I know He's mine, He  
 grace for me, And to point the lost to this Friend a - bove, Who'll

## CHORUS.

lift - ed me up to stay.  
 lift - ed me up to stay. He lift - ed me up to stay, ...  
 lift - ed me up to stay. to stay,  
 save them and set them free.

He lift - ed me up to stay,..... And I go re-  
 to stay,

joic-ing on my home-ward way, For He lift - ed me up to stay.

## I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H.

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Hope Publishing Co., Owner. Used by Permission. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear these  
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub-les; He is a kind, com-  
 3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav-ior, One who can help my  
 4. O how the world to e - vil al-lures me! O how my heart is

bur - dens a - lone; In my dis-tress He kind-ly will help me;  
 pas - sion-ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,  
 bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;  
 tempt-ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for His own.  
 Make of my troub-les quick-ly an end. I must tell Je - sus!  
 He all my cares and sor-rows will share.  
 O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.

I must tell Je-sus! I can-not bear my bur-dens a - lone; I must tell

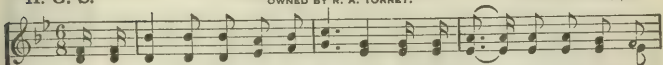
Je - sus! I must tell Je-sus! Je-sus can help me, Je-sus a - lone. A - MEN.

# 320 Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

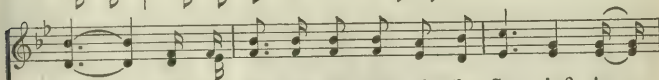
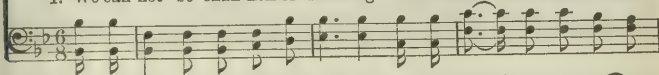
H. G. S.

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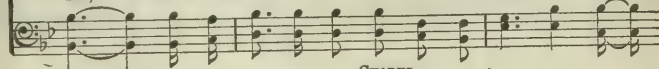
H. G. Smyth.



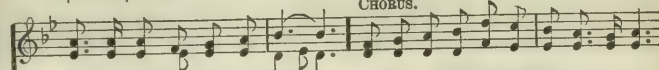
1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is the love of God flow-ing thro'
2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Are you burdened for those that are
3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is it dai - ly tell - ing for
4. We can-not be chan-nels of bless-ing If our lives are not free from known



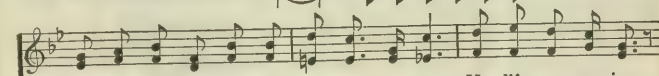
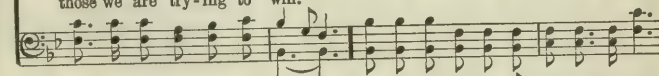
you? . . . Are you tell - ing the lost of the Sav - ior? Are you  
lost? . . . Have you urged up - on those who are stray - ing, The  
Him? . . . Have you spo - ken the word of sal - va - tion To  
sin; . . . We will bar - ri - ers be and a hin - drance To



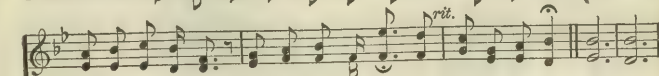
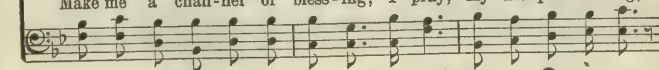
## CHORUS.



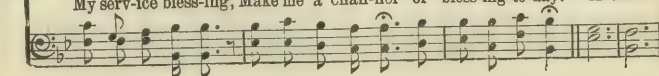
read - y His ser-vice to do?  
Sav - ior who died on the cross? Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day,  
those who are dy-ing in sin?  
those we are try-ing to win.



Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing, I pray; My life pos - sess-ing,



My serv-ice bless-ing, Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day. A - MEN.



## Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home— Call - ing to - day,  
 2. Je - sus is call - ing the wear - y to rest— Call - ing to - day,  
 3. Je - sus is wait - ing; O come to Him now— Wait - ing to - day,  
 4. Je - sus is plead - ing; O list to His voice: Hear Him to - day,

call - ing to - day; Why from the sun - shine of love wilt thou roam  
 call - ing to - day; Bring Him thy bur - den and thou shalt be blest:  
 wait - ing to - day; Come with thy sins; at His feet low - ly bow;  
 hear Him to - day; They who be - lieve on His name shall re - joice;

## REFRAIN.

Far - ther and far - ther a - way?  
 He will not turn thee a - way. Call - - ing to - day, . . .  
 Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.  
 Quick - ly a - rise and a - way. Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day,

Call - - - ing to - day, . . . Je - - - - sus is  
 Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day, Je - sus is ten - der - ly

call - - - ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day. A - MEN.  
 call - ing to - day,




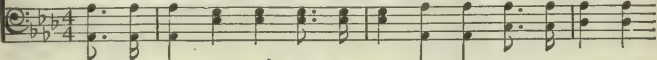
## I Am Thine, O Lord.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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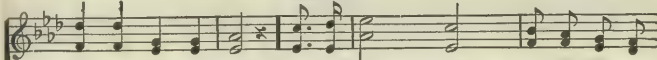
W. H. Doane.

- 
1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
  2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
  3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore Thy
  4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the



love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be  
 grace di-vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my  
 throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I com-  
 nar-row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I


## REFRAIN.



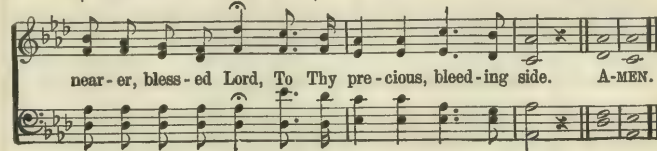
clo-ser drawn to Thee.  
 will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - - er, near-er, bless-ed  
 mune as friend with friend!  
 rest in peace with Thee. near - er, near - er,



Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near - er, near - er,

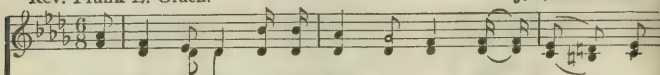


near - er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed-ing side. A-MEN.

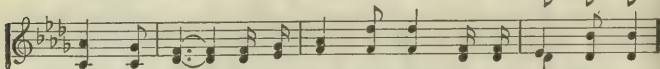
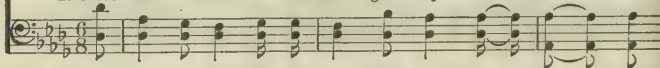


Rev. Frank E. Graeff.

J. Lincoln Hall.



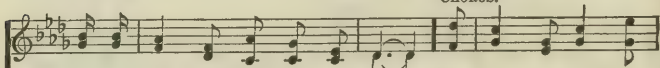
1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep - ly for  
 2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less  
 3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re - sist some temp-  
 4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good - by" To the dear - est on



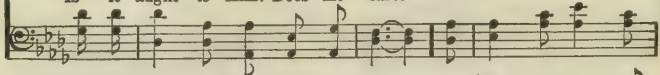
mirth or song; As the bur - dens press, And the cares dis - tress,  
 dread and fear; As the day - light fades In - to deep night shades,  
 ta - tion strong; When for my deep grief There is no re - lief,  
 earth to me, And my sad heart aches Till it near - ly breaks,



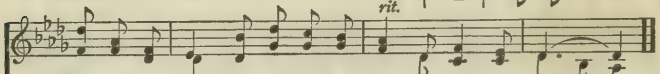
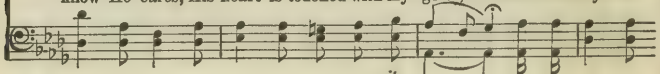
## CHORUS.



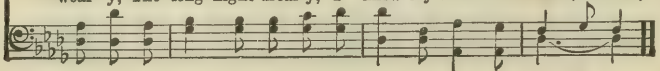
And the way grows wear - y and long?  
 Does He care e - nough to be near? O yes, He cares, I  
 Tho' my tears flow all the night long?  
 Is it aught to Him? Does He care?



know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief; . . . When the days are



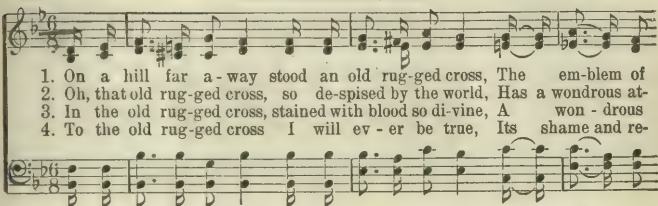
wear - y, The long night drear - y, I know my Sav - ior cares. (He cares.)



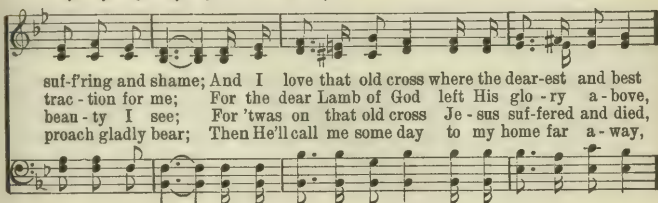
G. B.

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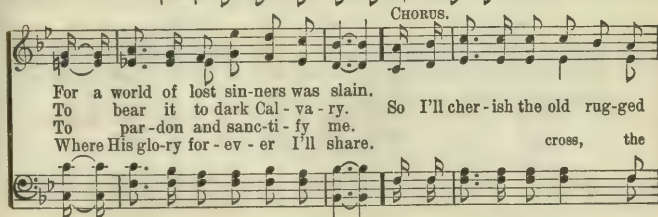
Rev. Geo. Bennard.



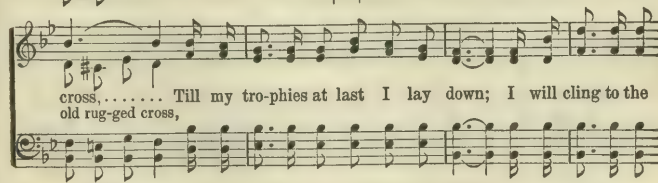
1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of  
 2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a wondrous at-  
 3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won-drous  
 4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev-er be true, Its shame and re-



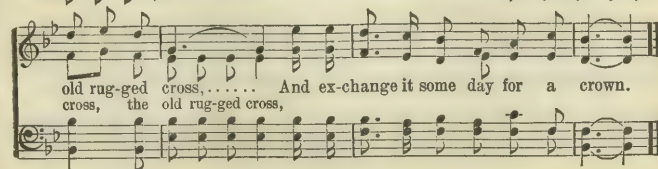
suf-fring and shame; And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best  
 trac-tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-bove,  
 bean-ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died,  
 proach gladly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way,



CHORUS.  
 For a world of lost sin-ners was slain.  
 To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry. So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged  
 To par-don and sanc-ti-fy me.  
 Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share. cross, the



cross,..... Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the  
 old rug-ged cross,



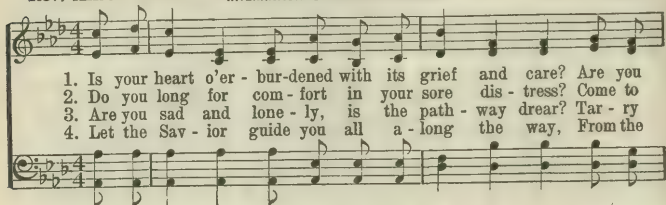
old rug-ged cross,..... And ex-change it some day for a crown.  
 cross, the old rug-ged cross,

# 325 Carry All Your Sorrows To Him.

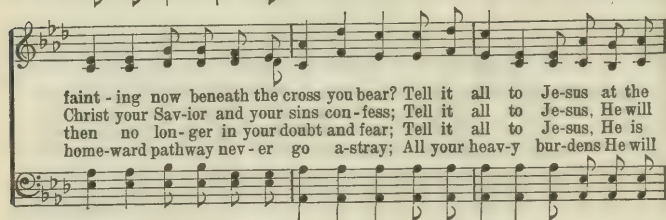
Rev. Alfred Barratt.

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Thos. Benton.

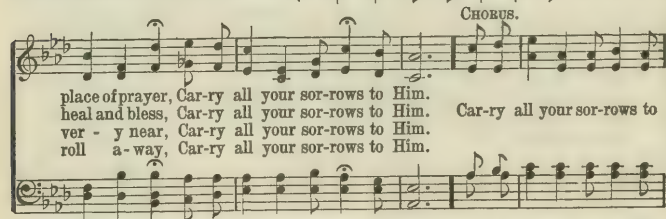


1. Is your heart o'er - bur - dened with its grief and care? Are you  
2. Do you long for com - fort in your sore dis - tress? Come to  
3. Are you sad and lone - ly, is the path - way drear? Tar - ry  
4. Let the Sav - ior guide you all a - long the way, From the

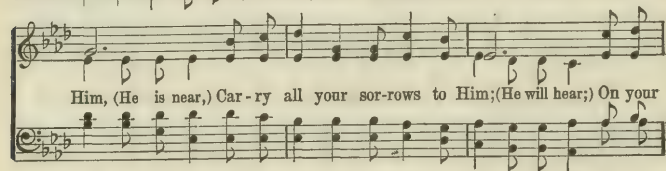


faint - ing now beneath the cross you bear? Tell it all to Je - sus at the  
Christ your Sav - ior and your sins con - fess; Tell it all to Je - sus, He will  
then no lon - ger in your doubt and fear; Tell it all to Je - sus, He is  
home - ward pathway nev - er go a - stray; All your heav - y bur - dens He will

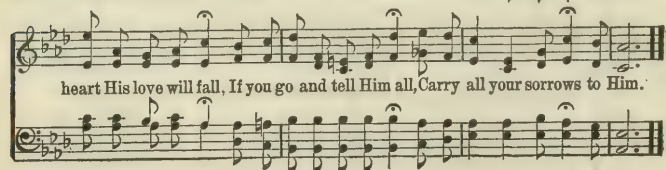
CHORUS.



place of prayer, Car - ry all your sor - rows to Him.  
heal and bless, Car - ry all your sor - rows to Him. Car - ry all your sor - rows to  
ver - y near, Car - ry all your sor - rows to Him.  
roll a - way, Car - ry all your sor - rows to Him.



Him, (He is near,) Car - ry all your sor - rows to Him; (He will hear;) On your



heart His love will fall, If you go and tell Him all, Carry all your sorrows to Him.

# 326 Jesus is Real and Precious to Me.

H. G. T.  
SOLO.

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ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

1. Tho' all things this world holds as pre - cious Are ta - ken from  
2. Should some earth - ly care come op - press - ing, Some cloud thro' which  
3. A - lone, and a - way from my loved ones, No words from their  
4. O soul, in this world ev - er chang - ing, Now seek - ing some

me here be - low, There's one pre - cious truth that I treas - ure,  
I can - not see, I've one con - stant Friend, it is Je - sus,  
lips can I hear; And yet there is One far more pre - cious,  
friend that is true, There's One who is stead - fast, un - fail - ing,

CHORUS.

Je - sus is real, this I know.  
He is as real as can be. Je - sus is real and  
Je - sus is real, and is near.  
Je - sus is real; He seeks you.

pre - cious to me, Je - sus is real to me; (to me;) All that the

world holds as treas - ure may go, But Je - sus is real to me. (to me.)

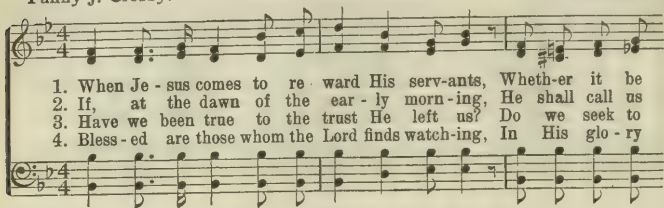


# 327 Will Jesus find Us Watching?

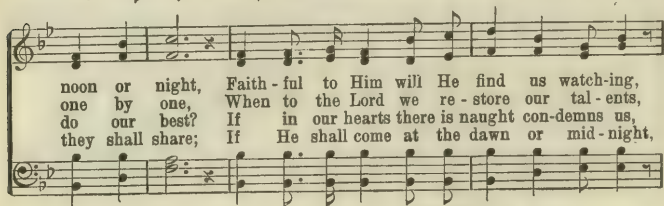
COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY W. H. DOANE.

Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane.



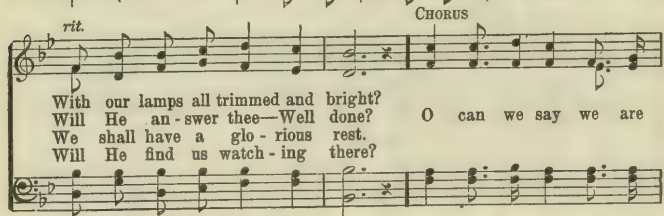
1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His serv - ants, Wheth - er it be  
 2. If, at the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing, He shall call us  
 3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to  
 4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watch - ing, In His glo - ry



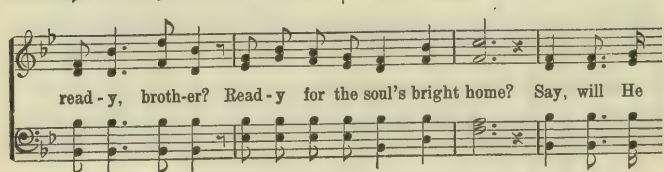
noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watch - ing,  
 one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,  
 do our best? If in our hearts there is naught con - demns us,  
 they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid - night,

*rit.*

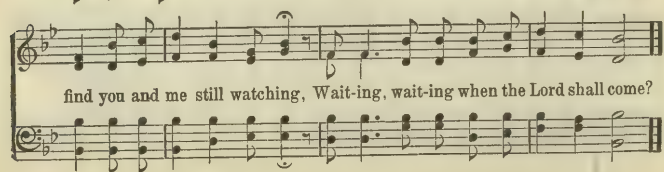
CHORUS



With our lamps all trimmed and bright?  
 Will He an - swer thee—Well done? O can we say we are  
 We shall have a glo - rious rest.  
 Will He find us watch - ing there?



read - y, broth - er? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say, will He



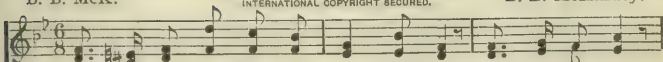
find you and me still watching, Wait - ing, wait - ing when the Lord shall come?

## Calling You Home.

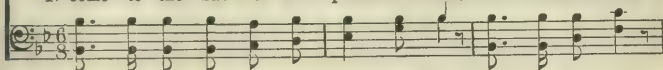

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.



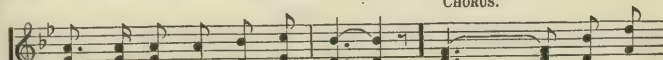
1. Je - sus is call - ing you o'er and o'er, Call - ing you home.  
2. Je - sus is read - y to save your soul, Read - y to save,  
3. Je - sus is plead - ing, no lon - ger roam, Plead - ing to - day,  
4. Come to the Sav - ior for peace and rest, Come to Him now,


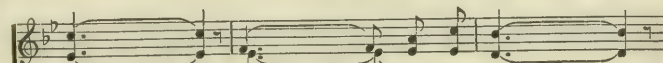
Call - ing you home; Oft - en He's ten - der - ly called be - fore,  
Read - y to save; Come with your bur - den and be made whole,  
Plead - ing to - day; Trust in His mer - cy, come home, come home,  
Come to Him now; Ful - ly sur - ren - der and you'll be blest,





## CHORUS.



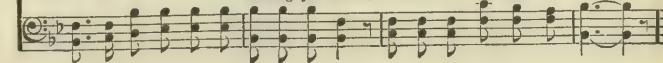
Je - sus is call - ing you home. Call - - - ing you  
While He is read - y to save.  
While He is plead - ing to - day.  
Come to the Sav - ior, come now. Call - ing you home,

home, Call - ing you home, Call - ing you home, Call - ing you home,  
Call - ing you home, Call - ing you home, Call - ing you home,

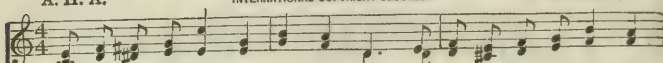
Je - sus my Sav - ior is call - ing, Call - ing you home.  
call - ing you home, Call - ing you, call - ing you home.



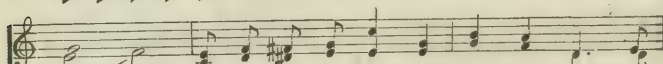
A. H. A.

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A. H. Ackley.

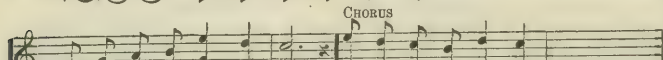


1. In the win-ter's snow, so soft and white, And in the fragrant breath of  
 2. In the fields of grain and fruit - ful trees, And in the harvest store they  
 3. In the flow'rs of ma - ny forms and hues, And in each tin - y creep - ing  
 4. In the gift of Christ to us He gave, And in the cross to which we

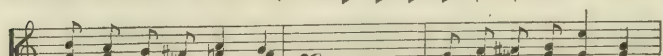


spring; In the sun - ny morn and moon - light night, I  
 bring; In the gen - tle, cool - ing, sum - mer breeze, I  
 thing, In the dai - ly bless - ings that we use, I  
 cling: In the death He died the world to save, I


CHORUS



see God's wondrous pow'r and sing. I can find Him ev - 'ry - where,  
 see God's wondrous care and sing.  
 see God's wis - dom, too, and sing.  
 see God's wondrous love and sing. I can find Him, find Him ev - 'ry - where,



All the world re - veals God's care; God's care; God is great and glo - rious,

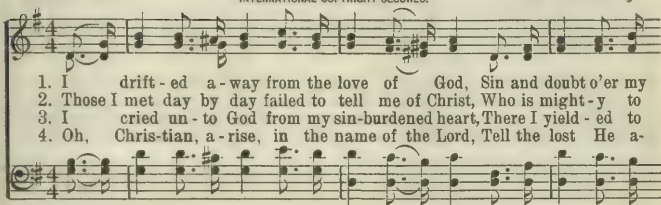


King of love, vic - to - rious, I can find Him ev - 'ry - where,  
 I can find Him, find Him ev - 'ry - where.

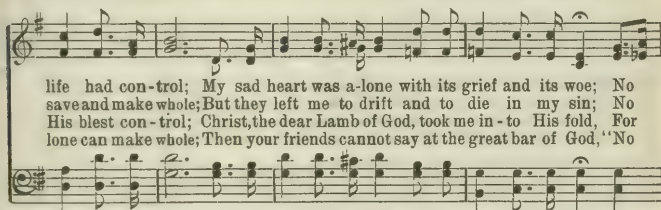
B. B. McK.

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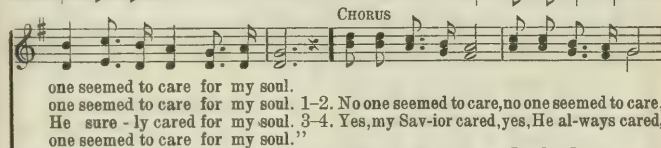
B. B. McKinney.



1. I drift - ed a - way from the love of God, Sin and doubt o'er my  
 2. Those I met day by day failed to tell me of Christ, Who is might - y to  
 3. I cried un - to God from my sin-burdened heart, There I yield - ed to  
 4. Oh, Chris-tian, a - rise, in the name of the Lord, Tell the lost He a -

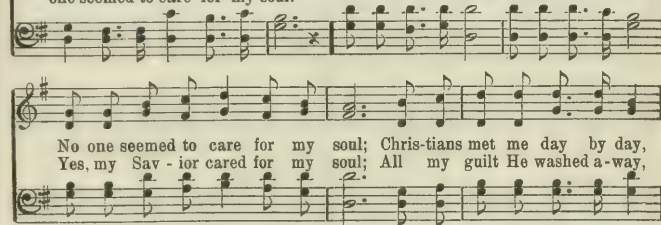


life had con-trol; My sad heart was a-lone with its grief and its woe; No  
 save and make whole; But they left me to drift and to die in my sin; No  
 His blest con-trol; Christ, the dear Lamb of God, took me in - to His fold, For  
 lone can make whole; Then your friends cannot say at the great bar of God, "No

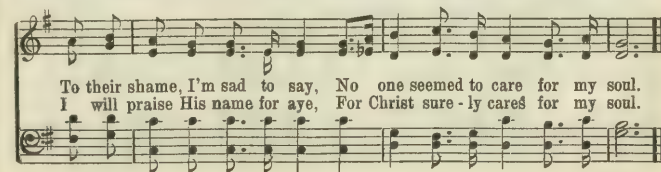


CHORUS

one seemed to care for my soul.  
 one seemed to care for my soul. 1-2. No one seemed to care, no one seemed to care,  
 He sure - ly cared for my soul. 3-4. Yes, my Sav-ior cared, yes, He al-ways cared,  
 one seemed to care for my soul."



No one seemed to care for my soul; Chris-tians met me day by day,  
 Yes, my Sav-ior cared for my soul; All my guilt He washed a-way,

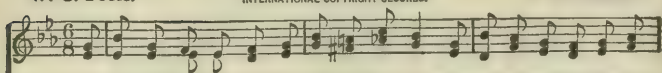


To their shame, I'm sad to say, No one seemed to care for my soul.  
 I will praise His name for aye, For Christ sure - ly cares for my soul.

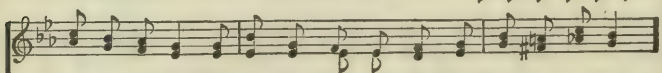
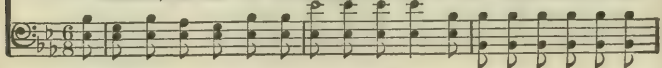
W. C. Poole.

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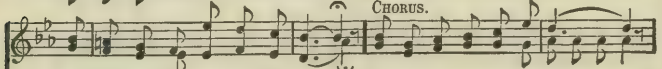
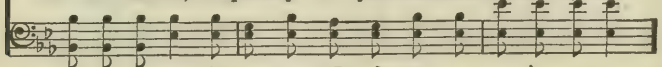
D. M. Shanks.



1. O think of the work that is wait-ing for you, O think of the things that no
2. Some-where is a load that is heav-y to bear; Some-where is a life that is
3. There's some-one who's waiting the story to hear, Of won-der-ful love that will
4. O has-ten, for soon will be set-ting of sun; O hasten, for soon will your



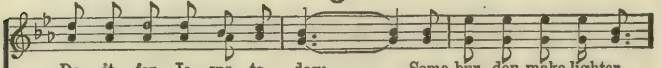
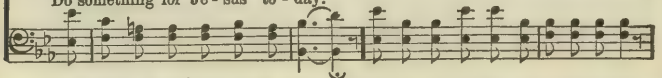
oth - er can do, Then go in the name of the Mas-ter so true,  
 anx-ious with care; Go quick-ly with Je - sus their bur-den to share,  
 ban - ish all fear; To hearts that are wea - ry bring com-fort and cheer;  
 life work be done; Go quick-ly if you would have vic - to - ry won,



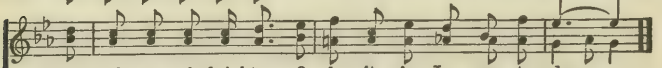
CHORUS.

And do them for Je - sus to - day.  
 Go do it for Je - sus to - day.  
 Go tell it for Je - sus to - day.  
 Do something for Je - sus to - day.

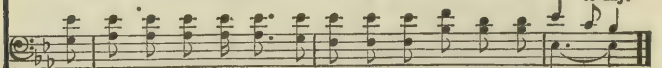
Do it for Je - sus to - day,.....  
 for Je - sus to - day,



Do it for Je - sus to - day;..... Some bur - den make lighter,  
 for Je - sus to - day;



Some path-way make brighter, O do it for Je - sus to - day. . . .  
 to-day.

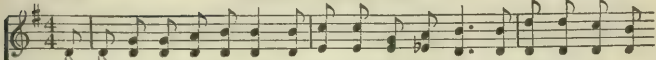




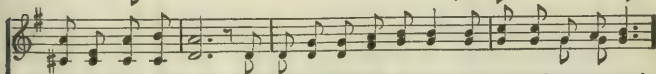
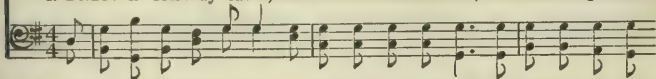
F. A. B.

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ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

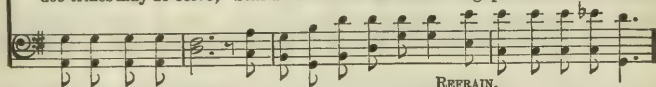
F. A. Blackmer.



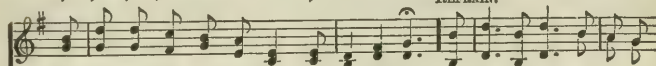
1. I do be-lieve the Bi-ble; the bless-ed Word of God, And close un-to its
2. It was my parents' counsel, to them its truths were grand, And mem'ry oft a
3. I once was lost, and dy-ing in dark-ness and de-spair, And o'er my lost con-
4. Bold in-fi-dels may cav-il, and scorn the bless-ed Book, And with their groundless



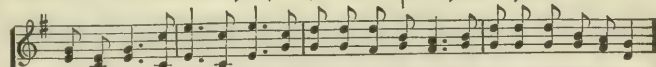
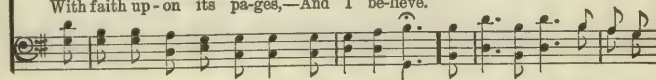
prom-is-es I cleave; It points me to the pathway the saints and martyrs trod,  
pictures sweet doth weave Of that "old-fashioned Bi-ble that lay up-on the stand,"  
di-tion long I grieved, Un-til I searched the Bi-ble and learned of Je-sus there,  
doc-trines may de-ceive; Still all the while the Bi-ble brings peace to those who look



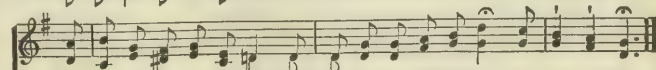
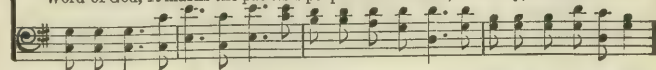
REFRAIN.



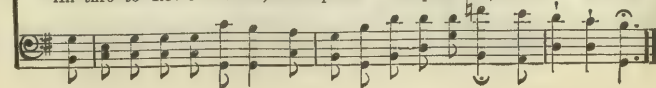
My Fa-ther is its author,—And I be-lieve.  
In life, in death, it cheered them,—And I be-lieve. Yes, I be-lieve the bless-ed  
Whosweetly blest and saved me,—When I be-lieved.  
With faith up-on its pa-ges,—And I be-lieve.



Word of God, It marks the path His people all have trod; The story, from cre-a-tion,



All thro' to "Rev-e-la-tion," Bears proof of in-spi-ra-tion,—And I be-lieve.



## Christ Returneth.

H. L. Turner.

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James McGranahan.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a - wak - ing, When sunlight thro'  
2. It may be at mid - day, it may be at twi - light, It may be, per -  
3. While its hosts cry Hosanna, from heav - en de - scend - ing, With glo - ri - fied  
4. Oh, joy! oh, de - light! should we go with - out dy - ing, No sick - ness, no

dark - ness and shad - ow is break - ing, That Je - sus will come in the  
chance, that the blackness of mid - night Will burst in - to light in the  
saints and the an - gels at - tend - ing, With grace on His brow, like a  
sad - ness, no dread and no cry - ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our

full - ness of glo - ry, To re - ceive from the world "His own."  
blaze of His glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."  
ha - lo of glo - ry, Will Je - sus re - ceive "His own."  
Lord in - to glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."

## CHORUS.

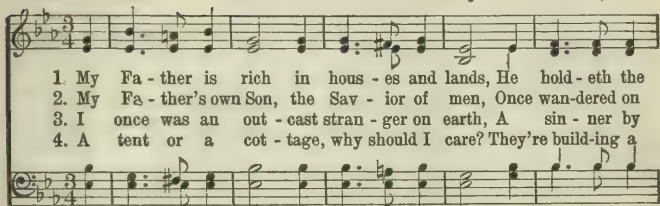
O Lord Je - sus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song, Christ re -

turn - eth! Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

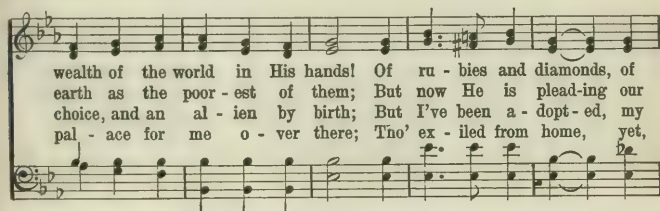
## A Child of the King.

Hattie E. Buell.

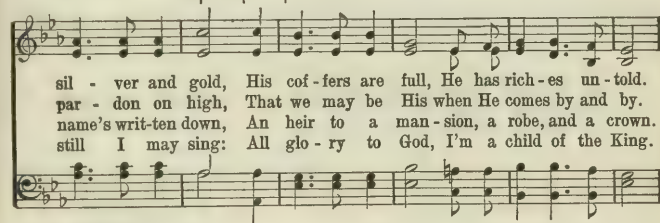
Rev. John B. Sumner, arr.



1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the  
 2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - ior of men, Once wan - dered on  
 3. I once was an out - cast stran - ger on earth, A sin - ner by  
 4. A tent or a cot - tage, why should I care? They're build - ing a

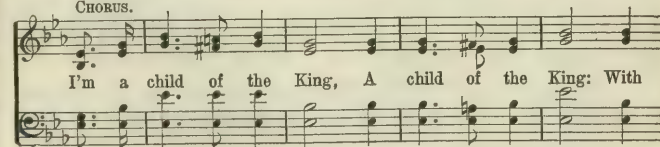


wealth of the world in His hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds, of  
 earth as the poor - est of them; But now He is plead - ing our  
 choice, and an al - ien by birth; But I've been a - dopt - ed, my  
 pal - ace for me o - ver there; Tho' ex - iled from home, yet,

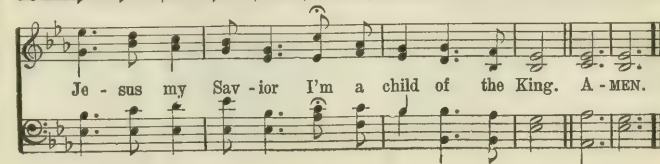


sil - ver and gold, His cof - fers are full, He has rich - es un - told.  
 par - don on high, That we may be His when He comes by and by.  
 name's writ - ten down, An heir to a man - sion, a robe, and a crown.  
 still I may sing: All glo - ry to God, I'm a child of the King.

## CHORUS.



I'm a child of the King, A child of the King: With



Je - sus my Sav - ior I'm a child of the King. A - MEN.

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. Bright is the light of the "Old Rug-ged Cross," Fol-low the gleam,  
 2. Fol-low the gleam in the days of thy youth, Fol-low the gleam,  
 3. Fol-low the gleam in the noontime of life, Fol-low the gleam,  
 4. Fol-low the gleam till the close of life's day, Fol-low the gleam,

fol-low the gleam; Guid-ing a world from its sor-row and loss,  
 fol-low the gleam; Lift up God's ban-ner, the ban-ner of truth,  
 fol-low the gleam; On-ward to con-quer all sin and its strife,  
 fol-low the gleam; "Well done, good ser-vant," the Mas-ter will say,

CHORUS.

Fol-low the heav-en-ly gleam . . .  
 Fol-low the heav-en-ly gleam . . . Fol-low the gleam.  
 Fol-low the heav-en-ly gleam . . .  
 Fol-low the heav-en-ly gleam . . .

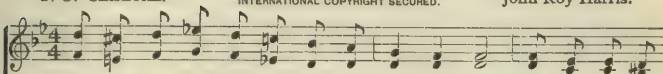
Follow the gleam, Christ the great Light shines thro' the night, Make Him your

theme, He is su-preme, Fol-low the gleam, the heav-en-ly gleam.

T. O. Chisholm.

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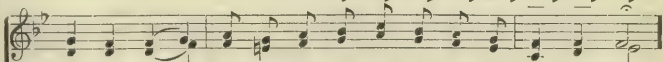
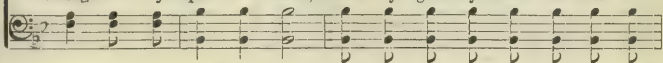
John Roy Harris.



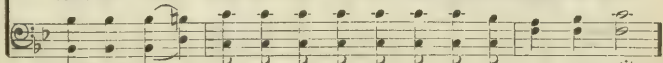
1. Lis - ten while I tell how Je - sus saved my soul, Saved from sin's de -  
 2. Oft - en had He called me, but I would not heed, Go - ing on my  
 3. But there came an hour, oh! bless - ed hour for me. Hallowed in my  
 4. Like a sud - den wak - ing from a trou - bled dream, Did that wondrous



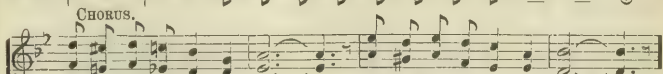
spair and from sin's con - trol; Sought me till He found me in the  
 way, hard my heart in - deed; Oh! how great His pa - tience thus so  
 mem - 'ry 'twill ev - er be; When my heart re - spond - ed to His  
 change to my spir - it seem; Gone my guil - ty fears and now a



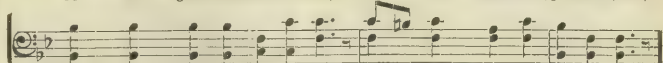
des - ert wild, How my heart thro' Him to God was rec - on - ciled.  
 long to wait Till my wand'ring feet would turn t'ward mercy's gate!  
 gra - cious call, And His love re - ceived me and for - gave me all.  
 voice di - vine Told me that e - ter - nal life thro' Christ was mine.



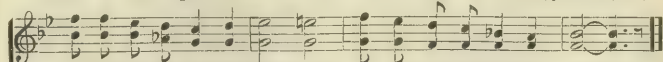
## CHORUS.



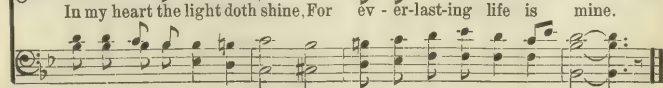
Jesus gave Himself for me, I am ransomed, pardoned, free; . . .  
 Je - sus gave Him - self for me, I am ransomed, pardoned, free;



Je - sus gave Him - self for me, I am ransomed, pardoned, free;



In my heart the light doth shine, For ev - er - last - ing life is mine.



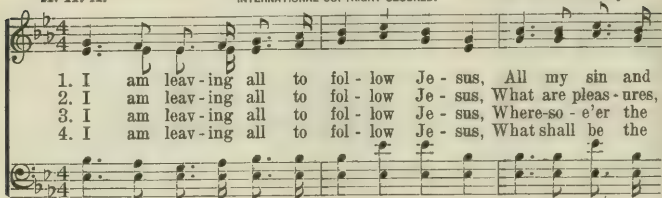


# 337 Leaving All To follow Jesus.

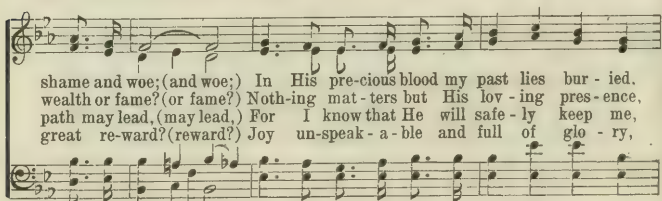
A. H. A.

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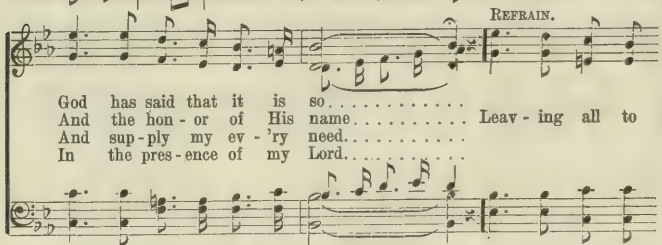
Rev. A. H. Ackley.



1. I am leav-ing all to fol-low Je-sus, All my sin and  
2. I am leav-ing all to fol-low Je-sus, What are pleas-ures,  
3. I am leav-ing all to fol-low Je-sus, Where-so-e'er the  
4. I am leav-ing all to fol-low Je-sus, What shall be the

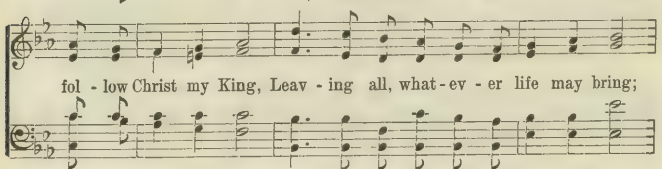


shame and woe; (and woe;) In His pre-cious blood my past lies bur-ied.  
wealth or fame? (or fame?) Noth-ing mat-ters but His lov-ing pres-ence,  
path may lead, (may lead,) For I know that He will safe-ly keep me,  
great re-ward? (reward?) Joy un-speak-a-ble and full of glo-ry,

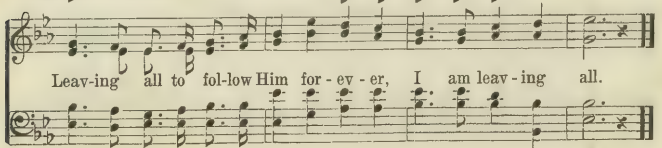


REFRAIN.

God has said that it is so.....  
And the hon-or of His name..... Leav-ing all to  
And sup-ply my ev-ry need.....  
In the pres-ence of my Lord.....



fol-low Christ my King, Leav-ing all, what-ev-er life may bring;



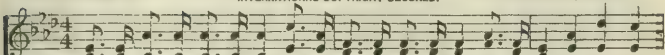
Leav-ing all to fol-low Him for-ev-er, I am leav-ing all.

## Jesus Intercedes for Me.

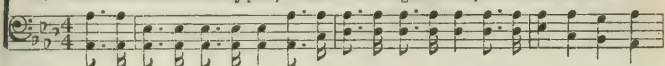

N. B. Herrell.

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Haldor Lillenas.



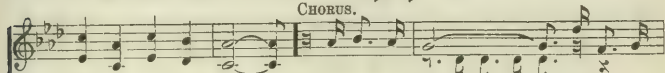
1. When I go to God in pray'r, when in faith I tar-ry there, Je-sus in-ter-cedes for  
 2. When I tell Him all my need, He's a Friend, a Friend indeed, Je-sus in-ter-cedes for  
 3. When my path seems rough and steep and my heart is made to weep, Je-sus in-ter-cedes for  
 4. When I make His blood my plea, all must work for good to me, Je-sus in-ter-cedes for

me;.... When His ho - ly Name I plead, grace He gives for ev - 'ry need, Je - sus  
 me;.... Not one word can ev - er fail since He rent in twain the veil, Je - sus  
 me;.... Strength a-new He gives each day while I labor, watch and pray, Je - sus  
 me;.... Till my race on earth is run, till I hear Him say, "well done," Je - sus




## CHORUS.



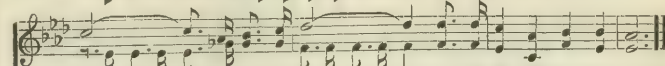
in - ter-cedes for me....  
 in - ter-cedes for me....  
 in - ter-cedes for me....  
 in - ter-cedes for me....

He in - ter - cedes..... for me, He

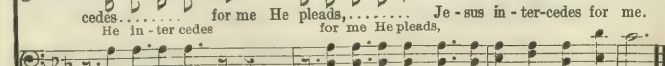
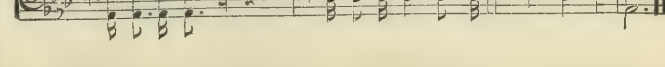
He in - ter-cedes

pleads,..... In the presence of the Father Je-sus intercedes for me He in - ter -  
 for me He pleads,

cedes..... for me He pleads,..... Je - sus in - ter-cedes for me.  
 He in - ter cedes for me He pleads,

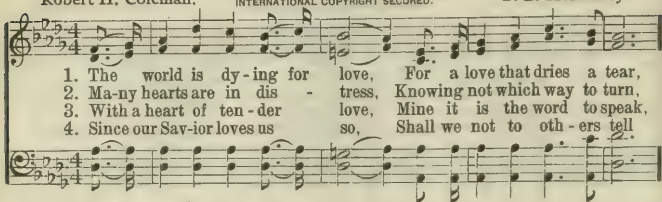



# 339 The World Is Dying for Love.

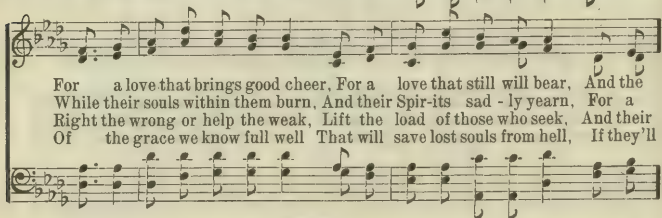
Robert H. Coleman.

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B. B. McKinney.

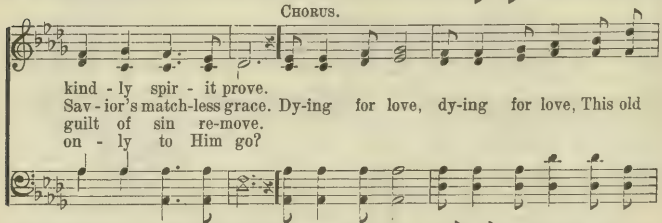


1. The world is dy-ing for love, For a love that dries a tear,  
2. Ma-ny hearts are in dis - tress, Knowing not which way to turn,  
3. With a heart of ten - der love, Mine it is the word to speak,  
4. Since our Sav-ior loves us so, Shall we not to oth - ers tell.

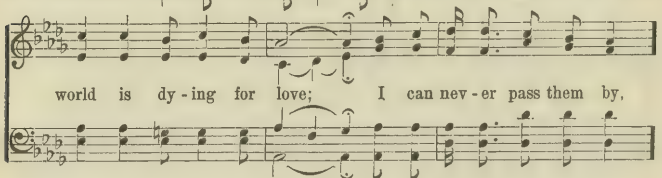


For a love that brings good cheer, For a love that still will bear, And the  
While their souls within them burn, And their Spir-its sad - ly yearn, For a  
Right the wrong or help the weak, Lift the load of those who seek, And their  
Of the grace we know full well That will save lost souls from hell, If they'll

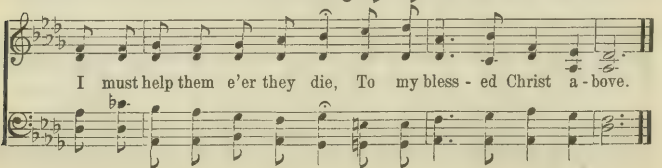
## CHORUS.



kind - ly spir - it prove.  
Sav-ior's match-less grace. Dy-ing for love, dy-ing for love, This old  
guilt of sin re-move.  
on - ly to Him go?



world is dy-ing for love; I can nev - er pass them by,



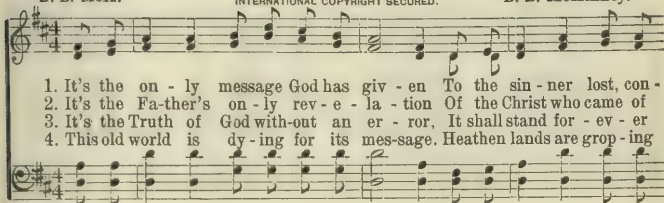
I must help them e'er they die, To my bless - ed Christ a - bove.

B. B. McK.

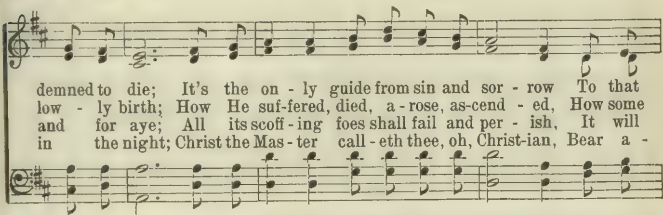
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B. B. McKinney.

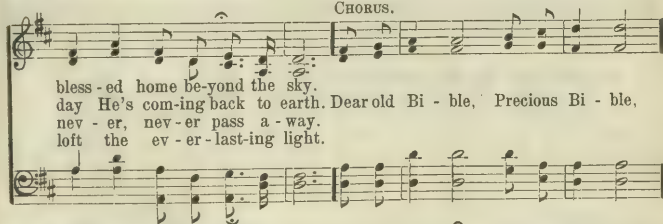


1. It's the on - ly message God has giv - en To the sin - ner lost, con -  
 2. It's the Fa - ther's on - ly rev - e - la - tion Of the Christ who came of  
 3. It's the Truth of God with - out an er - ror, It shall stand for - ev - er  
 4. This old world is dy - ing for its mes - sage. Heathen lands are grop - ing

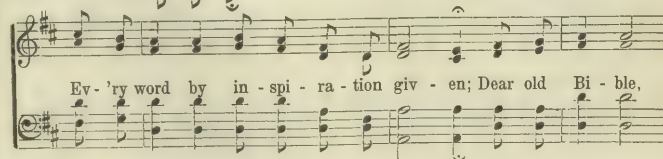


demned to die; It's the on - ly guide from sin and sor - row To that  
 low - ly birth; How He suf - fer - ed, died, a - rose, as - cend - ed, How some  
 and for aye; All its scoff - ing foes shall fail and per - ish, It will  
 in the night; Christ the Mas - ter call - eth thee, oh, Christ - ian, Bear a -

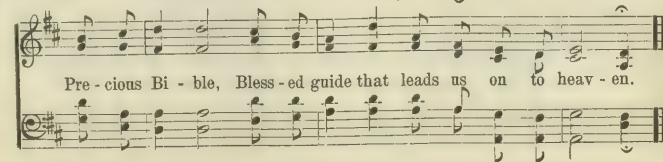
## CHORUS.



bles - ed home be - yond the sky.  
 day He's com - ing back to earth. Dear old Bi - ble, Precious Bi - ble,  
 nev - er, nev - er pass a - way.  
 loft the ev - er - last - ing light.



Ev - 'ry word by in - spi - ra - tion giv - en; Dear old Bi - ble,

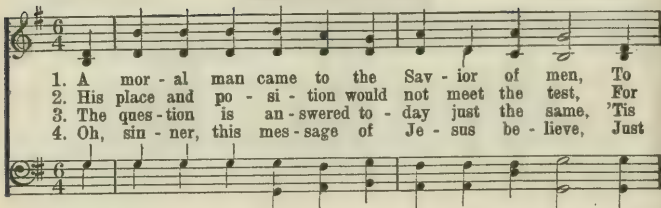


Pre - cious Bi - ble, Bless - ed guide that leads us on to heav - en.

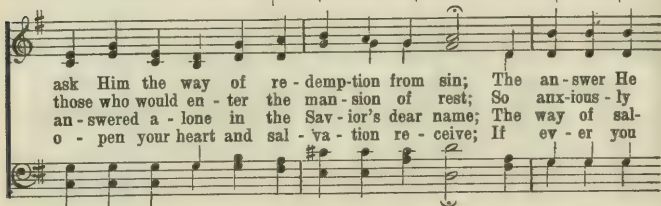
B. B. McK.

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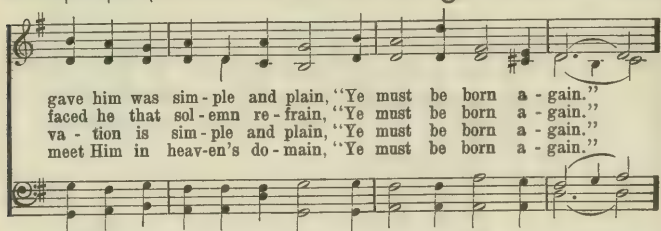
B. B. McKinney.



1. A mor - al man came to the Sav - ior of men, To  
 2. His place and po - si - tion would not meet the test, For  
 3. The ques - tion is an - swered to - day just the same, 'Tis  
 4. Oh, sin - ner, this mes - sage of Je - sus be - lieve, Just

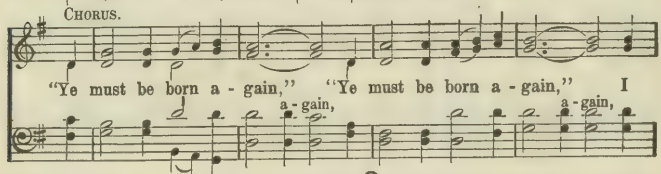


ask Him the way of re - demp - tion from sin; The an - swer He  
 those who would en - ter the man - sion of rest; So aux - ious - ly  
 an - swered a - lone in the Sav - ior's dear name; The way of sal -  
 o - pen your heart and sal - va - tion re - ceive; If ev - er you

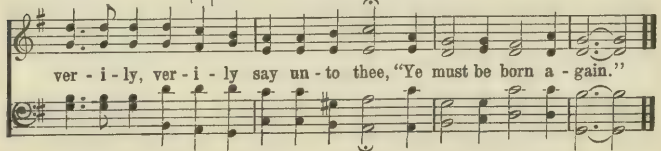


gave him was sim - ple and plain, "Ye must be born a - gain."  
 faced he that sol - emn re - frain, "Ye must be born a - gain."  
 va - tion is sim - ple and plain, "Ye must be born a - gain."  
 meet Him in heav - en's do - main, "Ye must be born a - gain."

## CHORUS.



"Ye must be born a - gain," "Ye must be born a - gain," I  
 a - gain, a - gain, a - gain,



ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly say un - to thee, "Ye must be born a - gain."

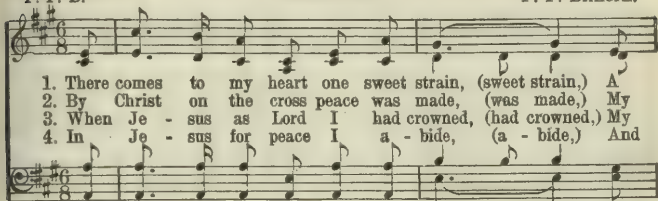


# 342 Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

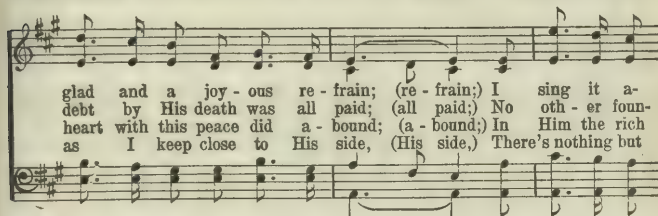
P. P. B.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY P. P. BILHORN.  
RENEWAL, 1919.

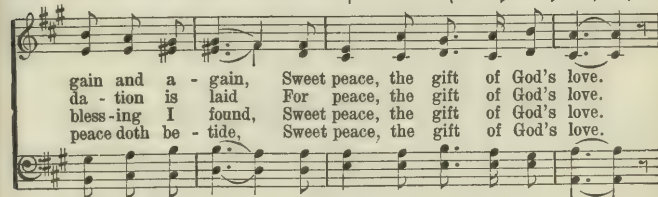
P. P. Bilhorn.



1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, (sweet strain,) A  
 2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, (was made,) My  
 3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned, (had crowned,) My  
 4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, (a - bide,) And

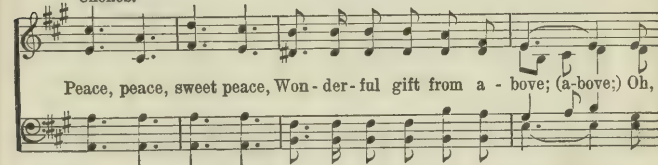


glad and a joy - ous re - frain; (re - frain;) I sing it a -  
 debt by His death was all paid; (all paid;) No oth - er foun -  
 heart with this peace did a - bound; (a - bound;) In Him the rich  
 as I keep close to His side, (His side,) There's nothing but

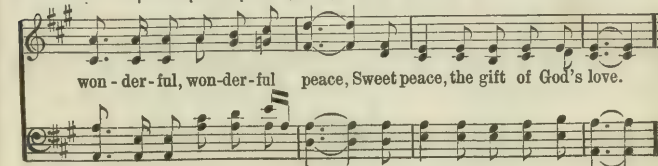


gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.  
 da - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.  
 bless - ing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.  
 peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

CHORUS.



Peace, peace, sweet peace, Won - der - ful gift from a - bove; (a - bove;) Oh,

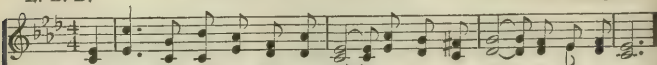


won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

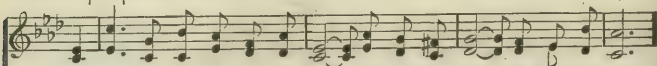
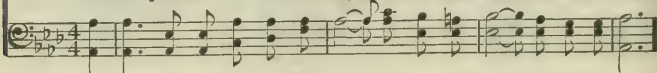
L. B. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

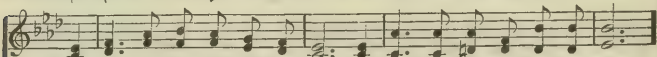
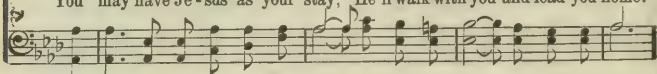
L. B. Bridgers.



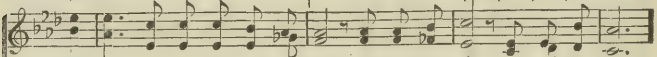
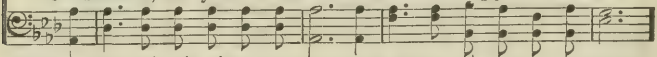
1. Some day I'll cross the mys-tic stream, It won't be long, it may be soon;
2. Some day this mor-tal life shall cease, It won't be long, it may be soon;
3. He's com-ing back with glo-ry rare, It won't be long, it may be soon;
4. Then as you trav-el on life's way, Thro' waters deep, or bil-lows' foam;



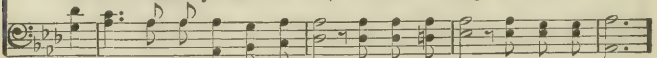
Some day I'll lay my bur-dens down, It won't be long, it may be soon;  
 Some day I'll see my Sav-ior's face, It won't be long, it may be soon;  
 We'll rise to meet Him in the air, It won't be long, it may be soon;  
 You may have Je-sus as your stay, He'll walk with you and lead you home.



Some day I'll reach the gold-en shore, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more,  
 Some day I'll leave this vale of tears, For-get the strug-gles of long years,  
 If He should call me, this I know: I'm saved and read-y now to go,  
 O broth-er, will you let Him in? He'll save and keep you free from sin,



I'll meet the ones who've gone be-fore, It won't be long, it may be soon.  
 I'll know no sor-row, pain, nor fears; It won't be long, it may be soon.  
 I'm wait-ing with my heart a-glow; It won't be long, it may be soon.  
 Till heav-en's door you en-ter in; It won't be long, it may be soon.

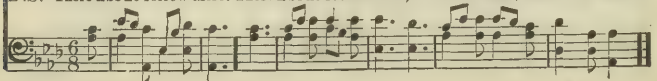


♫ Sing after last verse. FINE.



D. S.

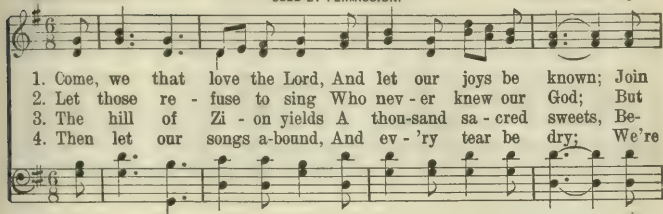
D.S.—There'll be no sorrow there. There'll be no sorrow there, In heav'n above, where all is love,



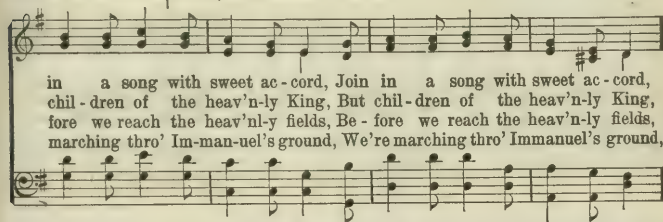
Isaac Watts.

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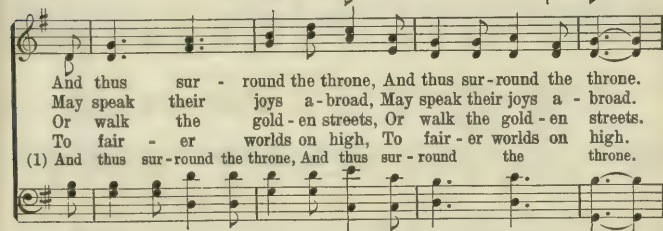
Robert Lowry.



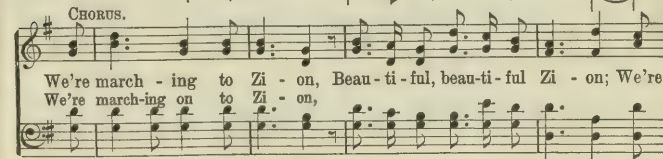
1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join  
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But  
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa - cred sweets, Be-  
 4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're



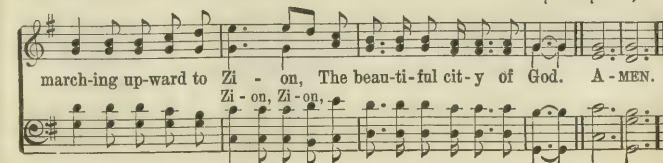
in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,  
 chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King,  
 fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields,  
 marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,



And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.  
 May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.  
 Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.  
 To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.  
 (1) And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.



CHORUS.  
 We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're  
 We're march - ing on to Zi - on,



march - ing up - ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God. A - MEN.  
 Zi - on, Zi - on,


A. H. A.

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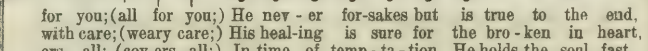
Rev. A. H. Ackley.

1. I sing you the song of a won-der-ful friend, Whose love is unmeasured  
2. To - day He is wait-ing new strength to impart, When life has grown weary  
3. What-ev-er the sin and the shame of the past, His soul-cleansing blood cov-

you;.....



for you;(all for you;) He nev - er for-sakes but is true to the end,  
with care;(weary care;) His heal-ing is sure for the bro - ken in heart,  
ers all;(cov-ers all;) In time of temp - ta - tion He holds the soul fast,



you;.....

CHORUS.

No mat-ter what oth-ers may do.  
And all who are lost in de - spair. He loves you far more than you  
And saves all on Him who will call.

know,..... so:.....

know, (than you know,) He died because He loved you so; (loved you so;) He

This is a musical score for a hymn. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves. The score includes a repeat sign at the beginning and a double bar line at the end. The lyrics are: 'know, (than you know,) He died because He loved you so; (loved you so;) He'. The melody is simple and melodic, with a range of one octave. The accompaniment is also simple, using chords and single notes. The overall style is that of a traditional hymn tune.

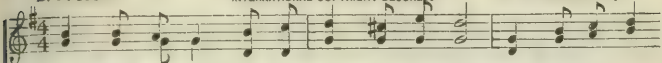
gave up His throne just to make you His own, He loves you far more than you know.

# 346 Love Sings A Song In My Heart.

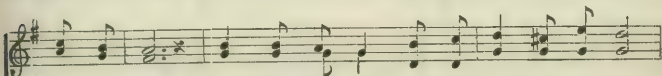
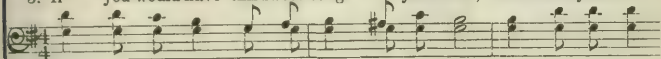
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B. B. McK.

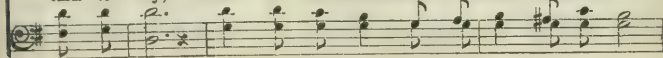
B. B. McKinney.



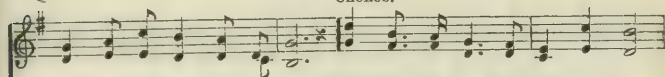
1. Love found its way to my sin - bur - dened soul, Caused me from sin
2. I have a song that the world can - not sing, Since Christ has saved
3. If you would have this sweet song in your soul, Turn from your sin,



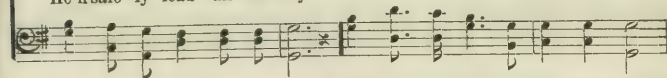
to de - part; Christ reigns with - in, He has per - fect con - trol,  
me from sin; Love's mel - o - dy, oh, what peace it doth bring,  
turn to - day; Come un - to Christ, He will save and make whole,



## CHORUS.



Love sings a song in my heart.  
Ring - ing so sweet - ly with - in. Love sings a song, a glad new song,  
He'll safe - ly lead all the way.



Love sings a song in my heart; . . . Thro' His grace di - vine This sweet



mel - o - dy is mine, Wondrous love sings a song in my heart.



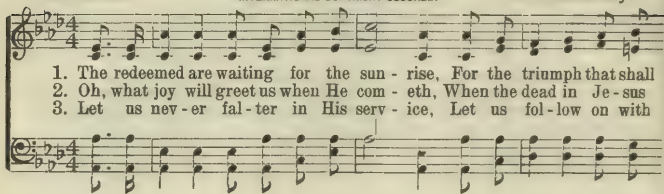


## Waiting for The Sunrise.

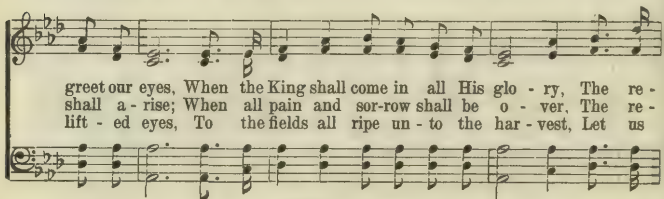
B. B. McK.

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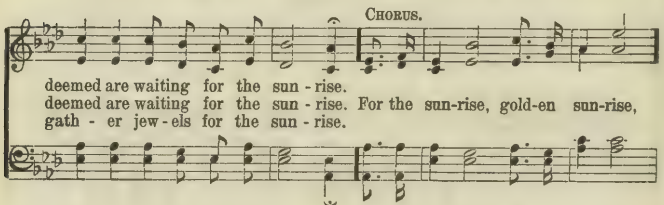
B. B. McKinney.



1. The redeemed are waiting for the sun - rise, For the triumph that shall  
2. Oh, what joy will greet us when He com - eth, When the dead in Je - sus  
3. Let us nev - er fal - ter in His serv - ice, Let us fol - low on with

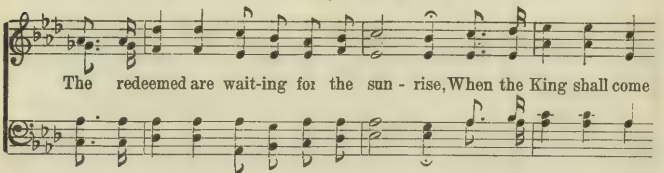


greet our eyes, When the King shall come in all His glo - ry, The re -  
shall a - rise; When all pain and sor - row shall be o - ver, The re -  
lift - ed eyes, To the fields all ripe un - to the har - vest, Let us

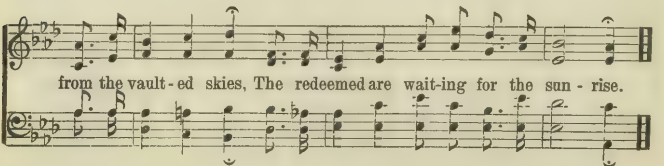


CHORUS.

deemed are waiting for the sun - rise.  
deemed are waiting for the sun - rise. For the sun-rise, gold-en sun-rise,  
gath - er jew - els for the sun - rise.



The redeemed are wait-ing for the sun - rise, When the King shall come

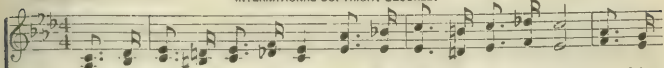


from the vault - ed skies, The redeemed are wait-ing for the sun - rise.

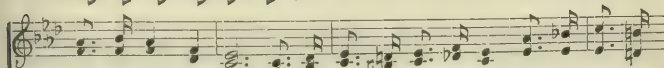
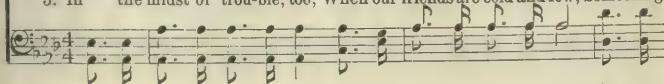
A. H. A.

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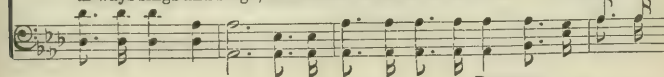
Rev. A. H. Ackley.



1. When the days are dark and long, I can hear the sweetest song, Something
2. In the bit-ter days of life, High a-bove the noise of strife, Something
3. In the midst of trou-ble, too, When our friends are cold and few, Something



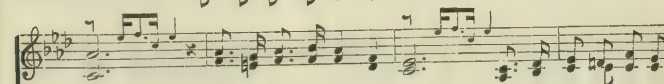
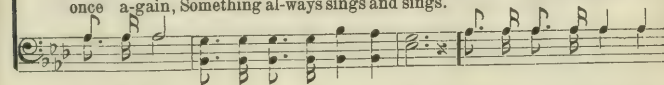
al-ways sings and sings; In the sunshine and the rain, I can hear the  
al-ways sings and sings; In the lon - li-ness and grief, There's a mes-sage  
al-ways sings and sings, And when life seems almost vain, I can hear it



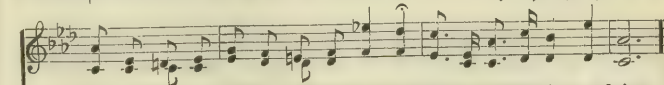
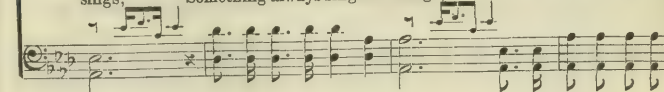
## REFRAIN.



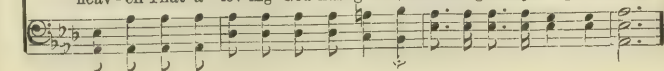
glad refrain, Something al-ways sings and sings.  
of re-lief, Something al-ways sings and sings. Something always sings and  
once a-gain, Something al-ways sings and sings.



sings, Something always sings and sings; Just a lit-tle bit of



heav-en That a lov-ing God has given, Something always sings and sings.



## Trust, Try and Prove Me.

L. S. L.

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ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

Lida Shivers Leech.

1. Bring ye all the tithes in - to the store-house, All your mon - ey,  
2. When my wav-'ring faith in tri - als fal - ter, When His guid - ing  
3. I have yield - ed Him my life for - ev - er, All I am, or

tal - ents, time and love; Con - se - crate them all up - on the  
hand I can - not see, Then in won - drous love and ten - der  
have, or hope to be; Naught on earth my hold on Him can

al - tar; While your Sav - ior from a - bove speaks sweet - ly,  
mer - cy, Thro' His word He says to me, My child, just  
sev - er, While I hear Him say to me, My child, just

## REFRAIN.

Trust Me, try Me, prove Me, saith the Lord of hosts, and see  
Trust Me, yes, then try Me, prove Me,

If a bless - ing, un - meas - ured bless - ing, I will not pour out on thee.

George O. Webster.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I need Je - sus, my need I now con-fess; No friend like Him in times of  
 2. I need Je - sus, I need a friend like Him, A friend to guide when paths of  
 3. I need Je - sus, I need Him to the end; No one like Him, He is the

deep dis-tress; I need Je-sus, the need I glad-ly own; Tho' some may bear their  
 life are dim; I need Je-sus, when foes my soul assail; A - lone I know I  
 sin-ner's Friend; I need Je-sus, no oth-er friend will do; So con-stant, kind, so

## CHORUS.

load a-lone, Yet I need Je - sus. I need Je - sus, I need Je - sus,  
 can but fail, So I need Je - sus.  
 strong and true, Yes, I need Je - sus. I need Je - sus with me, I need Je - sus al - ways,

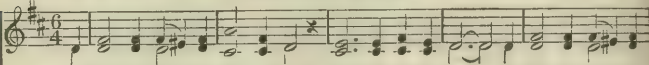
I need Je - sus ev-'ry day; ev-'ry day; Need Him in the sun-shine hour,

Need Him when the storm-clouds low'r; Ev-'ry day a-long my way, Yes, I need Je - sus.

Alice E. Everitt.

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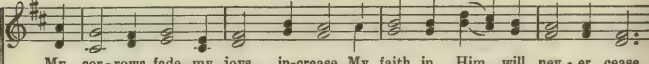
B. B. McKinney.



1. God gives me health and strength and pow'r, Christ liv-eth in me; I feel His pres-ence  
 2. The Son of God dwells in my heart, Christ liv-eth in me; I know He nev-er  
 3. God breathes His love in-to the air, Christ liv-eth in me; I feel His pres-ence

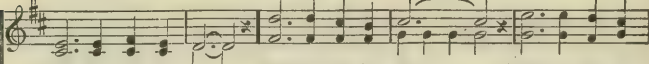


ev-'ry hour, Christ liv-eth in me. He fills my heart with love and peace,  
 will de-part, Christ liv-eth in me. He gives me life and faith and hope,  
 ev-'ry-where, Christ liv-eth in me. He holds my hand and guides my feet,




My sor-rows fade, my joys in-crease, My faith in Him will nev-er cease,  
 He gives me strength with sin to cope, 'Mid storms and strife I need not grope;  
 He bids me smile at all I meet, My heart is filled with love re-plete;

## CHORUS.



Christ liv-eth in me. Christ liv-eth in me,..... Christ liv-eth in  
 Christ liv-eth, He liv-eth in me, Christ liv-eth, He



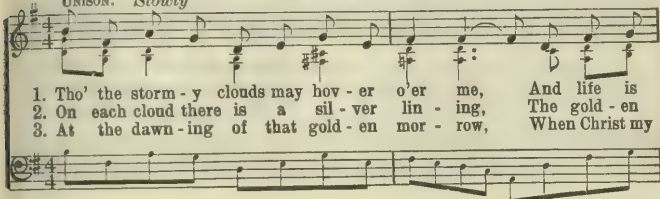
me,..... Oh, glo-ri-ous vic-to-ry, Christ liv-eth in me.  
 liv-eth in me,



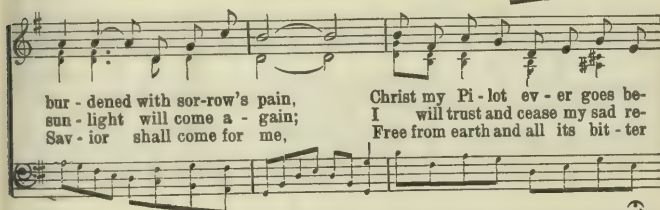
B. B. McK.

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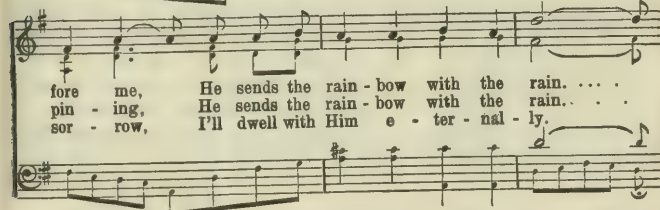
B. B. McKinney.

UNISON. *Slowly*


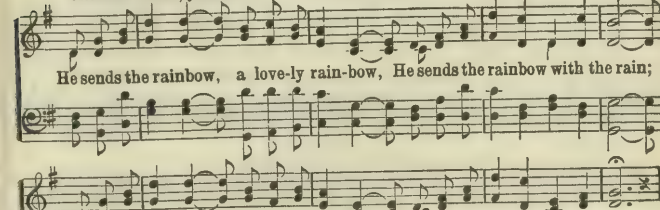
1. Tho' the storm - y clouds may hov - er o'er me, And life is  
2. On each cloud there is a sil - ver lin - ing, The gold - en  
3. At the dawn - ing of that gold - en mor - row, When Christ my



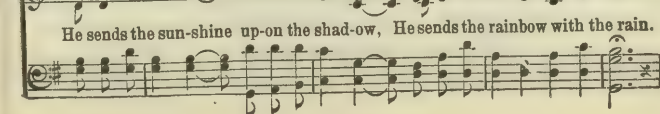
bur - dened with sor-row's pain, Christ my Pi - lot ev - er goes be -  
sun - light will come a - gain; I will trust and cease my sad re -  
Sav - ior shall come for me, Free from earth and all its bit - ter



fore me, He sends the rain - bow with the rain. . . .  
pin - ing, He sends the rain - bow with the rain. . . .  
sor - row, I'll dwell with Him e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS. *Parts, faster.*


He sends the rainbow, a love-ly rain-bow, He sends the rainbow with the rain;

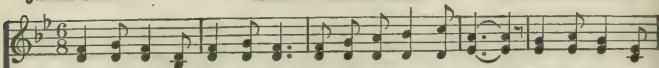


He sends the sun-shine up-on the shad-ow, He sends the rainbow with the rain.

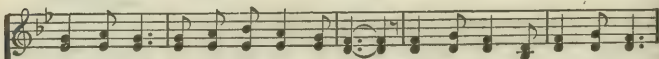
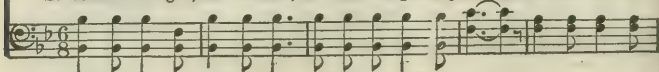
James Rowe.

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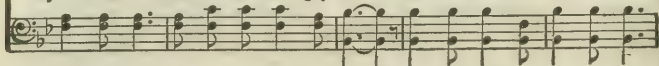
Howard E. Smith.



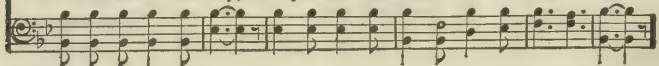
1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep - ly
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev - er to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed
3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je - sus com-plete - ly saves; He will lift you



stained with-in, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas - ter of the sea  
pres - ence live, Ev - er His prais-es sing. Love so might-y and so true  
by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas - ter of the sea,



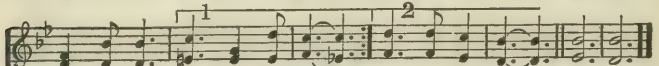
Heard my de-spair-ing cry, From the wa-ters lift - ed me, Now safe am I.  
Mér - its my soul's best songs; Faith-ful, lov-ing serv-ice, too, To Him be - longs.  
Bil - lows His will o - bey; He your Sav-ior wants to be—Be saved to-day.



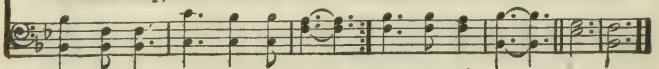
CHORUS.



Love lift-ed me! . . . Love lift-ed me! . . . When noth-ing  
e - ven me! e - ven me!



else could help, Love lift - ed me. Love lift - ed me. A - MEN.

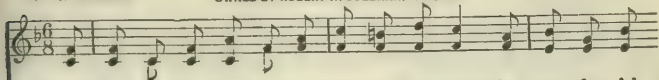


# 354 Somebody Else Needs a Blessing.

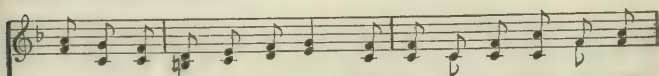
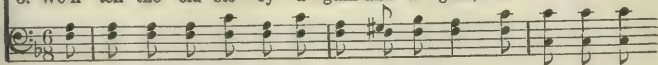
E. E. Hewitt.

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OWNED BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, ALLAS.

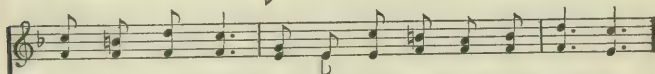
B. D. Ackley



1. We're "counting" the bless-ings, our joys we re - cord, The won - der - ful
2. We'll go, like the Sav - ior, to com - fort the sad; With love's heal - ing
3. We'll tell the old sto - ry a - gain and a - gain; Sal - va - tion for



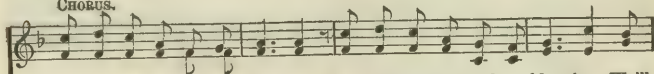
mer - cies like sun - beams out - poured; But let us re - mem - ber while  
por - tion we'll make oth - ers glad, Un - til, with fresh ver - dure, life's  
sin - ners, good - will un - to men, Till gos - pel songs ech - o from



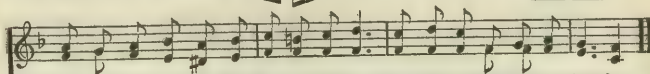
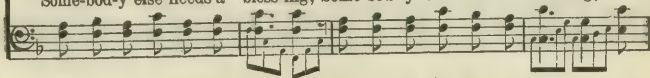
prais - ing the Lord, Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.  
des - erts are clad; Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.  
moun - tain to glen; Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.



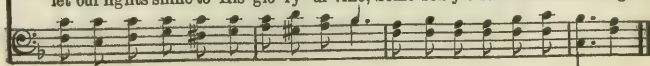
## CHORUS.



Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing, Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing; We'll



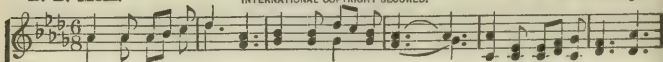
let our lights shine to His glo - ry di - vine, Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.



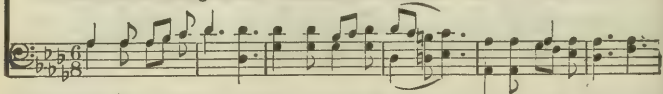
B. B. McK.

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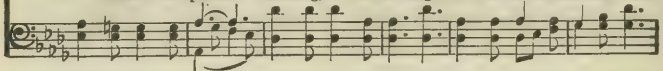
B. B. McKinney.



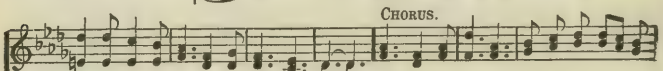
1. "Serve the Lord with gladness" In our works and ways, . . . Come be-fore His pres-ence
2. "Serve the Lord with gladness," Thankful all the while . . . For His ten-der mer-cies,
3. "Serve the Lord with gladness," This shall be our theme, . . . As we walk to-geth-er



With our songs of praise; Un-to Him our Mak-er We would pledge anew (a-new),  
For His lov-ing smile. Bless-ed truth en-dur-ing, Always just the same (the same),  
In His love su-preme. List'ning, ev-er list'ning, For the still small voice (His voice),

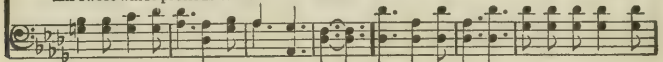


## CHORUS.

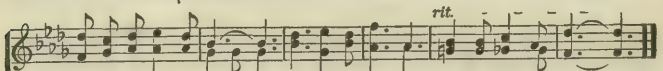
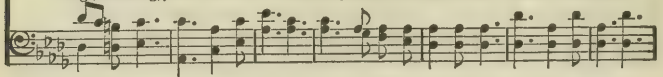


Life's supreme de-vo-tion To serv-ice true.

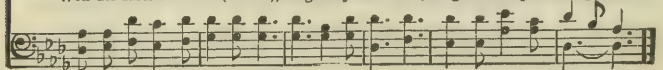
We will serve with gladness And praise His name. "Serve Him with gladness," Enter His courts with  
His sweet will so precious Will be our choice.



song (with song); To our Cre-a-tor True praises be-long (belong). Great is His mer-cy,



Won-der-ful is His name (His name), We glad-ly serve Him, His great love proclaim (proclaim).



# 356 Since His Love Came Shining Through.

Gene Routh.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. I was drift-ing far from the "Bea-con Star," Clouds of sin had  
 2. Thro' the storm-y night or the sun-shine bright, I've a song tri-  
 3. Souls a - far in sin I will help to win, And to Christ I'll

cov-ered the blue; From His throne on high Je-sus heard my cry,  
 um-phunt and new; Je-sus saved from sin, gave me peace with-in,  
 ev-er be true; Then when all is o'er I will reach that shore,

## CHORUS.

And His love came shin-ing thro'.  
 And His love came shin-ing thro'. Since His love came shining through, . . .  
 Since His love came shin-ing thro'. shining through,

I've a joy that's al-ways new; al-ways new; All the clouds are

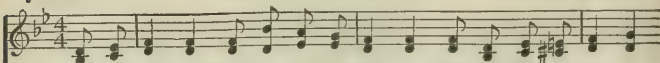
rift-ed And my bur-dens lift-ed, Since His love came shin-ing through.



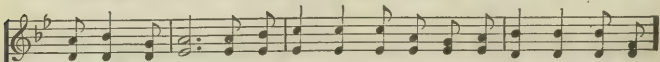
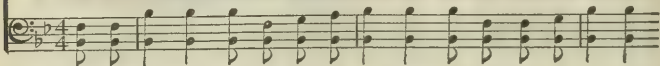
James Rowe.

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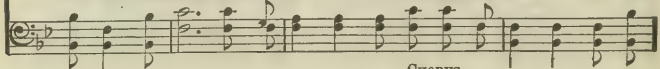
Henry P. Morton.



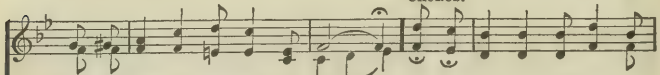
1. Dark-ness may o'er-take me and my song for - sake me, But a - lone I
2. Should mis-for-tune meet me, friends may fail to greet me, But if true to
3. How the tho't en-thralls me, that what-e'er be - falls me One will al-ways



nev - er shall be; For the Friend be - side me prom-ised He would guide me  
 Je - sus I stay He will still up - hold me, let His love en - fold me  
 love me the same; Not a tri - al ev - er caus-es Him to sev - er

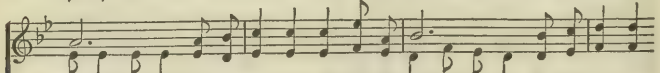
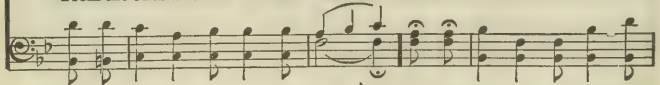


## CHORUS.

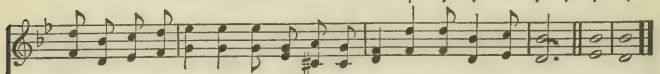


And will keep His prom-ise to me.  
 Ev - 'ry drear-y mile of the way.  
 From the ones who hon-or His name.

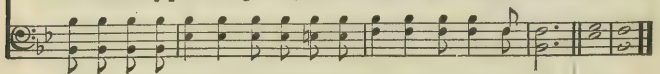
He will keep His prom-ise to  
 His



me, All the way with me He will go; He has nev - er  
 prom-ise to me, He will go;



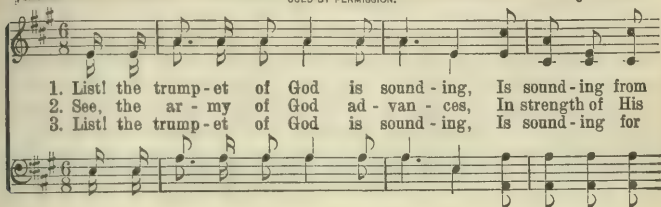
bro-ken an - y prom-ise spo-ken; He will keep His prom-ise, I know. A-MEN.



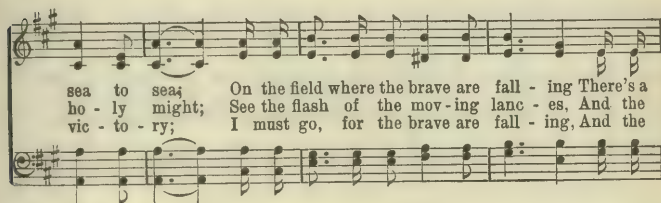
Jessie Brown Pounds.

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J. H. F.

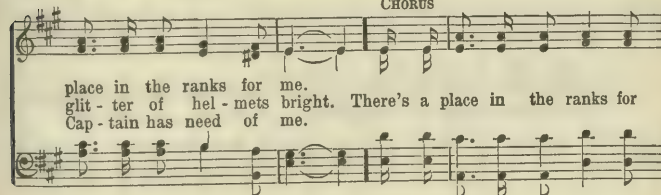


1. List! the trump-et of God is sound-ing, Is sound-ing from  
 2. See, the ar-my of God ad-van-ces, In strength of His  
 3. List! the trump-et of God is sound-ing, Is sound-ing for

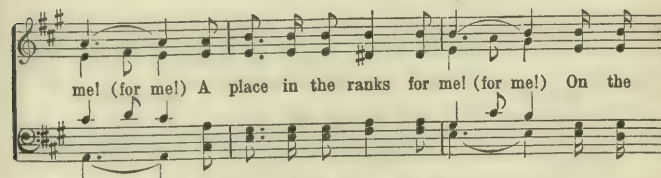


sea to sea; On the field where the brave are fall-ing There's a  
 ho-ly might; See the flash of the mov-ing lanc-es, And the  
 vic-to-ry; I must go, for the brave are fall-ing, And the

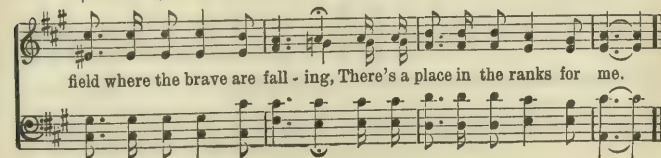
## CHORUS



place in the ranks for me.  
 glit-ter of hel-mets bright. There's a place in the ranks for  
 Cap-tain has need of me.



me! (for me!) A place in the ranks for me! (for me!) On the



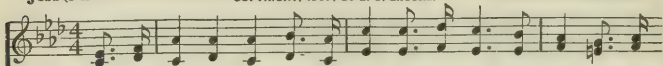
field where the brave are fall-ing, There's a place in the ranks for me.

# 359 The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

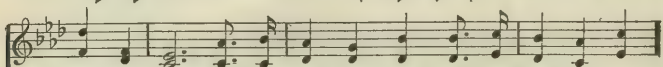
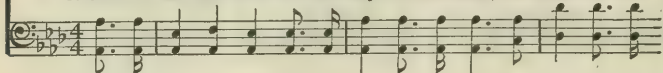
Jesse Brown Pounds.

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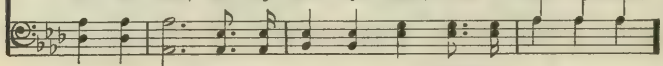
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the
3. Then I bid fare-well to the way of the world, To walk in it



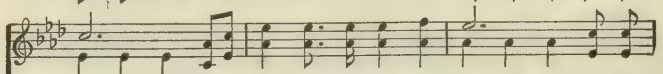
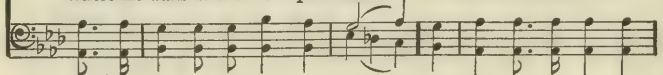
way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,  
Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub-lime,  
nev - er - more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,



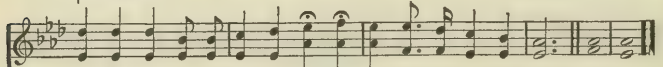
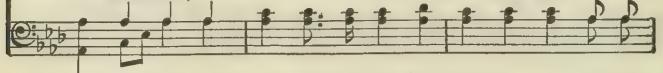
CHORUS.



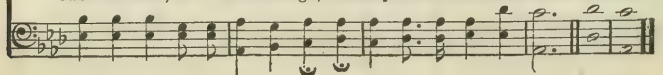
If the way of the cross I miss.  
Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads  
Where He waits at the o - pen door.



home, The way of the cross leads home; It is  
leads home, leads home;



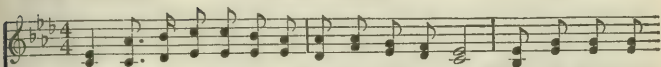
sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home. A - MEN.



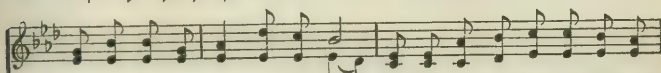
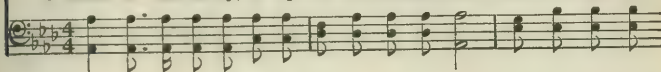
W. O. Cushing.

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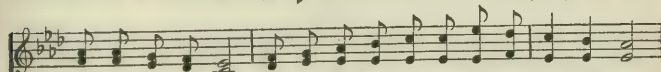
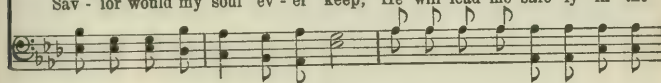
Robert Lowry.



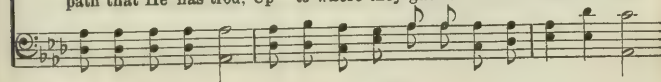
1. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-ior I would go, Where the flow'rs are
2. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-ior I would go, Where the storms are
3. Down in the val-ley, or up - on the mountain steep, Close be - side my



bloom-ing and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev-'ry-where He leads me I would  
sweep-ing and the dark wa-ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will  
Sav - ior would my soul ev - er keep; He will lead me safe - ly in the



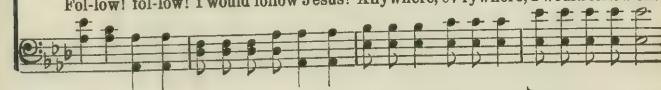
fol - low, fol-low on, Walk-ing in His foot-steps till the crown be won.  
nev - er, nev - er fear, Dan - ger can-not fright me if my Lord is near.  
path that He has trod, Up to where they gath-er on the hills of God.



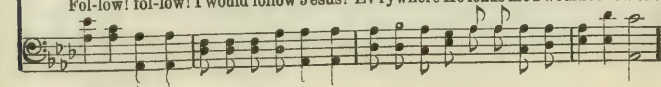
## REFRAIN



Fol-low! fol-low! I would follow Jesus! Anywhere, ev'rywhere, I would follow on!



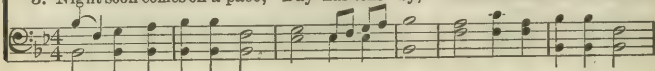
Fol-low! fol-low! I would follow Jesus! Ev'rywhere He leads me I would follow on!



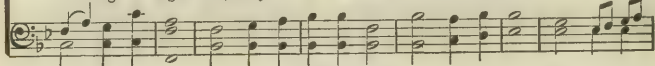
S. C. Kirk.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

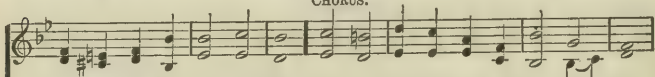
1. Hear ye the Master's call, "Give Me thy best!" For, be it great or small,
2. Wait not for men to laud, Heed not their slight; Winning the smile of God
3. Night soon comes on a-pace, Day has-tens by; Workman and work must face



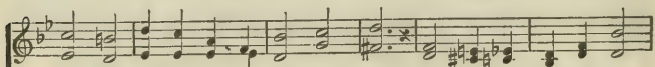
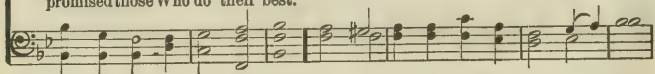
That is His test. Do then the best you can, Not for re-ward, Not for the  
Brings its de-light! Aid-ing the good and true Ne'er goes unblest, All that we  
Test-ing on high. Oh, may we in that day Find rest, sweetest, Which God has



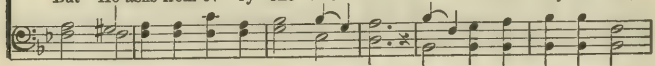
## CHORUS.



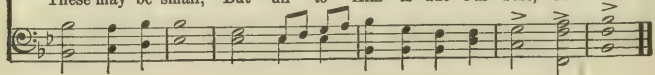
praise of man, But for the Lord.  
think or do, Be it the best. Ev-'ry work for Je-sus will be blest,  
promised those Who do their best.



But He asks from ev-'ry-one His best. Our tal-ents may be few,



These may be small, But un-to Him is due Our best, our all.





## Whisper a Prayer.

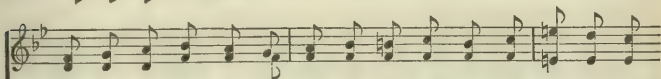
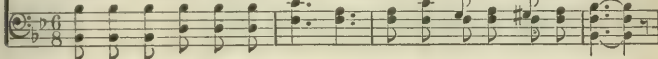
S. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.  
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Scott Lawrence.

*Rather slowly.*

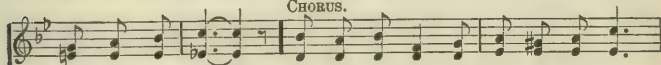
1. Whisper a prayer in the morn - ing, Just at the break of the day;
2. Whisper a prayer at the noon - time, Pause in the midst of the throng,
3. Whisper a prayer at the twi - light, Aft - er the day's work is done,



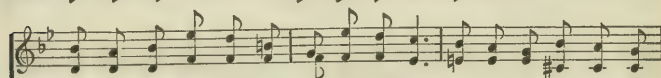
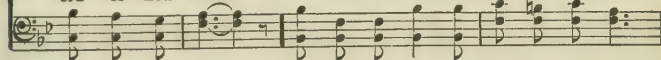
Why fear the fight, In your bat - tle for right, When you know He will  
Look un - to Him, Who can con - quer all sin; In thy weak - ness, in  
No oth - er friend Will prove true to the end, Like Christ Je - sus, the



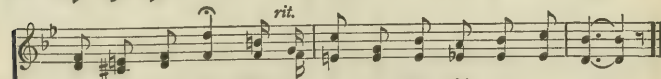
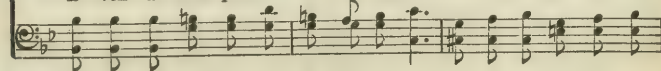
CHORUS.



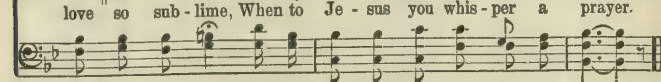
lead all the way?  
Him thou art strong. Whisper a prayer, Just whisper a prayer,  
Cru - ci - fied One.



E - ven a whisper He'll hear o - ver there; Vic - t'ry is thine, In His



love so sub - lime, When to Je - sus you whisper a prayer.



Dr. C. R. Blackall.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF F. T. DOANE.

W. H. Doane.

*Spirited.*

1. In the har - vest field there is work to do, For the  
 2. Crowd the gar - ner well with the sheaves all bright, Let the  
 3. In the glean - er's path may be rich re - ward, Tho' the  
 4. Lo! the Har - vest Home in the realms a - bove Shall be

grain is ripe, and the reap - ers few; And the Mas - ter's voice bids the  
 song be glad, and the heart be light, Fill the pre - cious hours, ere the  
 time seems long, and the la - bor hard; For the Mas - ter's joy, with His  
 gained by each who has toiled and strove, When the Mas - ter's voice, in His

work - ers true Heed the call that He gives to - day.  
 shades of night Take the place of the gold - en day.  
 cho - sen shared, Drives the gloom from the dark - est day.  
 words of love, Calls a - way to e - ter - nal day.

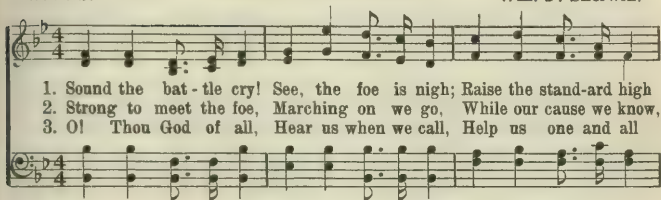
## CHORUS.

La - bor on, La - bor on, la - bor on, la - bor on, Keep the bright re - ward in view.

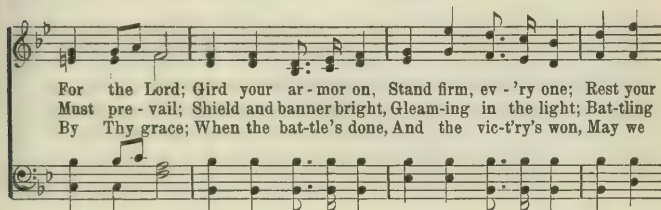
For the Mas - ter has said He will strength renew; La - bor on till the close of day.

W. F. S.

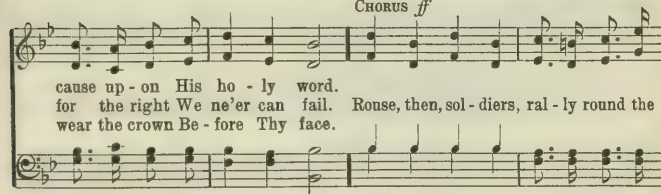
Wm. F. Sherwin.



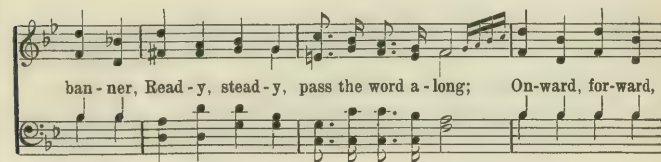
1. Sound the bat-tle cry! See, the foe is nigh; Raise the stand-ard high  
 2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know,  
 3. O! Thou God of all, Hear us when we call, Help us one and all



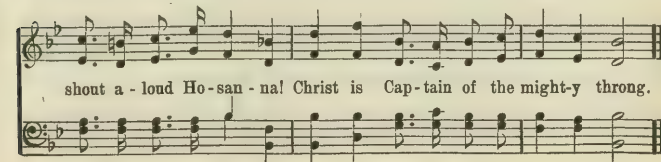
For the Lord; Gird your ar-mor on, Stand firm, ev-'ry one; Rest your  
 Must pre-vail; Shield and banner bright, Gleam-ing in the light; Bat-tling  
 By Thy grace; When the bat-tle's done, And the vic-t'ry's won, May we

CHORUS *ff*


cause up-on His ho-ly word.  
 for the right We ne'er can fail. Rouse, then, sol-diers, ral-ly round the  
 wear the crown Be-fore Thy face.



ban-ner, Read-y, stead-y, pass the word a-long; On-ward, for-ward,

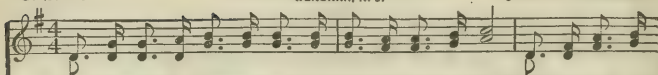


shout a-loud Ho-san-na! Christ is Cap-tain of the might-y throng.

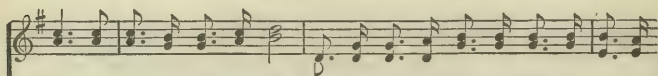
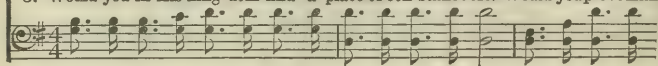
C. S. N.

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WENONAH, N. J.

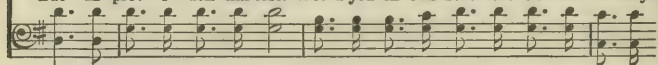
Cyrus S. Nusbaum.



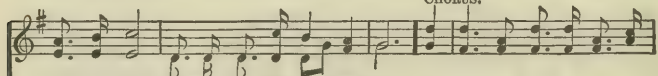
1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be al - ways pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have Him make you free, and fol - low at His call? Would you know the
3. Would you in His king - dom find a place of con - stant rest? Would you prove Him



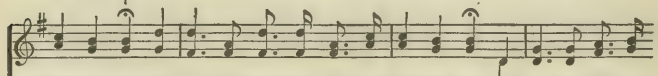
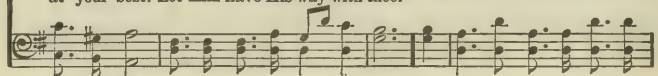
Him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have Him bear your burden, car - ry  
peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that you can  
true in prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor al - ways



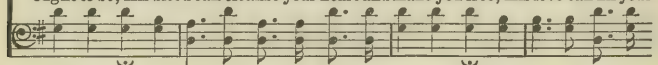
CHORUS.



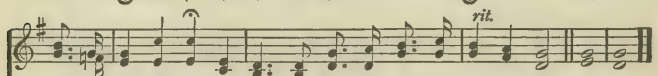
all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.  
nev-er fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you  
at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.



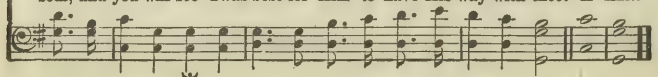
ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can fill your



*vit.*

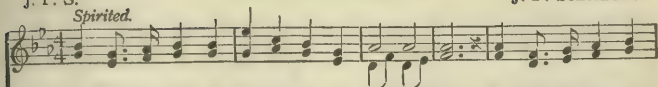


soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee. A - MEN.

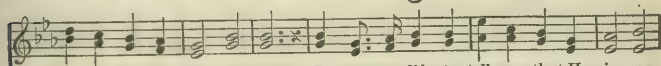
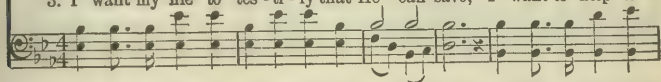


J. P. S.

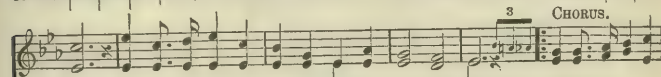
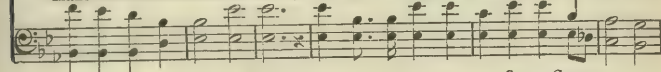
J. P. Scholfield.

*Spirited.*

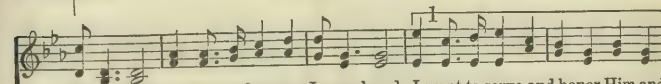
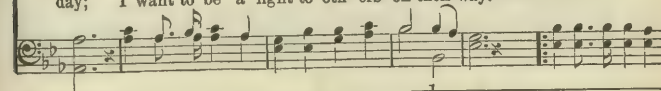
1. I want my life to glo-ri-fy my Lord and King; I want to please and  
 2. Oh, that my life might mag-ni-fy the Sav-ior's pow'r; Oh, that my deeds might  
 3. I want my life to tes-ti-fy that He can save; I want to help to



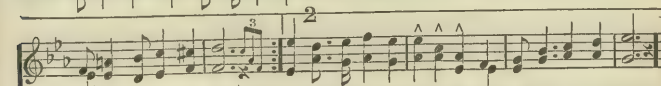
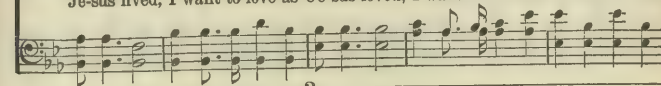
hon-or Him in ev-'ry-thing; I want my life to tell men that He is my  
 wit-ness to His grace each hour; Oh, that my words might magnify His ho-ly  
 make His crimson ban-ner wave; I want to tell the bless-ed sto-ry ev-'ry



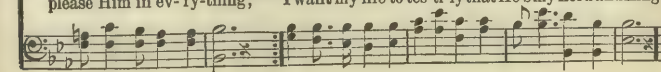
Guide; I want the world to know He's walking by my side.  
 name, So let my heart and voice His mighty pow'r pro-claim. I want to live as  
 day; I want to be a light to oth-ers on their way.



Je-sus lived, I want to love as Je-sus loved, I want to serve and honor Him and



please Him in ev-'ry-thing; I want my life to tes-ti-fy that He's my Lord and King.





R. H.

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Robert Harkness.

1. Trust - ing Je - sus, won - der - ful Guide, In His keep - ing  
2. Won - drous prom - ise He will ful - fill, Glad - ly do - ing  
3. Friend of sin - ners, ev - er the same, Will - ing Sav - ior,

safe - ly a - bide, Joys e - ter - nal He will im - part,  
His ho - ly will, Peace un - end - ing He will im - part,  
praise His dear name, Full for - giv - ness He will im - part,

## CHORUS.

Get God's sun-shine in - to your heart.  
Get God's sun-shine in - to your heart. Get God's sun-shine in - to your heart,  
Get God's sun-shine in - to your heart.

Get God's sun-shine in - to your heart; It will cheer you all the day, Drive the

gloom of life a - way, If you get God's sun-shine in - to your heart.

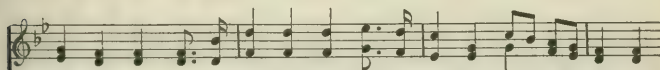
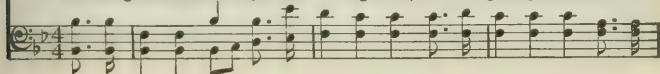
W. A. O.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY MRS. W. A. OGDEN. RENEWAL.  
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

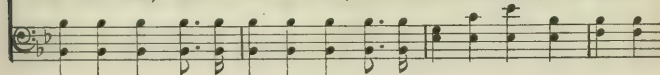
W. A. Ogden.



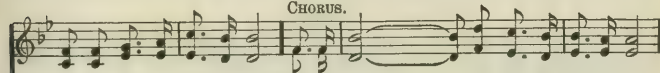
1. 'Tis the grand-est theme thro' the a-ges rung; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
2. 'Tis the grand-est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
3. 'Tis the grand-est theme, let the ti-dings roll, To the guilt-y heart, to the



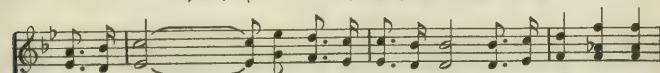
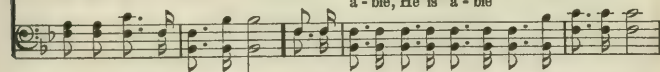
mor-tal tongue; 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is  
mor-tal strain; 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a - gain, "Our God is  
sin - ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole, "Our God is



## CHORUS.



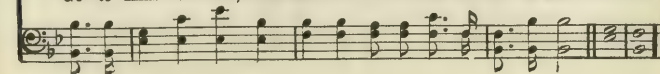
a - ble to de - liv - er thee." He is a - - - ble to de - liv - er thee,  
a - ble, He is a - ble

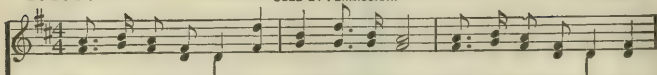


He is a - - - - ble to de - liv - er thee; Tho' by sin op-prest,  
a - ble, He is a - ble

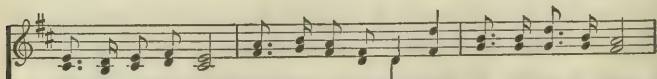
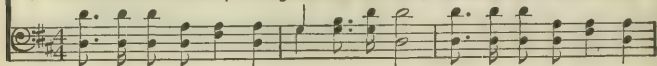


Go to Him for rest; "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee." A - MEN.





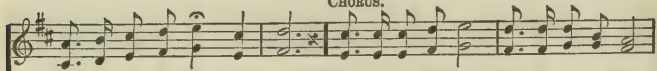
1. "Who - so - ev - er hear-eth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed tid - dings
2. Who - so - ev - er com - eth need not de - lay, Now the door is o - pen,
3. "Who - so - ev - er will," the prom - ise se - cure, "Who - so - ev - er will," for -



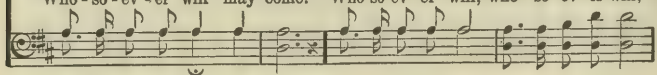
all the world a - round; Spread the joy - ful news wher - ev - er man is found:  
en - ter while you may; Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way:  
ev - er must en - dure; "Who - so - ev - er will," 'tis life for - ev - er - more:



## CHORUS.



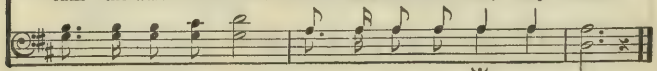
"Who - so - ev - er will may come." "Who - so - ev - er will, who - so - ev - er will,"



Send the proc - la - ma - tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov - ing Fa - ther



calls the wan - d'r'er home: "Who - so - ev - er will, may come."



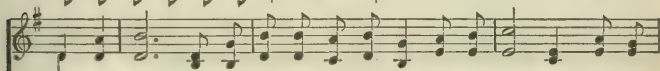
J. P. S.

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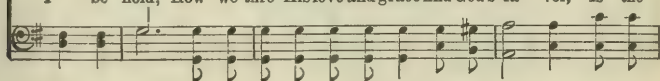
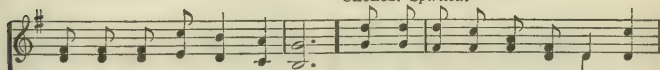
J. P. Scholfield.

*Not too fast.*

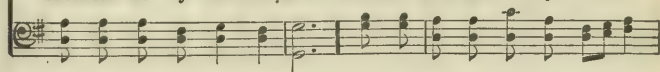
1. When a child, I used to hear my moth - er Sing a song that nev - er
2. I have yield - ed to this Christ, my Sav - ior, And the half has nev - er
3. I am walk - ing ev - 'ry day with my Sav - ior, And each day new treas - ures



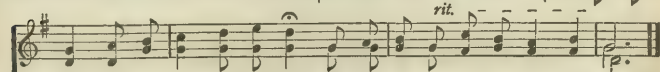
has grown old; 'Twas the first time I had heard of the Sav - ior, 'Tis the  
yet been told; For each day He is to me grow - ing dear - er, 'Tis the  
I be - hold; How we thro' His love and grace find God's fa - vor, Is the

*CHORUS. Spirited.*

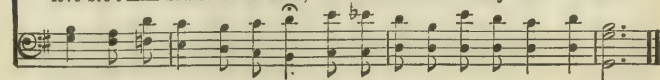
sweet - est sto - ry ev - er told. That's the sweet - est sto - ry ev - er



told, It's a sto - ry that ne'er grows old; How His won - der - ful



love bro't Him down from a - bove, 'Tis the sweet - est sto - ry ev - er told.

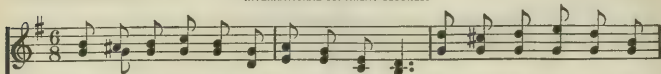


# 371 At the End of the Way is Jesus.

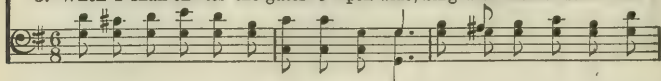
W. C. Poole.

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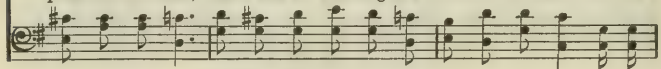
B. D. Ackley.



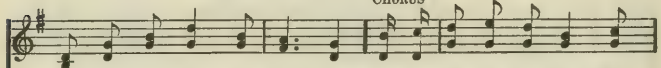
1. When I grow wea-ry and long seems the way, When I am tempt-ed to
2. When I have fin-ished my bat-tles for right, When for the truth I have
3. When I shall en-ter the gates o-pen wide, Sing with the ran-somed God's



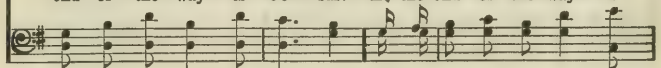
wan-der and stray, Soft-ly and sweet-ly a voice seems to say, At the  
fought a good fight; There is a-wait-ing a glad morning bright—At the  
prais-es in-side, There will be wait-ing the One cru-ci-fied—At the



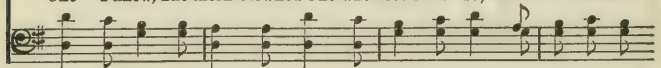
## CHORUS



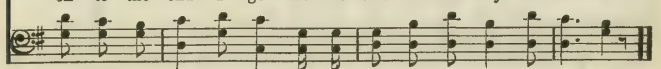
end of the way is Je-sus. At the end of the way is



One I know, The thorn-crowned One who loved me so; And on-ward and



on to the end I go—At the end of the way is Je-sus.





## What Is Your Life.

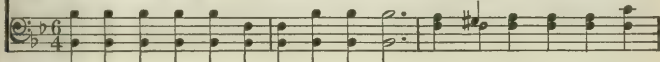
W. C. Poole.

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B. D. Ackley.



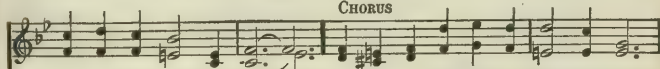
1. What is the life you are liv - ing to - day? What is the mes - sage it
2. What is your life in the bat - tle with wrong? Does it help oth - ers life's
3. What is your life, is it stead - y and true? Do - ing the work that the



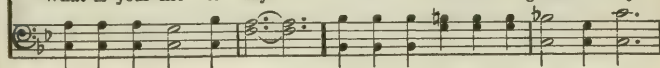
bears on your way? Oth - ers are wait - ing, O, what does it say?  
 jour - ney a - long? Does it give cour - age— a cour - age that's strong?  
 Sav - ior would do? Is the dear Sav - ior now liv - ing through you?



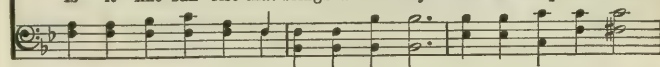
## CHORUS



What is your life to - day? Is it a bea - con to guide the way?



Is it like sun - rise that brings a new day? Does it help oth - ers



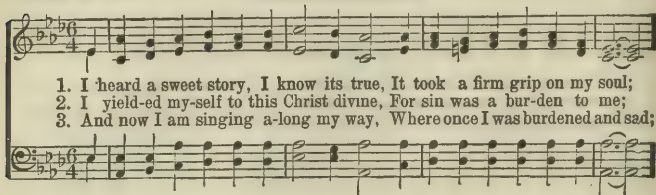
o - ver life's way?— O, what is your life to - day?



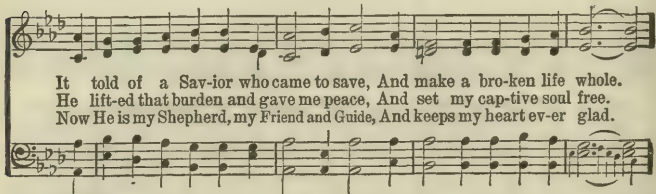
J. P. S.

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J. P. Scholfield.

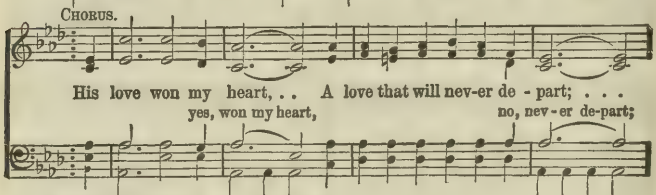


1. I heard a sweet story, I know its true, It took a firm grip on my soul;  
2. I yield-ed my-self to this Christ divine, For sin was a bur-den to me;  
3. And now I am singing a-long my way, Where once I was burdened and sad;



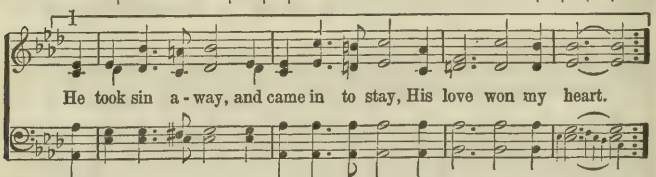
It told of a Sav-ior who came to save, And make a bro-ken life whole.  
He lift-ed that burden and gave me peace, And set my cap-tive soul free.  
Now He is my Shepherd, my Friend and Guide, And keeps my heart ev-er glad.

CHORUS.



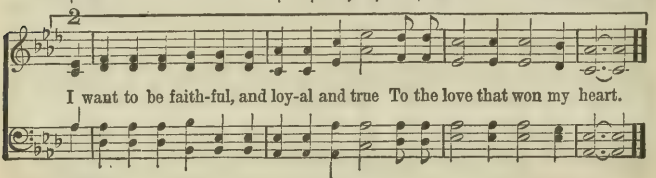
His love won my heart, . . . A love that will nev-er de - part; . . .  
yes, won my heart, no, nev-er de-part;

1



He took sin a - way, and came in to stay, His love won my heart.

2

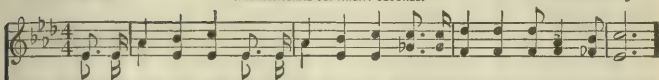


I want to be faith-ful, and loy-al and true To the love that won my heart.

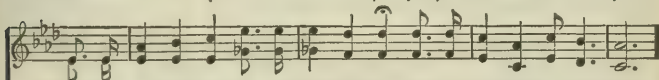
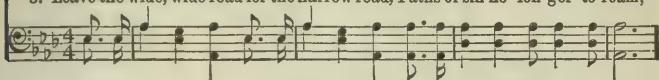
B. B. McK.

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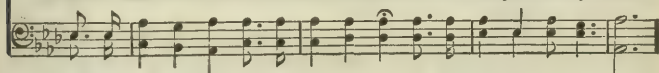
B. B. McKinney.



1. There's an old, old road by an old, old cross, And its way is narrow and straight;
2. On the old, old road walked the Christ divine, With His cross of sorrow and shame;
3. Leave the wide, wide road for the narrow road, Paths of sin no lon-ger to roam;



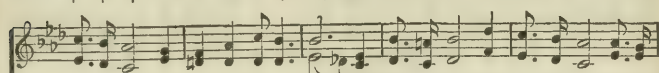
But it leads up home to the great white throne, Where the saints in glo-ry wait.  
On its beams so wide Je-sus bled and died, There He bore the sinner's blame.  
Walk the road divine where the cross doth shine, It will lead you safe-ly home.



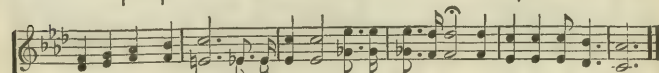
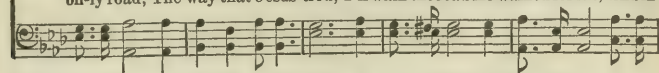
## CHORUS.



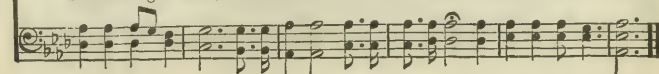
The old road is the on-ly road That leads home to God, The old road is the



on-ly road, The way that Jesus trod; I'll walk the road He walked for me, And in



sin no lon-ger roam, For the old road is the only road That leads the sinner home.



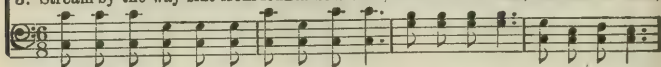
Lizzie DeArmond.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY TULLAR-MEREDITH CO.

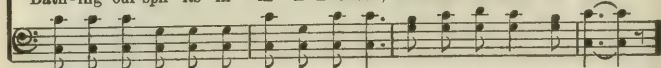
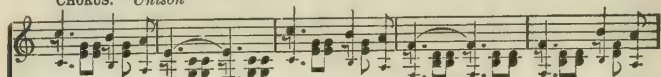
Howard E. Smith.



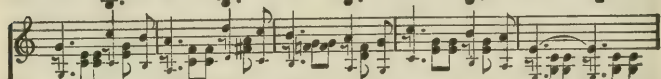
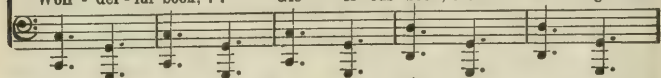
1. Word of the Fa-ther, O light from on high, Won-der-ful book, won-der-ful book,
2. Bread for our souls, such a boun-ti-ful store, Won-der-ful book, won-der-ful book,
3. Stream by the way-side from fountains a-bove, Won-der-ful book, won-der-ful book,



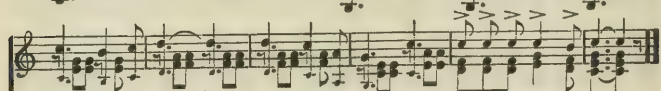
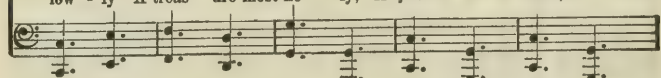
Guide to our glo-ri-ous home in the sky, Won-der-ful book of life.  
 Feast-ing on thee we shall hun-ger no more, Won-der-ful book of life.  
 Bath-ing our spir-its in in-fi-nite love, Won-der-ful book of life.

CHORUS. *Unison*

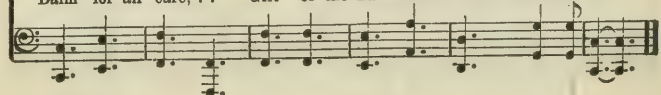
Won-der-ful book, . . Glo-ri-ous book, . . To high and



low-ly A treas-ure most ho-ly, A jew-el so rare, . .



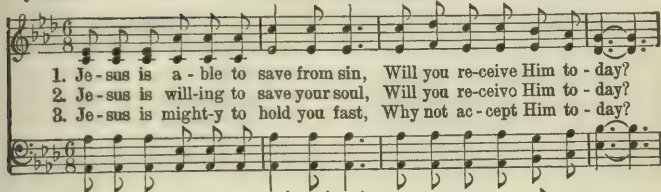
Balm for all care, . . Gift of the Fa-ther—Wonderful book of life.



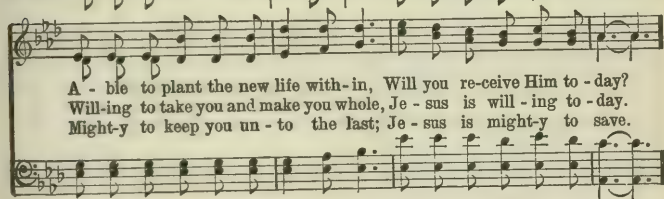
J. P. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY J. P. SCHOLFIELD.  
ROBT. H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

J. P. Scholfield.



1. Je-sus is a - ble to save from sin, Will you re-ceive Him to - day?  
 2. Je-sus is will-ing to save your soul, Will you re-ceive Him to - day?  
 3. Je-sus is might-y to hold you fast, Why not ac-cept Him to - day?

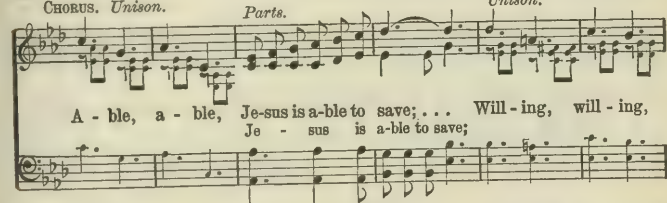


A - ble to plant the new life with-in, Will you re-ceive Him to - day?  
 Will-ing to take you and make you whole, Je - sus is will - ing to - day.  
 Might-y to keep you un - to the last; Je - sus is might-y to save.

CHORUS. Unison.

Parts.

Unison.

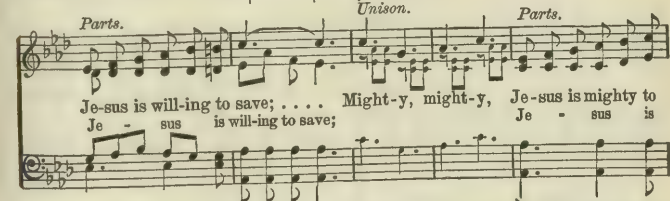


A - ble, a - ble, Je-sus is a-ble to save; . . . Will - ing, will - ing,  
 Je - sus is a-ble to save;

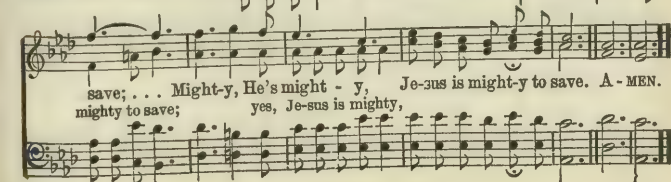
Parts.

Unison.

Parts.



Je-sus is will-ing to save; . . . Might-y, might-y, Je-sus is mighty to  
 Je - sus is will-ing to save; Je - sus is



save; . . . Might-y, He's might - y, Je-sus is might-y to save. A - MEN.  
 mighty to save; yes, Je-sus is mighty,



## If You Let Him.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

A. H. A.

1. The Sav - ior is wait - ing your sins to forgive, He can and He will if you  
 2. The Sav - ior is long - ing to comfort your heart, He can and He will if you  
 3. The Sav - ior is read - y your life to re - fine, He can and He will if you

let Him; . . . . Without His for - giv - ness your soul cannot live, He  
 The joy that you need He will glad - ly im - part, He  
 Him, if you let Him, And make you a chan - nel of pow - er di - vine, He

## CHORUS.

can and He will if you let Him.  
 can and He will if you let Him. He can and He will if you let  
 can and He will if you let Him.

Him, He can and He will if you let Him; Let Je - sus come  
 Him, if you let Him,

in, He will save you from sin, He can and He will if you let Him.

## Christ Arose.

Robert Lowry.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL.  
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Robert Lowry.

1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus my Sav-ior! Wait-ing the com-ing day—  
2. Vain-ly they watch His bed—Je - sus my Sav-ior! Vain - ly they seal the dead—  
3. Death can-not keep his prey— Je - sus my Sav-ior! He tore the bars a-way—

REFRAIN. *Faster.*

Je - sus my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, (He a-rose,) With a

might-y tri-umph o'er His foes; (He a - rose!) He a - rose a Vic-tor from the

dark do-main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign. He a -

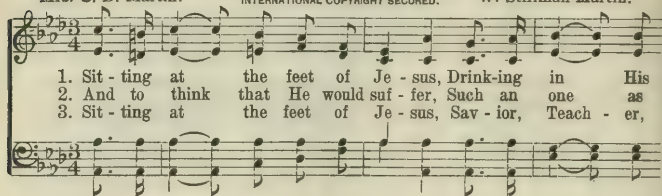
rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a-rose! A-MEN

# 379 Sitting At The feet Of Jesus.

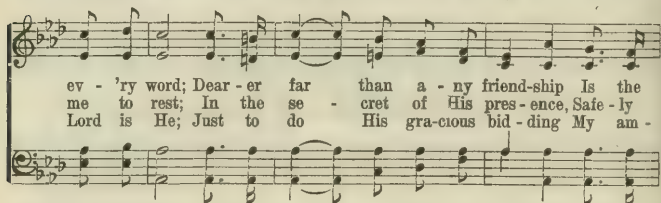
Mrs. C. D. Martin.

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W. Stillman Martin.

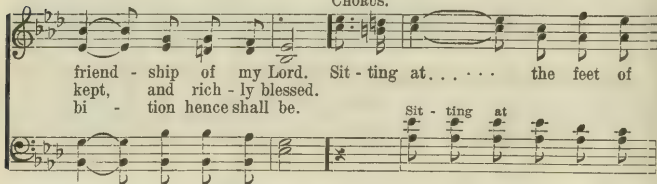


1. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, Drink - ing in His  
2. And to think that He would suf - fer, Such an one as  
3. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, Sav - ior, Teach - er,

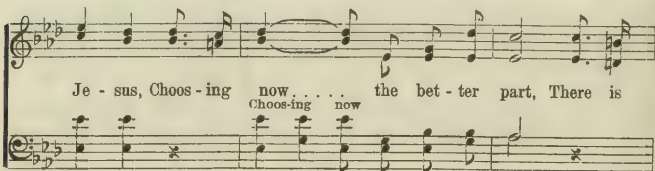


ev - 'ry word; Dear - er far than a - ny friend - ship Is the  
me to rest; In the se - cret of His pres - ence, Safe - ly  
Lord is He; Just to do His gra - cious bid - ding My am -

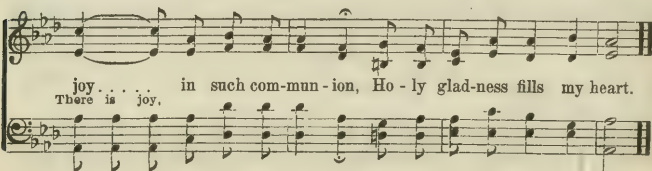
## CHORUS.



friend - ship of my Lord. Sit - ting at . . . . . the feet of  
kept, and rich - ly blessed.  
bi - tion hence shall be.



Je - sus, Choos - ing now . . . the bet - ter part, There is  
Choos - ing now



joy . . . joy in such com - mun - ion, Ho - ly glad - ness fills my heart.  
There is joy.

# 380 Keep Your Heart In Love With Jesus.

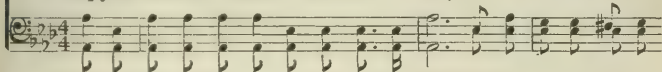
COPYRIGHT, 1932, BY G. C. TULLAR.  
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Rev. G. G. McChesney, B. D.

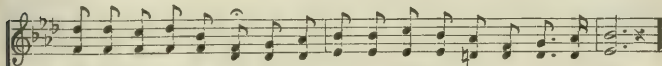
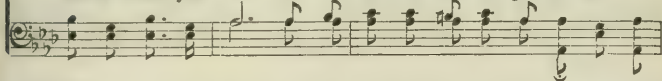
Grant Colfax Tullar.



1. Keep your heart in love with Je - sus ev - 'ry day; It will sweeten ev - 'ry
2. Keep your heart in love with Je - sus, nev - er fear; Nev - er friendship was so
3. Keep your heart in love with Je - sus and be true; Nev - er fal - ter at the



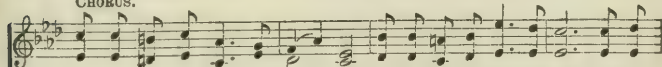
mo - ment of the way: Life's sweet an - thems will be ring - ing, And the  
ten - der, true and dear: He will meet each deep - er yearning, With a  
task He'd have you do: Life e - ter - nal will be giv - en, And a



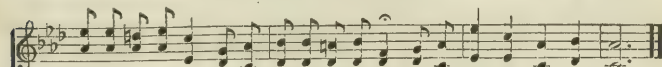
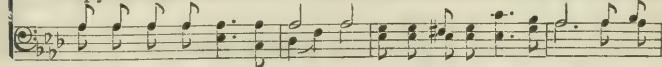
heart will keep a singing, If your heart's in love with Je - sus all the way.  
love that's warm and burning, If your heart's in love with Je - sus He is near.  
bless - ed rest in heav - en, If your heart's in love with Him who died for you.



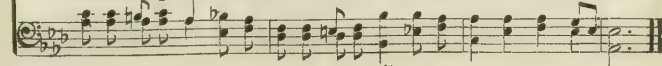
## CHORUS.



Keep your heart in love with Je - sus, Keep your heart in love with Him. Keep the



love - fire burning bright, Let no ill bedim its light, Keep your heart in love with Him.



## 381

## Call Unto Me.

I. E. R.

COPYRIGHT, 1925, BY I. E. REYNOLDS.  
ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

I. E. Reynolds.

1. "Call un-to Me and I will answer thee," Thus saith our God of love;  
2. "Call un-to Me and I will answer thee," The Savior's prom-ise sweet;  
3. "Call un-to Me and I will answer thee," His word of love to you;

Faithfully come, whate'er thy needs may be, He'll give thee from a - bove.  
Anx - ious is He to hear our ev - ry plea, And make our joy complete.  
Trust in His blood and He will set you free, And ev - er He'll be true.

CHORUS.

"Call un-to Me and I will answer thee, Call un-to Me, call un - to Me;  
Great and wonderful things I will show thee, Call un-to Me, call un - to Me."

## 382

## Jesus Paid the Price for Me.

M. B. J.

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Mrs. Maude B. Jacobs.

Je - sus paid the price for me, (for me,) Paid it for e - ter - ni - ty;



# Jesus Paid the Price for Me.

This shall my song thro' the a - ges be: Je - sus paid the price for me.

## 383 Bearing His Cross for Me.

R. H.

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OWNED BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN

Robert Harkness.

SOLO OR UNISON.

1. I see my Sav - ior with thorn - crowned head, Bear - ing His cross for me;  
2. I see Him pass thro' the cit - y gate, Bear - ing His cross for me;  
3. I see Him burdened with this world's sin, Bear - ing His cross for me;

Thorn - pierced His brow, as by sol - diers led, Bear - ing His cross for me.  
On midst the taunts and the peo - ple's hate, Bear - ing His cross for me.  
Will - ing to suf - fer, all hearts to win, Bear - ing His cross for me.

CHORUS.

Bear - ing His cross for me, (for me,) Bear - ing His cross for me, (for me,)

Won - der - ful Sav - ior, what anguish He bore, Bear - ing His cross for me. (for me.)

# 384 Oh, I Am So Happy In Jesus.

Arthur T. Pierson.

James McGranahan.

1. Oh, I am so hap - py in Je - sus, His blood has re-deem'd me from sin,  
 2. Oh, I am so hap - py in Je - sus, He taught me the se - cret of faith,  
 3. Oh, I am so hap - py in Je - sus, I lay my whole soul at His feet;  
 4. Oh, I am so hap - py in Je - sus, If earth in His love is so blest,

I weep and I sing in my glad - ness, To know He is dwell - ing with - in.  
 To rest in be-liev - ing His prom - ise, And trust what-so - ev - er He saith.  
 The love He has kin - dled with - in me Makes serv - ice and suf - fer - ing sweet.  
 What joy in his glo - ri - fied pres - ence, To sit at His feet as His guest.

## CHORUS.

Oh, I am so hap - py in Je - sus, From sin and from sor - row so free;

So hap - py that He is my Sav - iour, So hap - py that Je - sus loves me.

# 385 Everything's All Right.

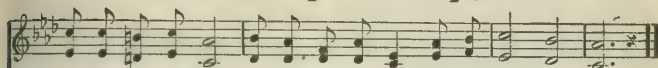
Arr. by B. B. McK.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1931, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

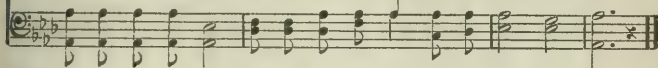
Arr. by B. B. McKinney.

1. Ev'rything's all right In my Father's house, In my Father's house, In my Father's house,  
 2. Come and go with me To my Father's house, To my Father's house, To my Father's house,  
 3. Je - sus is the way To my Father's house, To my Father's house, To my Father's house,

# Everything's All Right.



Ev - 'ry-thing's all right In my Father's house, Where there's joy, joy, joy.  
Come and go with me To my Father's house, Where there's joy, joy, joy.  
Je - sus is the way To my Father's house, Where there's joy, joy, joy.



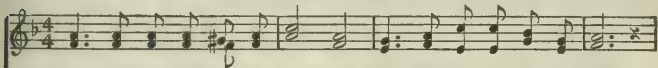
386

## The Many Mansions.

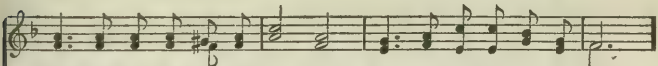
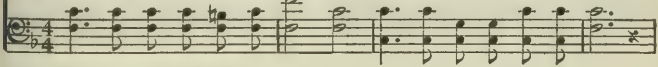
B. B. McK.

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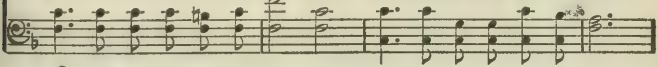
Arr. by B. B. McKinney.



1. Do not let your heart be trou - led, Nei - ther let it be a - fraid,
2. He has left the Ho - ly Spir - it, As our com - fort - er and guide,
3. Do not let your heart be trou - led, Toils of life will soon be o'er,



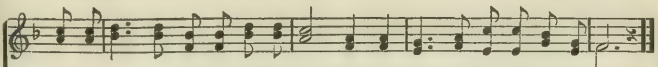
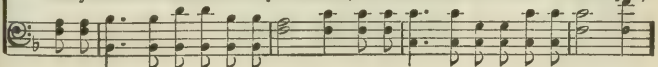
Lean up - on the pre - cious prom - ise That the bless - ed Mas - ter made.  
Till He comes a - gain in glo - ry, With His loved ones to a - bide.  
Then with Christ the blessed Sav - ior, We shall dwell for - ev - er - more.



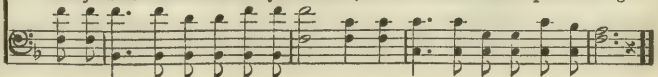
CHORUS.



"In My Father's house are many mansions, If it were not so I would have told you;



In My Father's house are many man - sions," And all the streets are paved with gold.

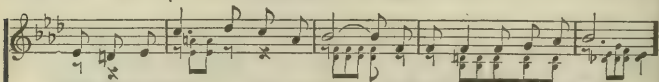
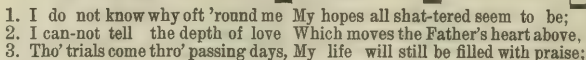


## 387

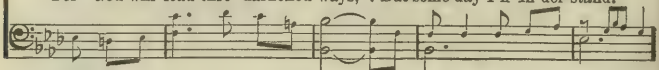
*Solo, or all in unison*

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ADAM GEIBEL MUSIC CO.  
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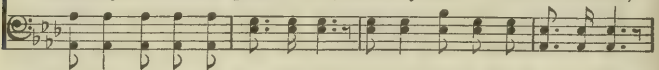
Adam Geibel.



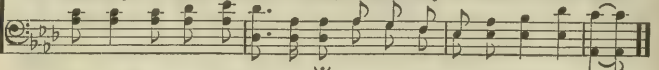
God's per-fect plan I can-not see, . But some day I'll un-der-stand.  
My faith to test, my love to prove, . But some day I'll un-der-stand.  
For God will lead thro' darkened ways, . But some day I'll un-der-stand.



Some day He'll make it plain to me, Some day when I His face shall see;



Some day from tears I shall be free, For some day I shall un - der - stand.

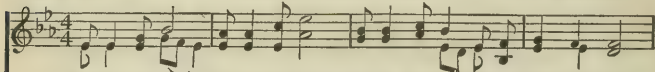


## 388

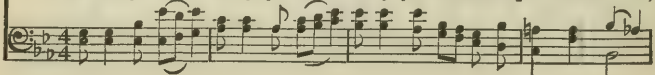
Tarry Ye Here.

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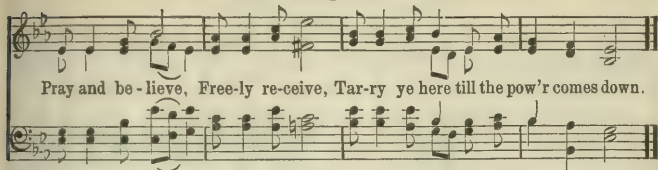
B. B. McKinney.



Tar-ry ye here, Tar-ry ye here, Tar-ry ye here till the pow'r comes down;



# Tarry Ye Here.



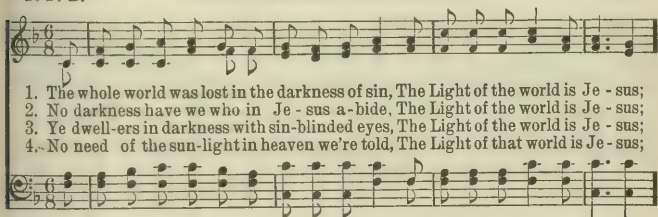
Pray and be-lieve, Free-ly re-ceive, Tar-ry ye here till the pow'r comes down.

## 389 The Light of the World Is Jesus.

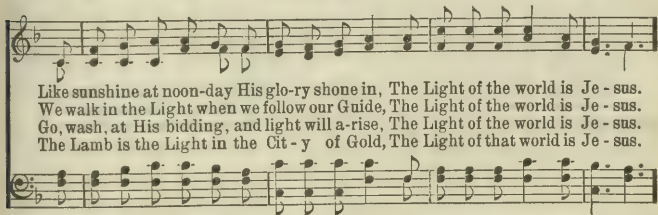
P. P. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. RENEWAL.

P. P. Bliss.

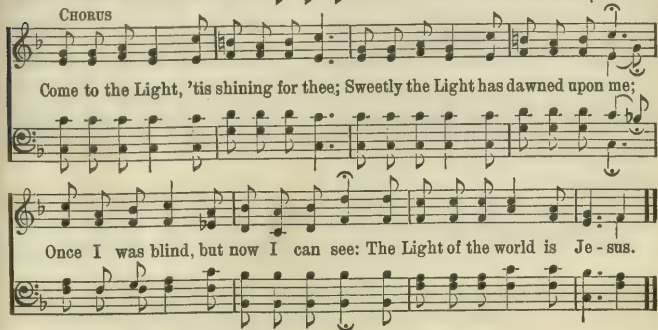


1. The whole world was lost in the darkness of sin, The Light of the world is Je - sus;
2. No darkness have we who in Je - sus a-bide, The Light of the world is Je - sus;
3. Ye dwell-ers in darkness with sin-blinded eyes, The Light of the world is Je - sus;
4. No need of the sun-light in heaven we're told, The Light of that world is Je - sus;



Like sunshine at noon-day His glo-ry shone in, The Light of the world is Je - sus.  
 We walk in the Light when we follow our Guide, The Light of the world is Je - sus.  
 Go, wash, at His bidding, and light will a-rise, The Light of the world is Je - sus.  
 The Lamb is the Light in the Cit-y of Gold, The Light of that world is Je - sus.

### CHORUS



Come to the Light, 'tis shining for thee; Sweetly the Light has dawned upon me;

Once I was blind, but now I can see: The Light of the world is Je - sus.



A. H. A.

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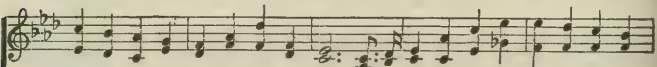
A. H. Ackley.



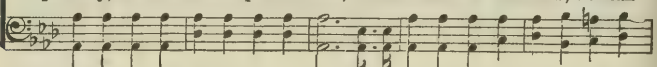
1. If you want to know the Sav-ior, Not an hour need you de-lay, He is
2. If you want to know the Sav-ior, And the love that sat-is-fies, Find the
3. If you want to know the Sav-ior, In that land of cloudless day, With its



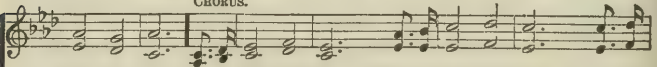
pleading, gently pleading, O accept Him while you may; Even now if you will  
joy of boundless measure, That His wondrous grace supplies, 'Tis for you the very  
bright su-per-nal glories, That shall never pass a-way; You must meet Him on life's



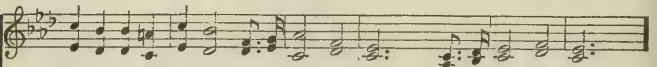
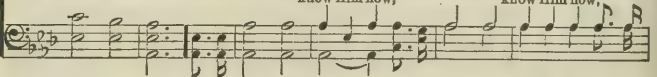
heed Him, At the cross of mer-cy bow, All your sin shall be for-giv-en, You can  
moment, When you make this holy vow, "I will take Him as my Savior," You can  
pathway; Place the crown upon His brow, Do not wait un-til tomorrow, You can



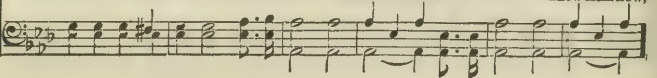
## CHORUS.



know Him now. You can know Him now, You can know Him now, If you  
know Him now, know Him now,

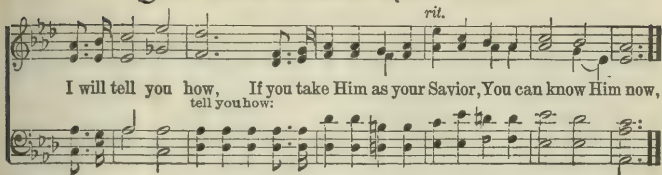


want to know the Savior, You can know Him now; You can know Him now,  
know Him now. know Him now,



# You Can Know Him Now.

*rit.*



I will tell you how, If you take Him as your Savior, You can know Him now,  
tell you how:

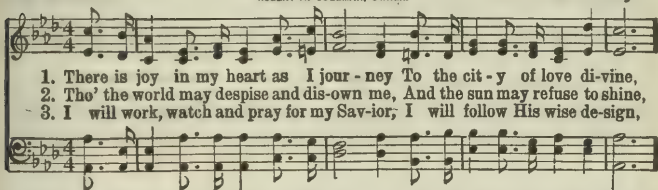
391

## A friend of Mine.

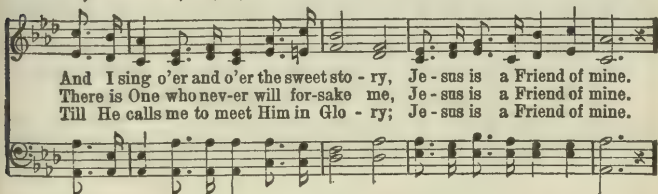
B. B. McK.

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ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

B. B. McKinney.

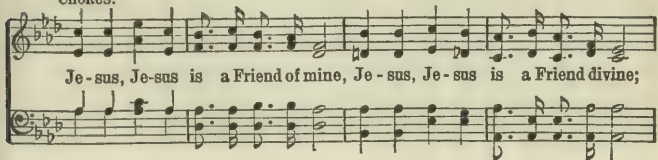


1. There is joy in my heart as I jour - ney To the cit - y of love di-vine,  
2. Tho' the world may despise and dis-own me, And the sun may refuse to shine,  
3. I will work, watch and pray for my Sav-ior; I will follow His wise de-sign,

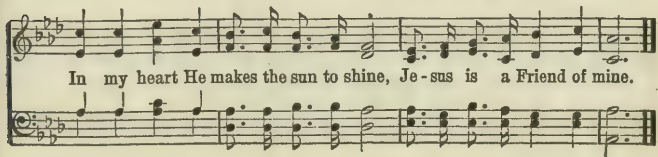


And I sing o'er and o'er the sweet sto - ry, Je - sus is a Friend of mine.  
There is One who nev - er will for-sake me, Je - sus is a Friend of mine.  
Till He calls me to meet Him in Glo - ry; Je - sus is a Friend of mine.

CHORUS.



Je - sus, Je - sus is a Friend of mine, Je - sus, Je - sus is a Friend divine;



In my heart He makes the sun to shine, Je - sus is a Friend of mine.

E. R. Latta.

PROPERTY OF MRS. KNOWLES SHAW.

Knowles Shaw.

1. Wan-der-er a-way from Je - sus, In the wind-ing ways of sin,  
 2. Wan-der-er a-way from Je - sus, In the road to end-less woe,  
 3. Wan-der-er a-way from Je - sus, Wouldst thou not a crown ob-tain?

Turn and seek the world's Re-deem-er, And His serv-ice now be-gin.  
 If thou wilt not turn to Je - sus, Whith-er, whith-er wilt thou go?  
 Why then, wilt thou slight His goodness? Fear - est not the woe and pain?

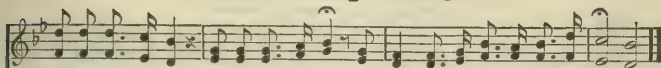
On Mount Cal - va - ry He suf - fered, On the cru - el cross He died;  
 Broad the road where thou art go - ing, Man - y with thee downward move;  
 Can you bar - ter life e - ter - nal For the pleas-ure sin can give?

See His hands and feet so wound-ed, And be - hold His pierc-ed side.  
 Turn and seek the nar-row path-way, That will lead to bliss a - bove.  
 Turn, oh, turn you to the Sav - ior, And a fade-less crown re-ceive.

## CHORUS.

Wan-der-ing a - way, wan-der-ing a - way, Wan-der-ing a - way from Je - sus;

# Wandering Away.




Hear His gentle voice Calling you to-day, And wan-der no more away from Je-sus.

## 393 There's a Great Day Coming.

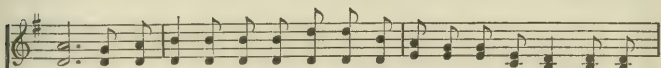
W. L. T.

USED BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO.

Will L. Thompson.



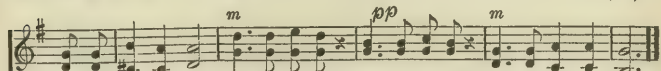
1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a great day coming by and
2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a bright day coming by and
3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a sad day coming by and



by; When the saints and the sin-ners shall be part-ed right and left, Are you  
by; But its brightness shall on-ly come to them that love the Lord, Are you  
by; When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-part, I know ye not," Are you



*m* CHORUS. *pp* *m*  
read-y for that day to come? Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y

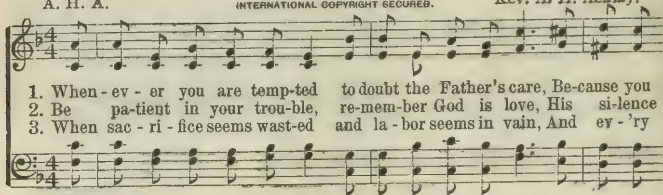


*m* *pp* *m*  
for the judg-ment day? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the judg-ment day?

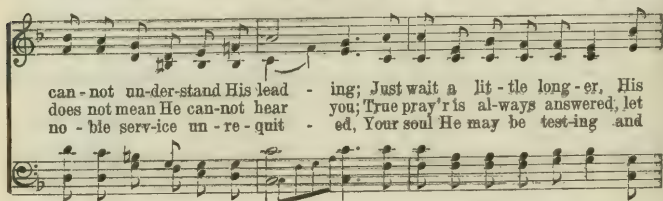
A. H. A.

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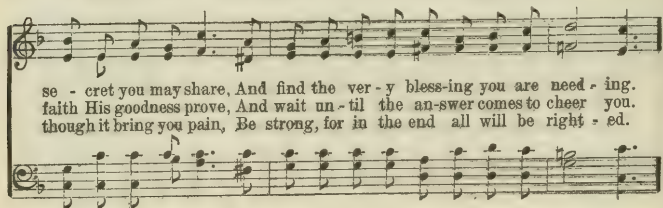
Rev. A. H. Ackley.



1. When - ev - er you are temp - ted to doubt the Father's care, Be - cause you  
 2. Be pa - tient in your trou - ble, re - mem - ber God is love, His si - lence  
 3. When sac - ri - fice seems wast - ed and la - bor seems in vain, And ev - 'ry

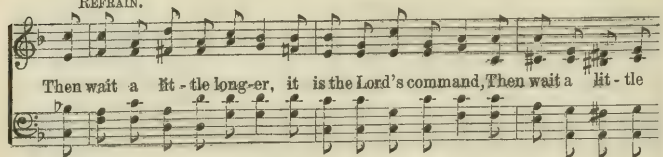


can - not un - der - stand His lead - ing; Just wait a lit - tle long - er, His  
 does not mean He can - not hear you; True pray'r is al - ways answered, let  
 no - ble serv - ice un - re - quit - ed, Your soul He may be test - ing and

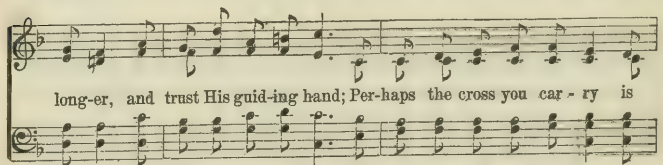


se - cret you may share, And find the ver - y bless - ing you are need - ing.  
 faith His goodness prove, And wait un - til the an - swer comes to cheer you.  
 though it bring you pain, Be strong, for in the end all will be right - ed.

## REFRAIN.



Then wait a lit - tle long - er, it is the Lord's command, Then wait a lit - tle



long - er, and trust His guid - ing hand; Per - haps the cross you car - ry is



# Wait A Little Longer.

just what God has planned, Then wait a lit-tle long - er, and you will un-der-stand.

## 395 facing The future With Jesus.

A. H. A.

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Rev. A. H. Ackley.

1. Fac-ing the fu - ture with Je - sus, When life is ra-diant and strong,
2. Fac-ing the fu - ture with Je - sus, When life is hard and se - vere,
3. Fac-ing the fu - ture with Je - sus, When life is wea-ry and worn,

Filled with the ho - li - est vis - ions, Vi-brant with gladness and song.  
Swept by the cold winds of pas - sion, Rob-bing the heart of its cheer.  
Wait - ing the call at the sun - set, Won-der-ing, what of the morn.

### CHORUS.

Fac-ing the fu - ture with Je - sus, Leaving it all to His care,

Resting con-tent in His keep - ing, Knowing that He will be there.

## Life Is A friendly Road.

George O. Webster.

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Grant Colfax Tullar.

1. Life is a friend-ly road, if you take it with a smile; Life is a  
 2. Life is a friend-ly road; greet each morning with a smile; Life is a  
 3. Life is a friend-ly road; as you meet it day by day, Make it a

friend-ly road, with its joy for ev-'ry mile. Lit-tle tri-als we must bear,  
 friend-ly road-be a friend-ly soul the while; Find you joy in be-ing kind,  
 friend-ly road, cheer an-oth-er on his way. Tri-als come, but just be sweet,

Ev-'ry life will have its share, But wher-e'er our feet may fare,  
 Find some wound-ed heart to bind, And, ere long you'll sure-ly find,  
 Be to ev-'ry man you meet Just the man you'd like to greet—

## CHORUS.

Life is a friend-ly road.  
 Life is a friend-ly road. Life is a friend-ly road, but life is you,  
 Life is a friend-ly road.

You make it or break it that is true. Meet it fair-ly, face to face,

# Life Is A Friendly Road.

It will give you grace for grace, For life is a friend-ly road, a friend-ly road.

397

## Lead Me, Savior.

F. M. D.

Frank M. Davis.

1. Sav-ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;  
 2. Thou the ref-uge of my soul When life's stormy billows roll;  
 3. Sav-ior, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past,  
 1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;

I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love a-bide.  
 I am safe when Thou art nigh, All my hopes on Thee re-ly.  
 To the land of end-less day, Where all tears are wiped away.  
 I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love abide.

### CHORUS.

Lead me, lead me, Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray;.....  
 lest I stray;

Gen-tly down the stream of time, Lead me, Sav-ior, all the way.  
 stream of time, all the way.

George O. Webster.

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Grant Colfax Tullar.

1. If the clouds are dark and drear - y just a - bove your way, If you trav - el  
 2. When your heart is crush'd with sor - row, there's a prom - ise bright, Soon will dawn a  
 3. Keep on smil - ing, skies will scat - ter, sing a cheer - y song, For it real - ly

lone and wea - ry through a toil - some day, Here's a word of hope and bless - ing -  
 gold - en mor - row, faith will turn to sight; Clouds will sure - ly rift a - bove you  
 can - not mat - ter since 'twill not be long; Like the mists of ear - ly morn - ing

you will find it true, If you keep on bravely smil - ing, skies will soon be blue.  
 and the sun shine thro'; If you keep on bravely smil - ing, skies will soon be blue.  
 clouds will melt for you, On - ly keep on bravely smil - ing, skies will soon be blue.

## CHORUS.

Keep on smil - ing till the sun breaks through, Skies will soon be smil - ing

down on you; All your earth - ly cares be - guil - ing, Keep on smil - ing, brave - ly

# Skies Will Soon Be Blue..

smil - ing; Skies will soon be blue, Skies will soon be blue.

## 399 Jesus Is Always The Same.

R. A. K.

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Richard A. Kelly.

1. We have a won - der - ful Sav - ior; Changeless, a - bid - ing is He.  
2. Je - sus, the on - ly foun - da - tion; Sol - id, e - ter - nal we know.  
3. Time, with its tri - als, brings chang-es; False friends may leave us and flee.

Oth - ers may fail us when need - ed; May we like Him ev - er be!  
Storm-clouds and tempests may move us; To Him we can ev - er go.  
There's One who nev - er de - serts us; Je - sus who died on the tree.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is al - ways the same. Praise to His Ho - ly Name!

Though trou - bles may try us, and we may fail, Je - sus is always the same.



# 400 When You Know It You Will Tell It.

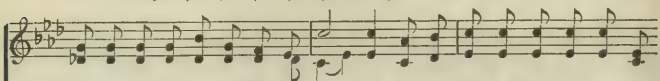
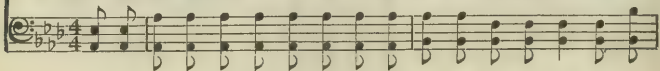
H. L.

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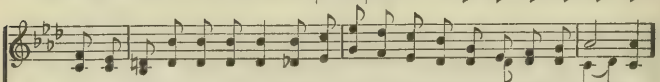
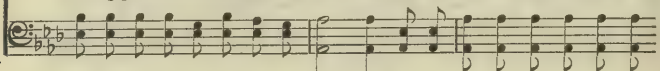
Haldor Lillenas.



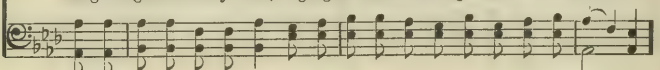
1. When you know the sa - cred sto - ry, sto - ry of re - deem - ing grace, You will
2. Since you know the peace unbounded, peace that Christ alone can give, You will
3. There are mul - ti - tudes who nev - er felt the won - der - work - ing pow'r Of the



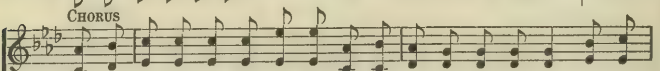
want to tell some oth - er soul a - bout it; You will want to show its beau - ty  
want some oth - er soul to come and share it; So that soul may know the Sav - ior  
sav - ing grace that Je - sus free - ly prof - fers; If your soul has been redeemed you'll



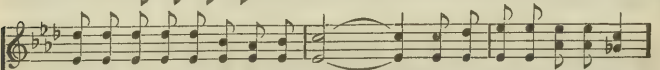
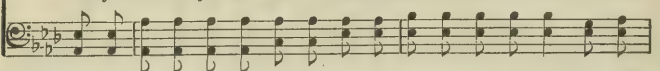
to the lost in ev - 'ry place, Striving to convince the ones who still may doubt it.  
and may dai - ly for Him live, May receive His robe of righteousness and wear it.  
long to go this ver - y hour, Urging them to seek the peace that now He of - fers.



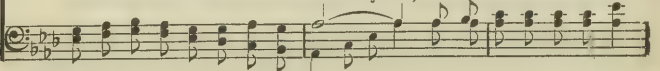
## CHORUS



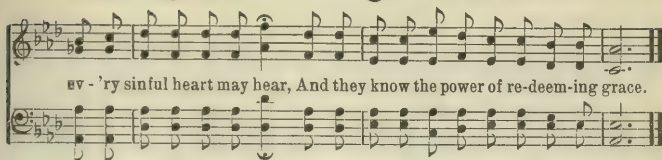
When you know it you will tell it, tell the sto - ry old but new, Strive to



tell it to the lost of ev - 'ry race; . . . Till each message sweet and clear  
ev - 'ry race;



# When You Know It You Will Tell It.

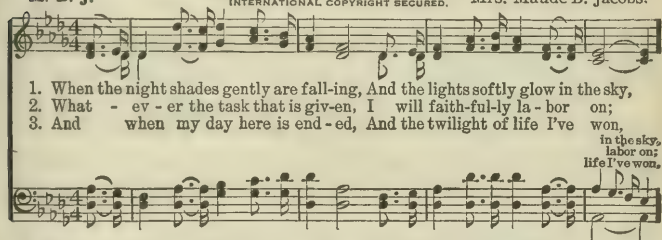


ev - 'ry sinful heart may hear, And they know the power of re-deem-ing grace.

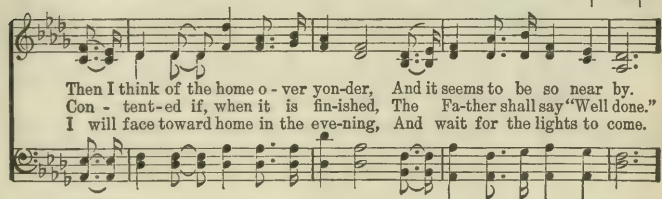
## 401 When the Night Shades Are falling.

M. B. J.

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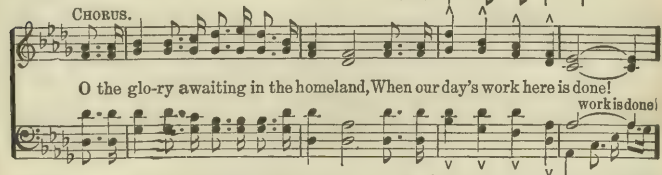


1. When the night shades gently are fall-ing, And the lights softly glow in the sky,
2. What - ev - er the task that is giv-en, I will faith-ful-ly la-bor on;
3. And when my day here is end-ed, And the twilight of life I've won,  
in the sky,  
labor on;  
life I've won.

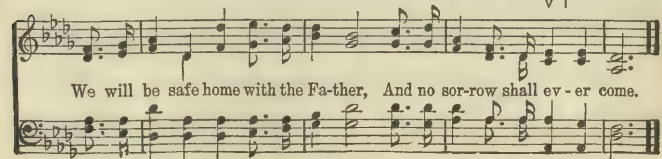


Then I think of the home o - ver yon-der, And it seems to be so near by.  
Con - tent-ed if, when it is fin-ished, The Fa-ther shall say "Well done."  
I will face toward home in the eve-ning, And wait for the lights to come.

CHORUS.



O the glo-ry awaiting in the homeland, When our day's work here is done!  
work is done!



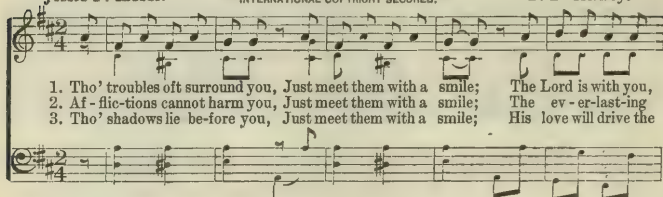
We will be safe home with the Fa-ther, And no sor-row shall ev - er come.

# 402 Meet Your Troubles With A Smile.

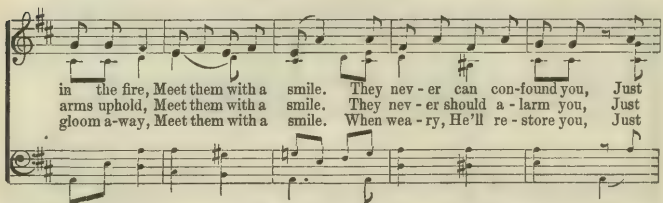
Jessie F. Moser.

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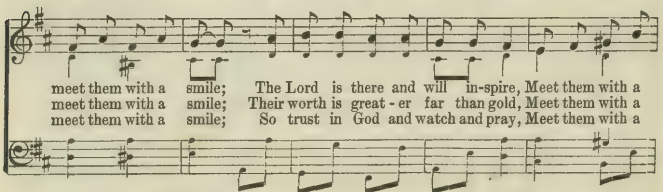
B. D. Ackley.



1. Tho' troubles oft surround you, Just meet them with a smile; The Lord is with you,  
2. Af-flic-tions cannot harm you, Just meet them with a smile; The ev-er-last-ing  
3. Tho' shadows lie be-fore you, Just meet them with a smile; His love will drive the

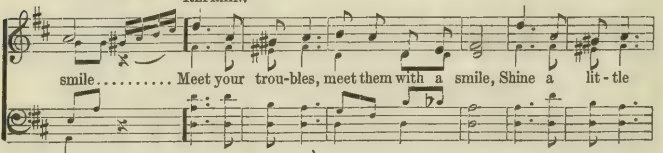


in the fire, Meet them with a smile. They nev-er can con-found you, Just  
arms uphold, Meet them with a smile. They nev-er should a-larm you, Just  
gloom a-way, Meet them with a smile. When wea-ry, He'll re-store you, Just

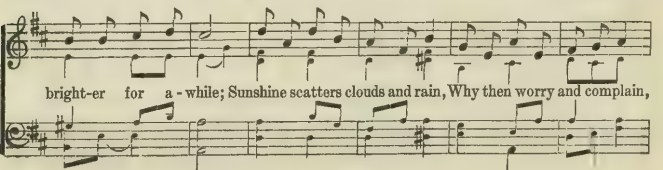


meet them with a smile; The Lord is there and will in-spire, Meet them with a  
meet them with a smile; Their worth is great-er far than gold, Meet them with a  
meet them with a smile; So trust in God and watch and pray, Meet them with a

## REFRAIN.



smile..... Meet your trou-bles, meet them with a smile, Shine a lit-tle



bright-er for a-while; Sunshine scatters clouds and rain, Why then worry and complain,

# Meet Your Troubles With A Smile.

Meet your ma - ny trou - bles, meet them with a smile.....

403

## Glory Be To God.

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B. B. McKinney.

Anon.

*Slowly.*

1. Soft - ly the night is fall - ing, On Beth - le - hem's fair hill;.....  
2. Come with the joy - ful shep - herds, Leav - ing their peace - ful fold;.....  
3. Ye who are worn and wea - ry, Come with the cra - dle - throng;...

Si - lent the shep - herds watch - ing, Their gen - tle flocks are still.  
Come with the wise - men bring - ing Their in - cense, myrrh and gold.  
Bring Him your heart's de - vo - tion, Join in the an - gel's song.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

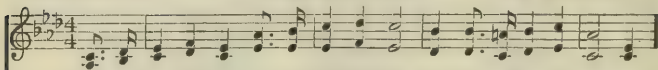
Glo - ry, glo - ry, Sang the ho - ly voi - ces from the sky;  
Glo - ry be to God, glo - ry to God,

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high.  
Glo - ry be to God, glo - ry be to God,

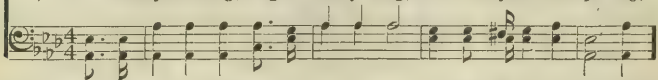
B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.



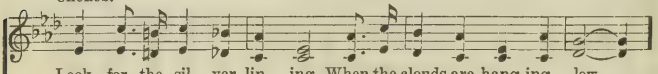
1. Tho' the dark clouds roll O'er your troubled soul, 'Somewhere the sun is shin-ing,'
2. There's a rainbow bright From the throne of light, O-ver the clouds 'tis shining,
3. Tho' the days are long, Sing a cheer-y song, Come from your sad re-pin-ing;



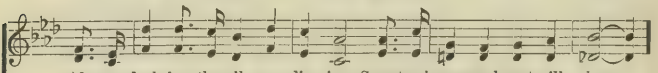
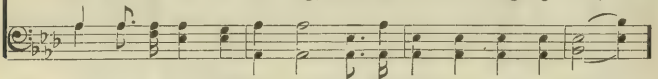
Nev-er doubt nor fear, Christ is al-ways near, Look for the sil - ver lin - ing.  
Soon its cheering ray Drives the clouds a-way, Look for the sil - ver lin - ing.  
God is on His throne Watching o'er His own, Look for the sil - ver lin - ing.



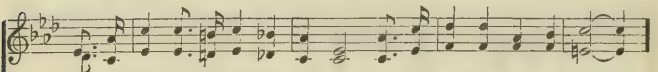
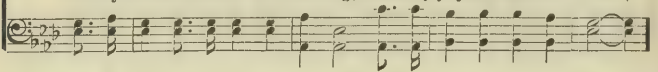
## CHORUS.



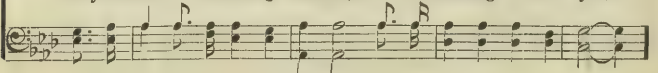
Look for the sil - ver lin - ing, When the clouds are hang-ing low,



Al-ways look for the sil - ver lin - ing, Sweeter joys your heart will know;



Put your trust in the liv-ing Sav - ior, He is watching o - ver you,





# Look for The Silver Lining.

Always look for the sil-ver lin-ing, 'Till the sun comes shining thro'.

405

## Redeeming Love.

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Martha Stockton.

R. B. McKinney.

1. God loved the world of sin-ners lost And ru-ined by the fall;  
2. E'en now by faith I claim Him mine, The ris-en Son of God;  
3. Be-liev-ing souls, re-joic-ing go, There shall to you be giv'n;  
4. With vic-t'ry o-ver Sa-tan's pow'r My heart with rap-ture sings,

Sal-va-tion full, at high-est cost, He of-fers free to all.  
Re-demp-tion by His death I find, And cleans-ing thro' the blood.  
A glo-rious fore-taste, here be-low, Of end-less life in heav'n.  
I'll tri-umph in the dy-ing hour Thro' Christ, the King of kings,

### CHORUS.

Oh, 'twas love, love, love that lift-ed me, Love, love, love that set me free.

Love, love won the vic-to-ry, Oh, 'twas love, love, love.

A. H. A.

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Rev. A. H. Ackley.

1. There are bur-dens to be borne, For the world is tired and worn, Tho' you  
 2. There is lon - li - ness and grief, You can help to bring re - lief, Tho' you  
 3. There is sin so dark and lone, Help to make my Sav-ior known, Tho' you

can-not do it all, do something; Help to lift the load of care, You will  
 can-not do it all, do something; Con - se - crate to God your heart, Ask for  
 can-not do it all, do something; Raise the cross of vic - to - ry, Lift it

find it ev - 'ry-where, Tho' you can-not do it all, do some - thing.  
 strength to do your part, Tho' you can-not do it all, do some - thing.  
 high o'er land and sea, Tho' you can-not do it all, do some - thing.

## CHORUS.

Some - thing,

do some - thing,

Do something for the Lord, do something for the Lord, Tho' you can-not

do it all, do some - thing; In this world of sin and shame You can

# Do Something.

some - thing.

serve in Je-sus' name, Tho' you can - not do it all, do some-thing.

some - thng.

407

## Never A One.

H. L.

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Haldor Lillenas.

1. Search o'er the heart weary world and you'll find Nev-er a one, nev-er a one  
2. Read all the volumes that ev-er were penned, Nev-er a one, nev-er a one  
3. Strive to dis-cov-er a Pi-lot so true, Nev-er a one, nev-er a one  
4. Is there a one who in death will not fail? Nev-er a one, nev-er a one

Like to the Sav-ior of sin-ful mankind, There was nev-er a one like Je - sus.  
Ev - er revealed such a wonderful Friend, There was nev-er a one like Je - sus.  
Guid-ed the helm on life's voy-age for you, There was nev-er a one like Je - sus.  
Je - sus a - lone o'er its pow'r can prevail, There was nev-er a one like Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Nev - er a one, nev - er a one, There was nev - er a one like Je - sus;

Ev-er adored is our glorious Lord, There was never a one like Je - sus.

# 408 I Am Listening for His Footfall.

John R. Clements.

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Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. I am liv-ing on the mountain heights with Je-sus; I am bask-ing  
2. I am find-ing in His ser-vice joy and glad-ness; I am tell-ing  
3. I am list'ning for His foot-fall on the pave-ment; I have left the

in the sunshine of His grace; I am feast-ing on the full-ness  
of His grace and wondrous love; I am plant-ing in the darkness  
latch-string hanging at the door; I am bus-y with the task He

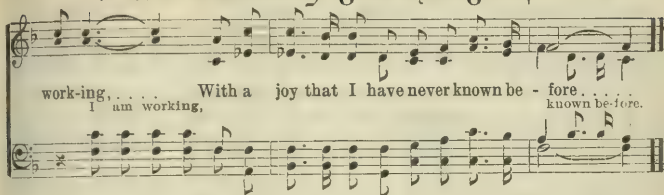
of His pres-ence, And my soul has oft be-held Him face to face.  
light-ed torch-es, That will point the way-ward wand'rer home a-bove.  
has as-signed me, With a joy that I have nev-er known be-fore.

## CHORUS.

I am wait-ing... I am watch-ing... I am list'ning  
I am wait-ing, I am watch-ing,

for His footfall at the door; I am wait-ing, I am  
at the door, I am waiting.

# I Am Listening for His Footfall.



work-ing, ... With a joy that I have never known be - fore.  
I am working, known be-fore.

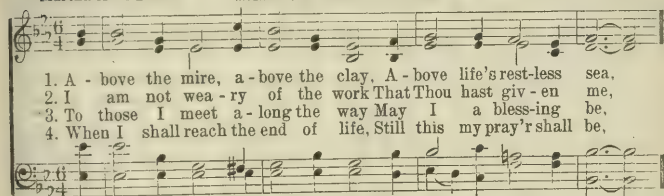
409

## Lift Me Up To Thee.

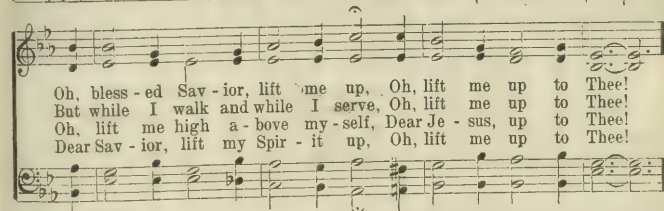
Martha Ann Price.

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B. B. McKinney.

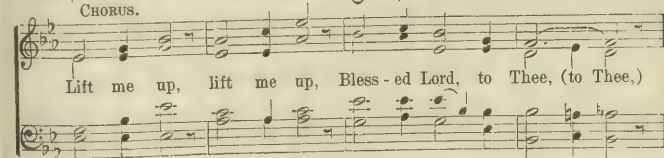


1. A - bove the mire, a - bove the clay, A - bove life's rest-less sea,  
2. I am not wea - ry of the work That Thou hast giv - en me,  
3. To those I meet a - long the way May I a bless-ing be,  
4. When I shall reach the end of life, Still this my pray'r shall be,

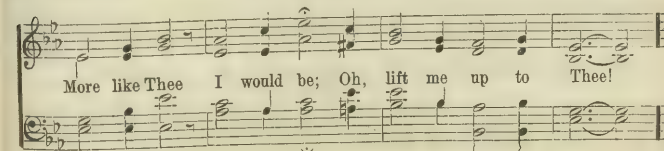


Oh, bless - ed Sav - ior, lift me up, Oh, lift me up to Thee!  
But while I walk and while I serve, Oh, lift me up to Thee!  
Oh, lift me high a - bove my - self, Dear Je - sus, up to Thee!  
Dear Sav - ior, lift my Spir - it up, Oh, lift me up to Thee!

CHORUS.



Lift me up, lift me up, Bless - ed Lord, to Thee, (to Thee,)



More like Thee I would be; Oh, lift me up to Thee!



Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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E. O. Excell Co., Owner.

E. O. Excell.

1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis-  
2. Are you ev - er bur-den-ed with a load of care? Does the cross seem  
3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has  
4. So, a - mid the con-flict, whether great or small, Do not be dis-

cour-aged, think-ing all is lost, Count your man-y bless-ings, name them  
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y bless-ings, ev - 'ry  
prom-ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man-y bless-ings, mon-ey  
cour-aged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y bless-ings, an - gels

one by one, And it will sur-prise you what the Lord hath done.  
doubt will fly, And you will be sing-ing as the days go by.  
can - not buy Your re-ward in Heav-en, nor your home on high.  
will at - tend, Help and com-fort give you to your jour-ney's end.

## CHORUS.

Count your bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your  
Count your man-y bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your man-y

bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your bless-ings,  
bless - ings, See what God hath done; Count your man-y bless - ings,

# Count Your Blessings.

*rit.* *a tempo.*

Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done. A-MEN.

## 411 There's No friend Like Jesus.

M. J. B.

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M. J. Babbitt.

1. There's no friend to me like Je - sus, He my ev - ry need sup - plies;  
 2. All, yes, all to me is Je - sus, Blest Re - deem - er, Sav - ior, Guide,  
 3. I will nev - er cease to love Him, He who died to set me free;

He not on - ly saves but keeps me, Noth - ing good from me de - nies.  
 And from ev - 'ry foe de - fends me, And in Him I'll ev - er hide.  
 Now in Him I am a - bid - ing, And some day His face I'll see.

CHORUS.

Yes, in Him I'm ful - ly trust - ing, Yes, thro' Him I'll con - quer all;

For I know He saves and keeps me, And He'll nev - er let me fall. A-MEN.

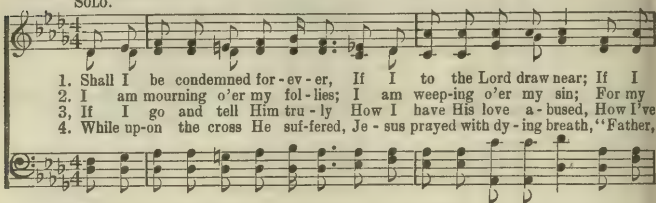
# 412 Crimson Calvary Answers, "No!"

W. T. Dale.

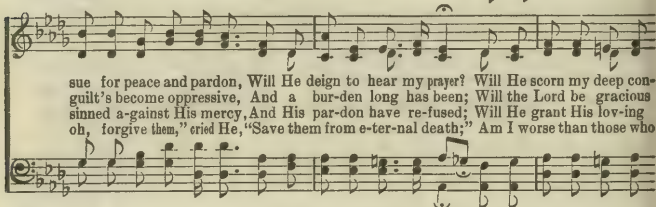
Chorus by B. B. McK.  
SOLO.

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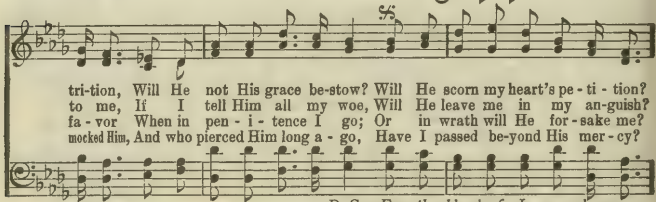
B. B. McKinney.



1. Shall I be condemned for - ev - er, If I to the Lord draw near; If I  
2. I am mourning o'er my fol - lies; I am weep - ing o'er my sin; For my  
3. If I go and tell Him tru - ly How I have His love a - bused, How I've  
4. While up-on the cross He suf - fered, Je - sus prayed with dy - ing breath, "Father,



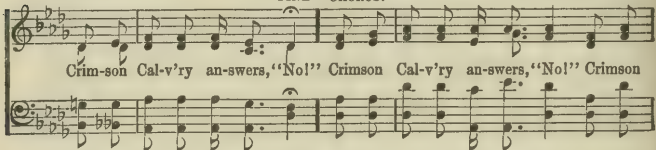
sue for peace and pardon, Will He deign to hear my prayer? Will He scorn my deep con-  
guilt's become oppressive, And a bur - den long has been; Will the Lord be gracious  
sinned a - gainst His mercy, And His par - don have re - fused; Will He grant His lov - ing  
oh, forgive them," cried He, "Save them from e - ter - nal death;" Am I worse than those who



tri - tion, Will He not His grace be - stow? Will He scorn my heart's pe - ti - tion?  
to me, If I tell Him all my woe, Will He leave me in my an - guish?  
fa - vor When in pen - i - tence I go; Or in wrath will He for - sake me?  
mocked Him, And who pierced Him long a - go, Have I passed be - yond His mer - cy?

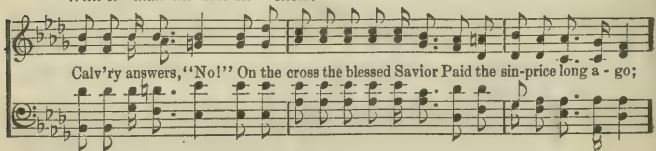
*D. S.—For the blood of Je - sus cleanses*

FINE CHORUS.



Crim - son Cal - v'ry an - swers, "No!" Crimson Cal - v'ry an - swers, "No!" Crimson

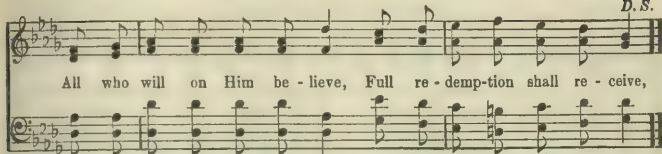
*Whit - er than the driv - en snow.*



Calv'ry answers, "No!" On the cross the blessed Savior Paid the sin - price long a - go;

# Crimson Calvary Answers, "No!"

*D. S.*



All who will on Him be - lieve, Full re - demp - tion shall re - ceive,

413

## Wonderful Words of Life.

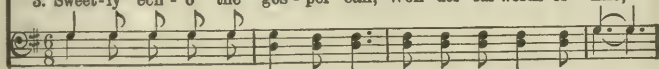
P. P. B.

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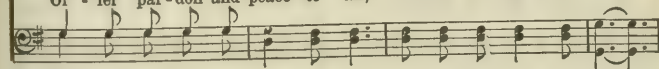
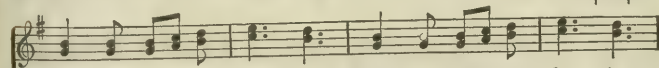
P. P. Bliss.



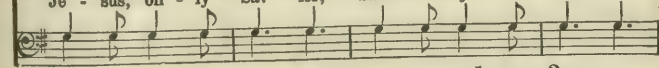
1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all, Won - der - ful words of Life;
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life;



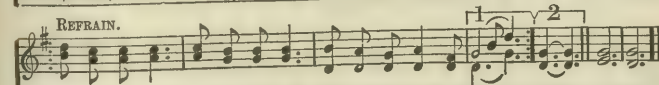

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life.  
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life.  
Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life.

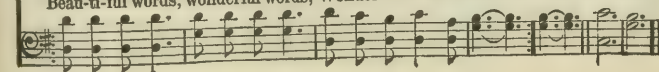
Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty:  
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to Heav - en:  
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er:



REFRAIN.



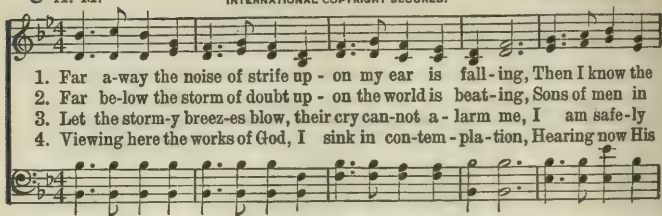
Beau - ti - ful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life. Life. A - MEN.



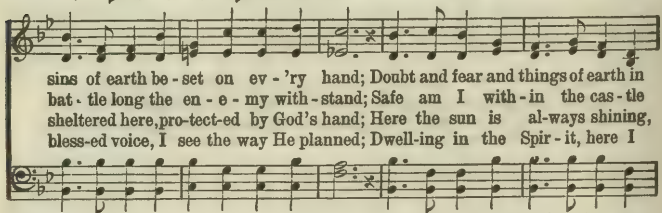
C. A. M.

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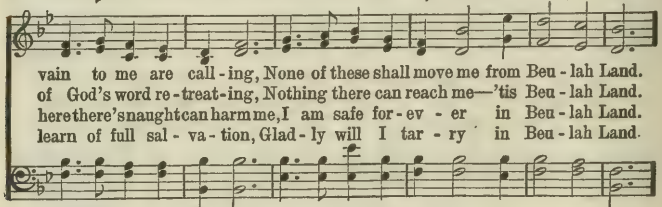
C. Austin Miles.



1. Far a-way the noise of strife up - on my ear is fall-ing, Then I know the  
 2. Far be-low the storm of doubt up - on the world is beat-ing, Sons of men in  
 3. Let the storm-y breez-es blow, their cry can-not a - larm me, I am safe-ly  
 4. Viewing here the works of God, I sink in con-tem - pla-tion, Hearing now His

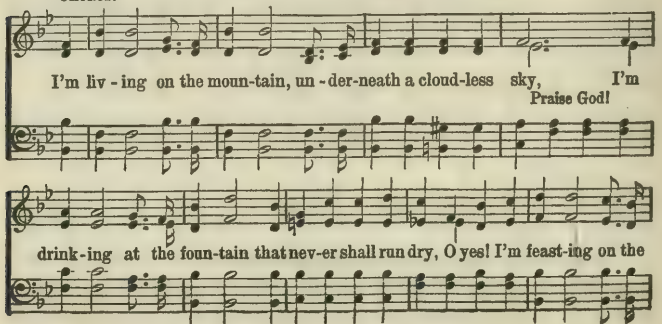


sins of earth be - set on ev - 'ry hand; Doubt and fear and things of earth in  
 bat - tle long the en - e - my with - stand; Safe am I with - in the cas - tle  
 sheltered here, pro - tect - ed by God's hand; Here the sun is al - ways shining,  
 bless - ed voice, I see the way He planned; Dwell - ing in the Spir - it, here I



vain to me are call - ing, None of these shall move me from Beu - lah Land.  
 of God's word re - treat - ing, Nothing there can reach me - 'tis Beu - lah Land.  
 herethere'snaughtcan harm me, I am safe for - ev - er in Beu - lah Land.  
 learn of full sal - va - tion, Glad - ly will I tar - ry in Beu - lah Land.

## CHORUS.



I'm liv - ing on the moun-tain, un - der-neath a cloud-less sky, I'm  
 Praise God!  
 drink - ing at the foun-tain that nev - er shall run dry, O yes! I'm feast - ing on the



# Dwelling In Beulah Land.

man-na from a boun-ti-ful sup-ply, For I am dwell-ing in Beu-lah Land.

415

## Lord, Send a Revival.

B. B. McK.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

B. B. McKinney.

1. Send a re-viv-al, O Christ, my Lord, Let it go o-ver the land and sea,
2. Send a re-viv-al among Thine own, Help us to turn from our sins a-way,
3. Send a re-viv-al to those in sin, Help them, O Je-sus, to turn to Thee,
4. Send a re-viv-al in ev-'ry heart, Draw the world nearer, O Lord, to Thee,

Send it ac-cord-ing to Thy dear Word And let it be-gin in me.  
Let us get near-er the Father's throne, Re-vive us a-gain, we pray.  
Let them the new life in Thee be-gin, Oh, give them the vic-to-ry.  
Let Thy sal-va-tion true joy im-part And let it be-gin in me.

CHORUS.

Lord, send a re-viv-al, Lord, send a re-viv-al,

Lord send a re-viv-al And let it be-gin in me.

## 416

## Into My Heart.

H. D. C.

CHORUS COPYRIGHT, 1924, HARRY D. CLARKE, OWNER.  
VERSES COPYRIGHT, 1927, BY HARRY D. CLARKE.

Harry D. Clarke.

1. Come in - to my heart, blessed Je - sus, Come in - to my heart, I pray;  
2. Come in - to my heart, blessed Je - sus, I need Thee thro' life's dreary way;  
3. Come in - to my heart, blessed Je - sus, And take all my guilt a - way;  
4. Come in - to my heart, blessed Je - sus, O cleanse and il - lu - mine my soul;

My soul is so troub - led and wea - ry, Come in - to my heart to - day.  
The bur - den of sin is so heav - y, Come in - to my heart to stay.  
Then spotless I'll stand in Thy presence, When breaks Thine e - ter - nal day.  
Fill me with Thy won - der - ful Spir - it,, Come in and take full con - trol.

## CHORUS.

In - to my heart, in - to my heart, Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - sus;

Come in to - day, come in to stay, Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - sus.

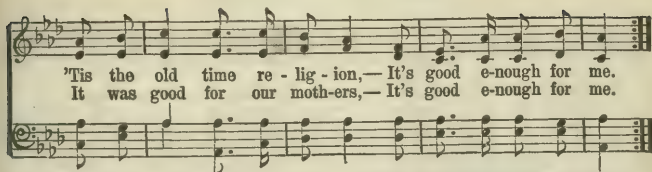
## 417

## Old Time Religion.

Arranged.

CHO. — 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion,  
1. It was good for our moth - ers, It was good for our moth - ers,

# Old-Time Religion.



2 Makes me love everybody.

3 It has sav-ed our fathers.

4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.

5 It was good for the Hebrew children,

6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.

7 It was good for Paul and Silas.

8 It will do when I am dying.

9 It can take us all to heaven.

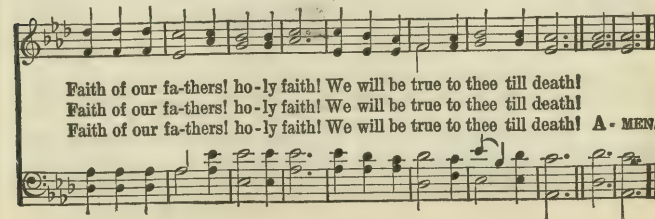
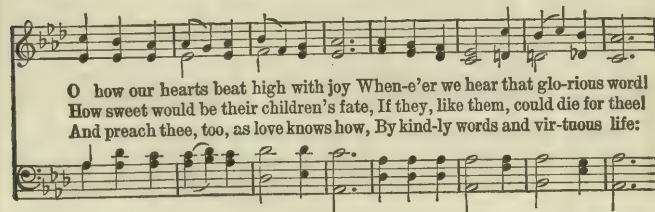
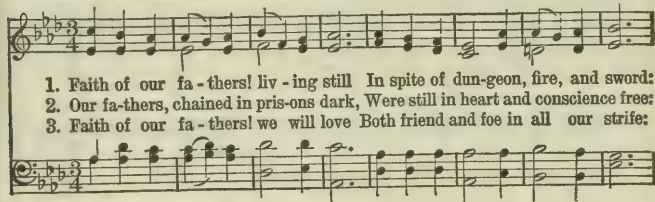
418

## Faith of Our Fathers.

Frederick W. Faber.

St. Catherine. L. M. 6l.

H. F. Hemy.



S. E. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

Charlie D. Tillman.

1. Read-y to suf-fer grief or pain, Read-y to stand the test;  
 2. Read-y to go, read-y to bear, Read-y to watch and pray;  
 3. Read-y to speak, read-y to think, Read-y with heart and brain;  
 4. Read-y to speak, read-y to warn, Read-y o'er souls to yearn;

Read-y to stay at home and send Oth-ers, if He sees best.  
 Read-y to stand a-side and give, Till He shall clear the way.  
 Read-y to stand where He sees fit, Read-y to stand the strain.  
 Read-y in life, read-y in death, Read-y for His re-turn.

## CHORUS.

Read-y to go, read-y to stay, Read-y my place to fill;

Read-y for serv-ice, low-ly or great, Read-y to do His will.

B. B McK.

COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

B. B. McKinney.

Keep on pray-ing till you pray it thro', Keep on praying till you pray it thro';

# Keep On Praying.

God's great prom-is-es are al-ways true, Keep on pray-ing till you pray it thro'.

421

## Have Thine Own Way, Lord.

A. A. P.

Copyright, 1907, by Geo. C. Stebbins.  
Hope Publishing Co., Owner.

Geo. C. Stebbins

*Slowly.*

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the  
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and  
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wound-ed and  
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my

Pot-ter; I am the clay. Mould me and make me Aft-er Thy  
try me, Mas-ter, to day! Whit-er than snow, Lord, Wash me just  
wear-y, Help me, I pray! Pow-er—all pow-er—Sure-ly is  
ba-ing Ab-so-lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir-it Till all shall

will, While I am wait-ing, Yield-ed and still.  
now, As in Thy pres-ence Hum-bly I bow.  
Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav-ior di-vine!  
see Christ on-ly, al-ways, Liv-ing in me! A - MEN.



T. O. Chisholm.

*Not fast.*

Copyright, 1917, by The Heidelberg Press.

Used by permission of C. Harold Lowden, Inc., Owners.

C. Harold Lowden.

1. Liv-ing for Je-sus a life that is true, Striv-ing to please Him in  
 2. Liv-ing for Je-sus who died in my place, Bear-ing on Cal-v'ry my  
 3. Liv-ing for Je-sus wher-ev-er I am, Do-ing each du-ty in  
 4. Liv-ing for Je-sus thro' earth's lit-tle while, My dear-est treas-ure, the

all that I do, Yield-ing al-le-giance, glad-heart-ed and free,  
 sin and dis-grace, Such love con-strains me to an-swer His call,  
 His ho-ly name, Will-ing to suf-fer af-flic-tion or loss,  
 light of His smile, Seek-ing the lost ones He died to re-deem,

*\*CHORUS. Unison. A little slower.*

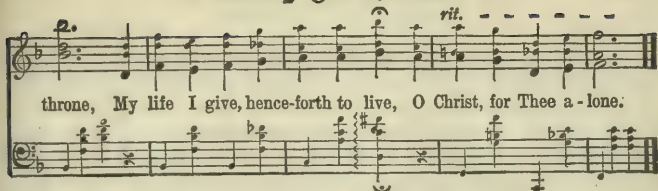
This is the path-way of bless-ing for me.  
 Fol-low His lead-ing and give Him my all. O Je-sus, Lord and  
 Deeming each tri-al a part of my cross.  
 Bringing the wea-ry to find rest in Him.

Sav-ior, I give my-self to Thee; For Thou, in Thy A-tone-ment, Didst

give Thy-self for me; I own no oth-er Mas-ter, My heart shall be Thy

\*NOTE.—Melody in lower notes. A two-part effect may be had by having the men sing the melody, the women taking the middle notes

# Singing for Jesus.

2.  *rit.*

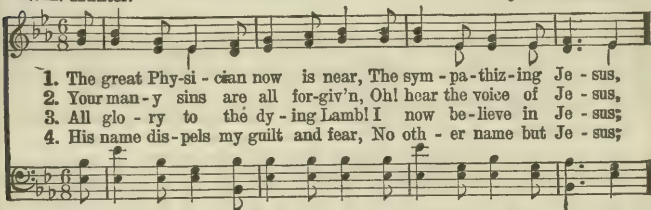
throne, My life I give, hence-forth to live, O Christ, for Thee a-lone.

423

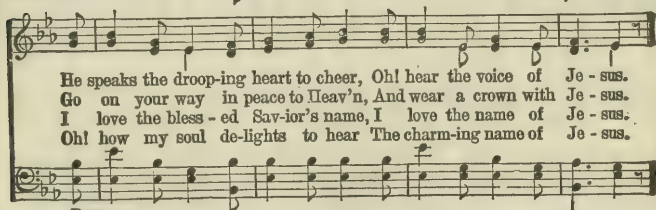
## The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter.

J. H. Stockton.

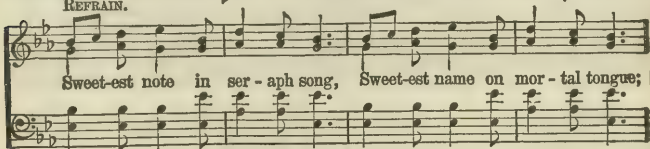


1. The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je-sus,
2. Your man-y sins are all for-giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je-sus,
3. All glo-ry to the dy-ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je-sus;
4. His name dis-pels my guilt and fear, No oth-er name but Je-sus;

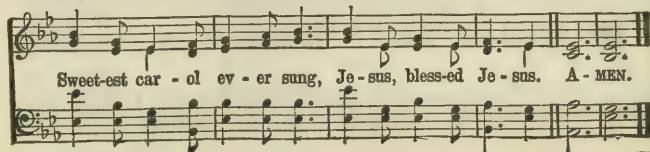


He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je-sus.  
Go on your way in peace to Heav'n, And wear a crown with Je-sus.  
I love the bless-ed Sav-ior's name, I love the name of Je-sus.  
Oh! how my soul de-lights to hear The charm-ing name of Je-sus.

REFRAIN.



Sweet-est note in ser-aph song, Sweet-est name on mor-tal tongue;

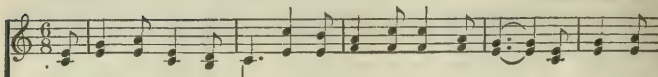


Sweet-est car-ol ev-er sung, Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus. A-MEN.

C. A. M.

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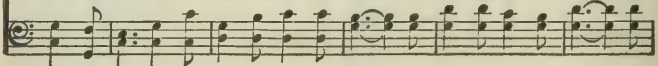
C. Austin Miles.



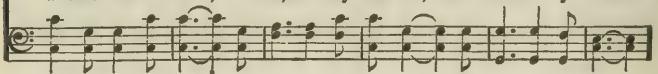
1. It may be in the val-ley, where count-less dan-gers hide; It may be
2. It may be I must car - ry the bless-ed word of life A - cross the
3. But if it be my por-tion to bear my cross at home, While oth-ers
4. It is not mine to ques-tion the judg-ments of the Lord, It is but



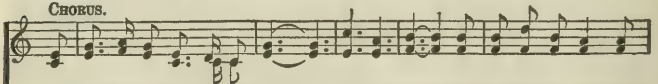
in the sun-shine that I, in peace, a - bide; But this one thing I know—if  
burn-ing des-erts to those in sin - ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to  
bear their bur-dens a-cross the bil-low's foam, I'll prove my faith in Him—con-  
mine to fol - low the lead-ings of His word; But if to go or stay, or



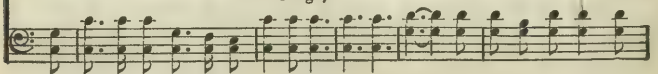
it be dark or fair, If Je-sus is with me, I'll go an - y - where!  
bear my col-ors there, If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go an - y - where!  
fess my judgments fair, And, if He stays with me, I'll go an - y - where!  
whether here or there, I'll be, with my Sav-ior, con-tent an - y - where!



## CHORUS.



If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go, . . . . An - y - where! 'Tis heaven to me, Where  
I'll go,



# If Jesus Goes With Me.

e'er I may be, If He is there! I count it a priv-i-lege here.... His  
His cross, His  
cross to bear;.. If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go An - y - where!  
cross, His cross to bear;

425

## Pass Me Not.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF FANNY T. DOANE.

Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane.

1. { Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-ior, Hear my humble cry;  
While on others Thou art calling, (Omit.....) Do not pass me by.  
2. { Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief;  
Kneeling there in deep contrition, (Omit.....) Help my un-be-lief.  
3. { Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face;  
Heal my wounded, broken spir-it, (Omit.....) Save me by Thy grace.  
4. { Thou the Spring of all my comfort, More than life to me,  
Whom have I on earth beside Thee? (Omit.....) Whom in Heav'n but Thee?

D.S.—While on others Thou art call-ing, (Omit.....) Do not pass me by.

CHORUS. D. C.  
Sav - ior, Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry;

*Brightly.*

1. Good morn - ing to you, Good morn - ing to you,  
 2. Hap - py birth - day to you, Hap - py birth - day to you,  
 3. A wel - come to you, A wel - come to you,  
 4. 'Tis love brings us here, 'Tis love brings us here,

Good morn - ing, dear chil - dren, Good morn - ing to you!  
 Hap - py birth - day, dear chil - dren, Hap - py birth - day to you!  
 A wel - come, dear chil - dren, A wel - come to you!  
 'Tis love, dear chil - dren, 'Tis love brings us here.

1. Praise Him, praise Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love;  
 2. Love Him, love Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love;  
 3. Thank Him, thank Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love;

Praise Him, praise Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love.  
 Love Him, love Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love.  
 Thank Him, thank Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love.



## 428

## Holy Spirit, Like the Dew.

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

*Andante con espressione.*


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, like the dew Fall on me, Fall on me;  
 2. Ho - ly Spir - it, ev - er near, Com - fort me, Com - fort me;  
 3. Ho - ly Spir - it, pow'r di - vine, Fill my soul, Fill my soul;  
 4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all su - preme, Mold my life, Mold my life;

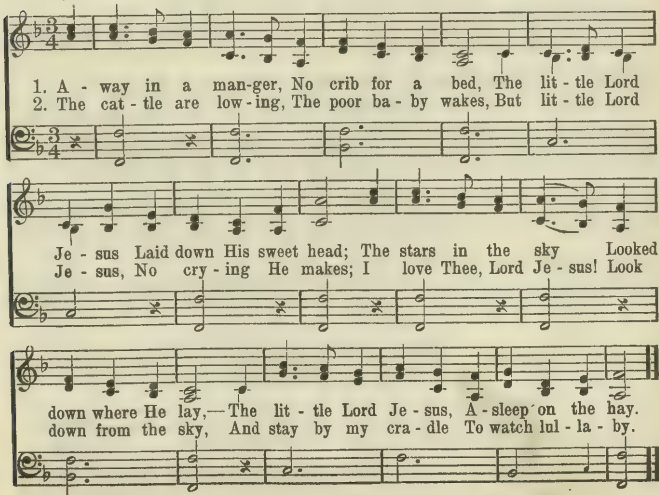
Cleanse from sin And reign with-in; Ho - ly Spir - it, fall on me.  
 To my heart True joy im - part; Ho - ly Spir - it, com - fort me.  
 Help me win The lost from sin; Ho - ly Spir - it, fill my soul.  
 Thine to - day And Thine for aye; Ho - ly Spir - it, mold my life.

## 429

## Luther's Cradle Hymn.

M. L.

Martin Luther.



1. A - way in a man - ger, No crib for a bed, The lit - tle Lord  
 2. The cat - tle are low - ing, The poor ba - by wakes, But lit - tle Lord

Je - sus Laid down His sweet head; The stars in the sky Looked  
 Je - sus, No cry - ing He makes; I love Thee, Lord Je - sus! Look

down where He lay, — The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, A - sleep on the hay.  
 down from the sky, And stay by my cra - dle To watch lul - la - by.

# 430 Little Baby in the Manger, I Love You.

C. B. A.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY THE STANDARD PUBLISHING CO.  
USED BY PERMISSION.

Carrie B. Adams.

Lit - tle Ba - by in the man - ger, "I love you!" Ly - ing there, to

earth a stran-ger, "I love you!" Wise men saw the star, and an-swered,

"I love you!" Shep-herds heard the an - gels sing - ing, "I love you!"

# 431 New Every Morning Is the Love.

John Keble.

Canonbury. L. M.

Robert Schumann.

1. New ev - 'ry morn-ing is the love, Our wak'ning and up-ris-ing prove, -  
2. New mer-cies each re - turn - ing day, Hov - er a-round us while we pray, -  
3. On - ly, O Lord, in Thy dear love, Fit us for per-fect rest a - bove,

Thro' sleep and darkness safe-ly bro't, Re-stored to life, and pow'r, and tho't.  
New per - ils past, new sins for-giv'n, New tho'ts of God, new hopes of heav'n.  
And help us, this and ev - 'ry day, To live more near-ly as we pray.

P. R.

COPYRIGHT 1921, BY PAUL RADER.

Paul Rader.

On - ly be - lieve, on - ly be - lieve; All things are pos - si - ble, on - ly be - lieve;

On - ly be - lieve, on - ly be - lieve; All things are pos - si - ble, on - ly be - lieve.

## 433

## I Love Him.

London Hymn Book.

USED BY PERMISSION.

S. C. Foster.

1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charm; Gone are my sins and  
2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to  
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but

all that would a - larm; Gone ev - er - more, and by His grace I know The  
doubts and fears with - in; Once was a - fraid to trust a lov - ing God, But  
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To

D. S. — Be - cause He first loved me, And  
FINE D. S.

pre - cious blood of Je - sus cleanses white as snow.  
now my guilt is washed a - way in Je - sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,  
tell the world the peace that He a - lone can give.

purchased my sal - va - tion on Calv'ry's tree.

## Church Bells.

(A SONG FOR PRIMARY CLASSES.)

W. E. H.

Copyright, 1904, by Wm. E. Howard  
Owned by Robert H. Coleman

W. E. Howard.

1. To and fro the church bells swing, In the steeple high; Hear them while they  
2. "Come to church," they seem to say, "'Tis the hour of prayer; Come, and wor-ship  
3. Let me, like the bells a - bove, Nev - er wea-ry grow, Tell - ing of the

## CHORUS.

loud-ly sing Un-der-neath the sky.  
God to-day In His tem-ple fair." "Ding,dong,ding,"The great bells ring,  
Lord I love, So the world may know.

Call-ing "This is Sun-day morn-ing; Ding,dong,ding, Ding,dong,ding,"The  
great bells sing; Hear them loud - ly sing - ing in the morn - ing!

## Good Morning Song.

(PRIMARY.)

W. E. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY WM. E. HOWARD.

Wm. E. Howard.

1-3. "Good morn - ing, good morn - ing, God gives the morn - ing,

## Good Morning Song.

1. God gives the sun - shine," The bird seemed to say.  
 2. God gives the rain - drops," The flow'r seemed to say.  
 3. We will sing prais - es, Sing prais - es to Him!

*rall.*

## 436 Come, Ye Thankful People, Come.

Henry Alford

*St. George's, Windsor.*

Sir George J. Elvey.

1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest home!  
 2. We our-selves are God's own field Fruit un-to His praise to yield;  
 3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har-vest home;

All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin:  
 Wheat and tares to- geth-er sown Un-to joy or sor-row grown;  
 From His field shall purge a-way All that doth of-fend that day;

God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied:  
 First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap-pear;  
 Give His an-gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast;

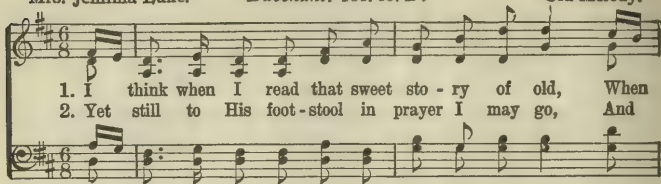
Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest home.  
 Lord of har-vest! grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.  
 But the fruit-ful ears to store In His gar-nen ev-er-more. A-MEN.



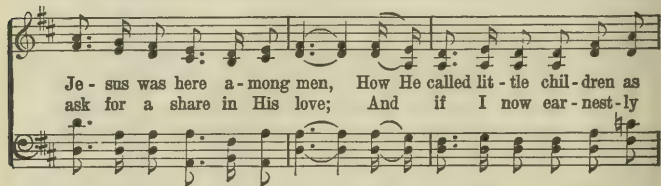
Mrs. Jemima Luke.

Davenant. 11s. 8s. D.

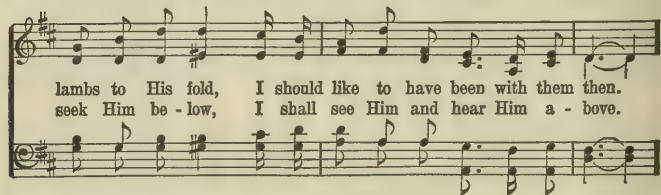
Old Melody.



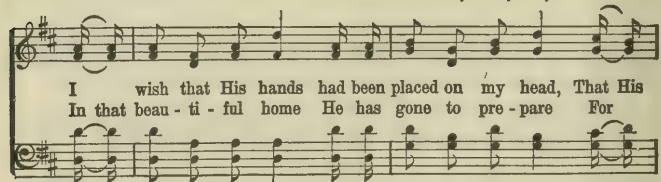
1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When  
2. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And



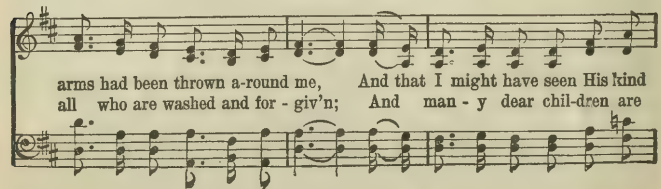
Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as  
ask for a share in His love; And if I now ear - nest - ly



lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.  
seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.



I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His  
In that beau - ti - ful home He has gone to pre - pare For



arms had been thrown a - round me, And that I might have seen His kind  
all who are washed and for - giv'n; And man - y dear chil - dren are

# That Sweet Story of Old.

look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."  
gath - er - ing there, "For of such is the king - dom of heav'n."

438

## Jesus Loves Even Me.

P. P. B.

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P. P. Bliss.

1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the  
2. Tho' I for - get Him and wan - der a - way, Still He doth love me wher -  
3. Oh, if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in His beau - ty I

Book He has giv'n, Won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see;  
ev - er I stray; Back to His dear lov - ing arms would I flee;  
see the Great King, This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be:

CHORUS.

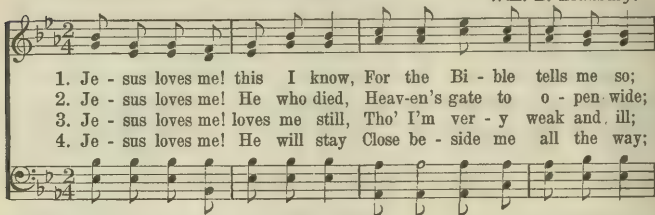
This is the dear - est - that Je - sus loves me.  
When I re - mem - ber that Je - sus loves me. I am so glad that  
"Oh, what a won - der that Je - sus loves me!"

Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me; e - ven me.

## Jesus Loves Me.

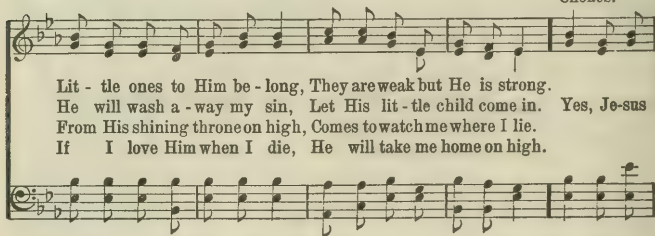
(The favorite Hymn of China.)

Wm. B. Bradbury.

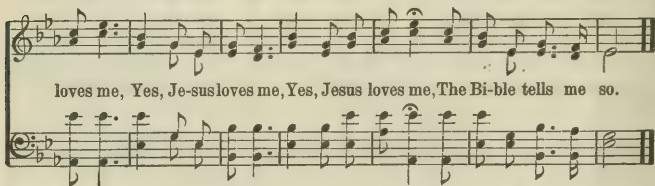


1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so;  
 2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav-en's gate to o - pen wide;  
 3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill;  
 4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way;

CHORUS.



Lit - tle ones to Him be - long, They are weak but He is strong.  
 He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je - sus  
 From His shining throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.  
 If I love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.

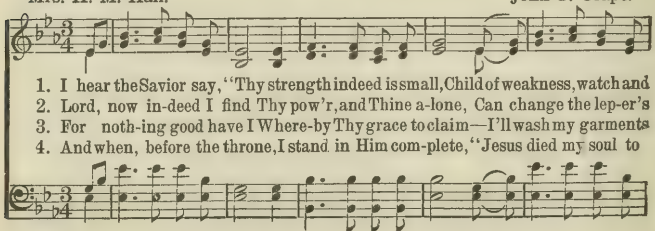


loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.

## Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall.

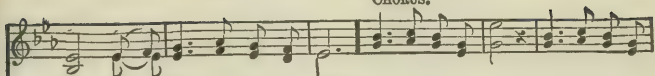
John T. Grape.



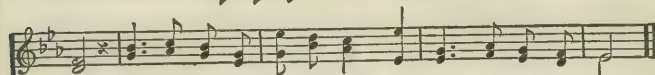
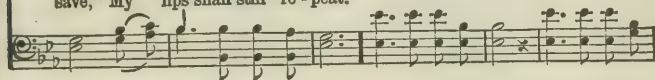
1. I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and  
 2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone, Can change the lep - er's  
 3. For noth - ing good have I Where - by Thy grace to claim - I'll wash my garments  
 4. And when, before the throne, I stand in Him com - plete, "Jesus died my soul to

# Jesus Paid It All.

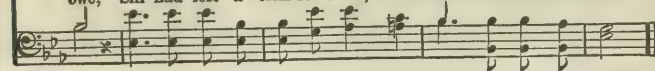
CHORUS.



pray, Find in Me thine all in all."  
spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je-sus paid it all, All to Him I  
white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.  
save," My lips shall still re-peat.



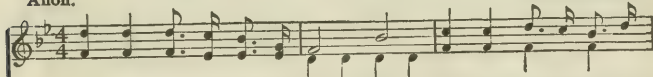
owe; Sin had left a crim-son stain, He washed it white as snow.



## 441 Jesus Loves the Little Children.

Anon.

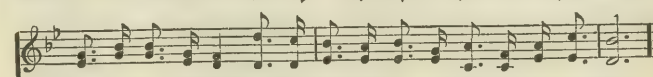
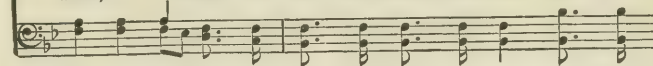
Geo. F. Root.



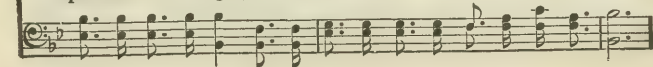
Je - sus loves the lit - tle chil - dren, All the chil-dren of the



world; Red and yel - low, black and white, They are



pre-cious in His sight; Je - sus loves the lit - tle chil-dren of the world.



## 442

Hark! I Hear My Name.

I. D. O.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

B. D. Ackley.

1. From the fields so white with har - vest, We may glean the golden grain;  
2. He, the Friend of dy-ing sin - ners, To my res-cue quick-ly came;  
3. Glad - ly do I haste to aid Him, He who bore my sin and shame;  
4. See the har-vest still is wait - ing, Shall the Mas-ter plead in vain?

For the Master seeketh reap - ers, Hark! I hear Him call my name.  
Now He bids me seek for oth - ers, Hark! I hear Him call my name.  
Great the harvest, few the la - b'ers, Hark! I hear Him call my name.  
Sons of men cease your de-bat - ing, Hark! I hear Him call my name.

CHORUS.

[illegible]

## 443

There's A Wideness.

Frederick W. Faber.

William H. Jude.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;  
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more gra-cies for the good;  
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;  
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word,



# There's A Wideness.

There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.  
 There is mer-cy with the Sav-ior; There is heal-ing in His blood.  
 And the heart of the E-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.  
 And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

444

# Shall I Crucify Him?

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1924, BY G. C. TULLAR. RENEWAL. Grant Colfax Tullar.

1. Shall I cru-ci-fy my Sav-ior, When for me He bore such loss?  
 2. Are temp-ta-tions so al-lur-ing? Do earth pleasures so en-thrall,  
 3. 'Twas my sins that cru-ci-fied Him Shall they cru-ci-fy Him yet?  
 4. Oh the kind-ly hands of Je-sus, Pour-ing bless-ings on all men!

Shall I put to shame my Sav-ior? Can I nail Him to the Cross?  
 That I can-not love my Sav-ior Well e-nough to leave them all?  
 Black-est day of name-less an-guish, Can my thankless soul for-get?  
 Bleed-ing nail scarred hands of Je-sus! Can I nail them once a-gain?

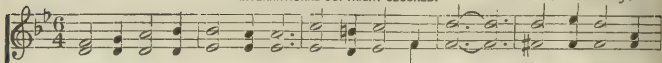
CHORUS.

Shall I cru-ci-fy my Sav-ior? Cru-ci-fy my Lord a-gain?  
 Once! oh once! I cru-ci-fied Him! Shall I cru-ci-fy a-gain?

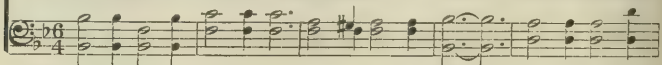
A. H. A.

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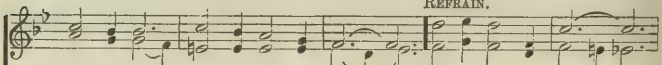
Rev. A. H. Ackley.



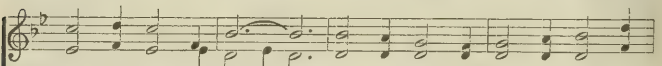
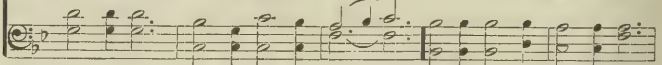
1. Who can tell how great the love Christ reveals to me, High - er than the
2. Life unmeasured He be-stows, By His grace di - vine, Like a heal-ing
3. Sorrow's hour is filled with peace, Comfort sweet I find, From all anx-ious
4. And when all of life is o'er, Then shall I a - bide On that bright ce -



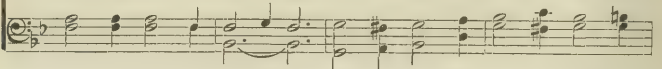
## REFRAIN.



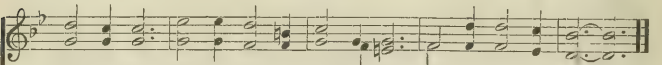
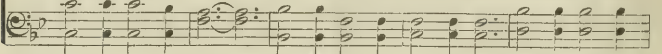
heights a-bove, Deep - er than the sea. . . . Who can tell it all? . . . .  
 stream it flows Thro' this heart of mine. . .  
 care release, And a qui - et mind. . .  
 les - tial shore, With my faithful Guide. . . . tell it all?



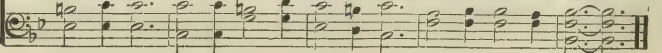
Who can tell it all? . . . . Who can tell how lov - ing - ly He  
 tell it all?



answers when I call? Je - sus all my trou-ble bears, Je - sus all my



sor-row shares, Who can tell how much He cares, Who can tell it all?

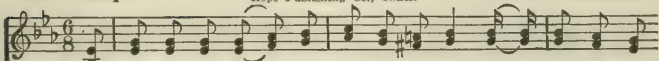


## Ye Must Be Born Again.

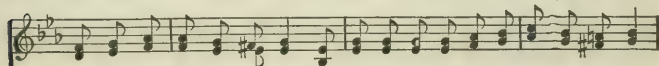
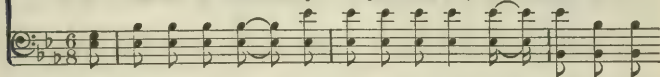
W. T. Sleeper.

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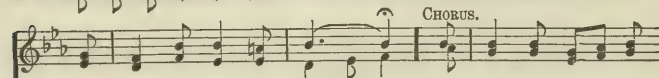
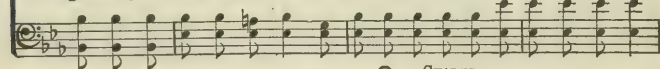
Geo. C. Stebbins.



1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To ask Him the
2. Ye chil-dren of men, at - tend to the word So sol - emn - ly
3. Oh, ye who would en - ter that glo-rious rest, And sing with the
4. A dear one in Heav-en thy heart yearns to see, At the beau - ti - ful



way of sal - va - tion and light; The Master made answer in words true and plain,  
ut - tered by Je - sus the Lord, And let not this message to you be in vain,  
ransomed the song of the blest, The life ev - er last - ing if ye would ob - tain,  
gate may be watching for thee; Then list to the note of this sol - emn re - frain:

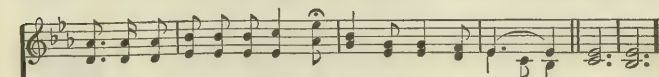


CHORUS.

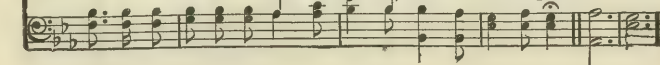
"Ye must be born a - gain." (a - gain.) "Ye must be born a -



gain," "Ye must be born a - gain," I ver - i - ly,  
a - gain, a - gain,



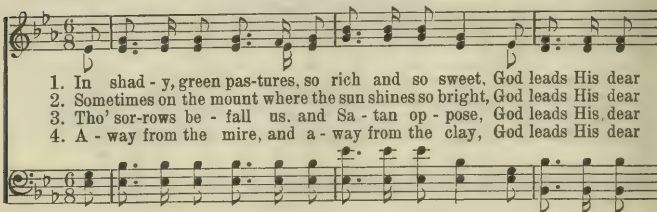
ver - i - ly say un - to thee, "Ye must be born a - gain." A - MEN.  
a - gain.



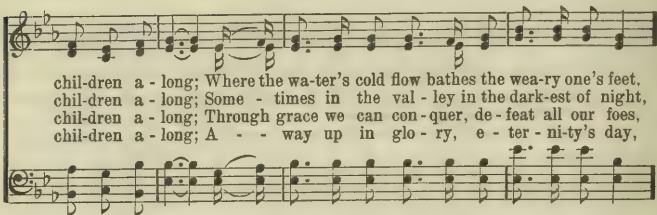
G. A. Y.

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G. A. Young.

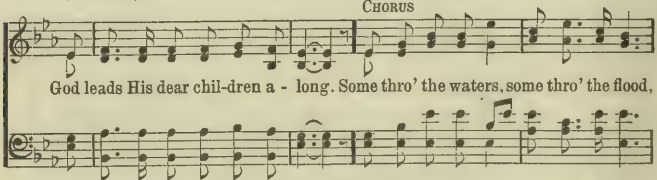


1. In shad - y, green pas-tures, so rich and so sweet, God leads His dear  
 2. Sometimes on the mount where the sun shines so bright, God leads His dear  
 3. Tho' sor-rows be - fall us, and Sa - tan op - pose, God leads His, dear  
 4. A - way from the mire, and a - way from the clay, God leads His dear

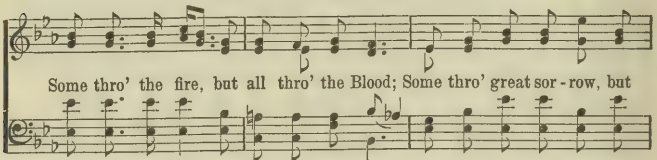


chil-dren a - long; Where the wa-ter's cold flow bathes the wea-ry one's feet,  
 chil-dren a - long; Some - times in the val - ley in the dark-est of night,  
 chil-dren a - long; Through grace we can con-quer, de - feat all our foes,  
 chil-dren a - long; A - - way up in glo - ry, e - ter - ni-ty's day,

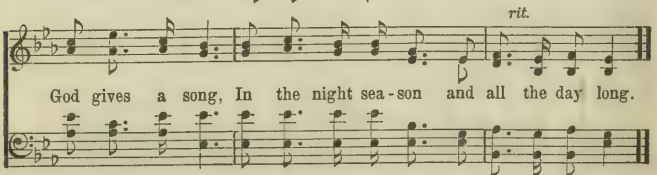
## CHORUS



God leads His dear chil-dren a - long. Some thro' the waters, some thro' the flood,



Some thro' the fire, but all thro' the Blood; Some thro' great sor-row, but



God gives a song, In the night sea-son and all the day long.

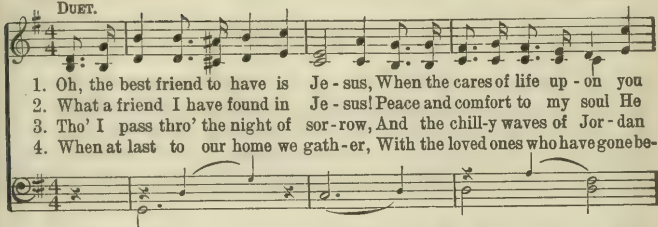
## The Best friend is Jesus.

P. P. B.

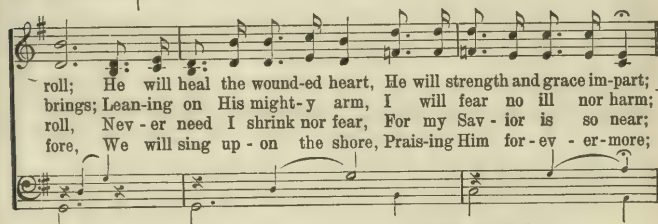
COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY P. P. BILHORN. RENEWAL, 1919.

P. P. Bilhorn.

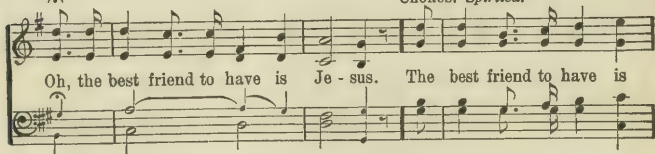
DUET.



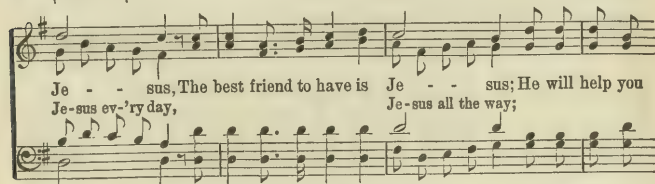
1. Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the cares of life up - on you  
 2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and comfort to my soul He  
 3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sor - row, And the chill-y waves of Jor - dan  
 4. When at last to our home we gath - er, With the loved ones who have gone be-



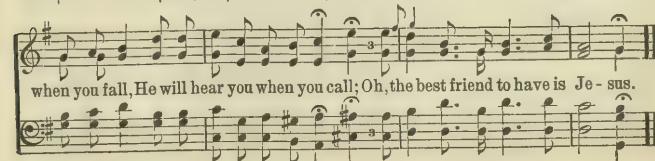
roll; He will heal the wound-ed heart, He will strength and grace im-part;  
 brings; Lean-ing on His might-y arm, I will fear no ill nor harm;  
 roll, Nev - er need I shrink nor fear, For my Sav - ior is so near;  
 fore, We will sing up - on the shore, Prais-ing Him for - ev - er - more;

CHORUS. *Spirited.*


Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus. The best friend to have is



Je - - sus, The best friend to have is Je - - sus; He will help you  
 Je - sus ev - ry day, Je - sus all the way;



when you fall, He will hear you when you call; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.



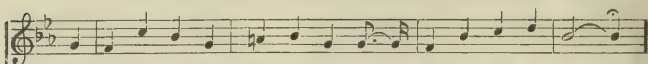
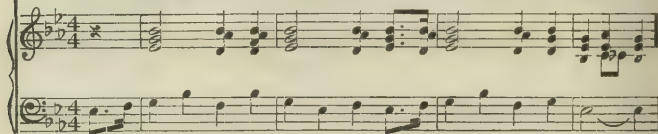
B. B. McK.

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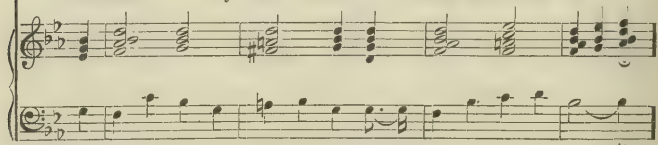
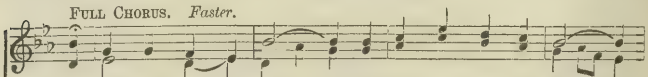
B. B. McKinney.

*Solo or Unison. Andante.*

1. Oh, what a bless-ed Christ is mine, He saved me, this I know;  
 2. I have no mer-it of mine own To save from sin and woe;  
 3. I am so weak and frail and small, But Christ doth love me so  
 4. He paid for me the aw-ful cost Up - on the cross of woe;



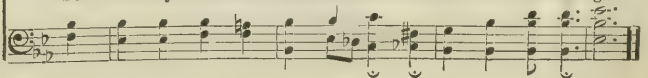
I'm anchored in His grip di-vine And He will not let me go.  
 I'm trusting in His grace a-lone And He will not let me go.  
 That He hath saved me from them all And He will not let me go.  
 He'll nev-er let my soul be lost Be - cause He loves me so.

**FULL CHORUS. *Faster.***

He will not let me go, . . . He will not let me go, . . .  
 He will not . . . let me go, me, let me go,



*rit.*  
 For Christ my Sav-ior loves me so, He will not let me go.

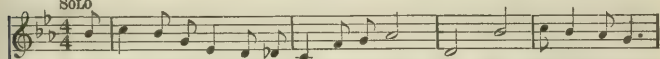


Rev. W. C. Poole.

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B. D. Ackley.

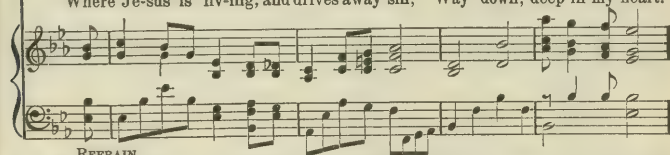
Solo



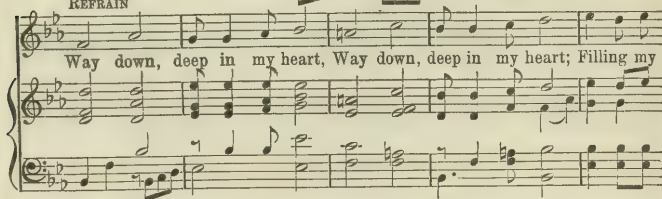
1. Deep down in my heart there is gladness to-day, Way down, deep in my heart;
2. Deep down in my heart there is wonderful peace, Way down, deep in my heart,
3. Deep down in my heart there are blessings untold, Way down, deep in my heart,
4. Deep down in my heart there is heaven with-in, Way down, deep in my heart,



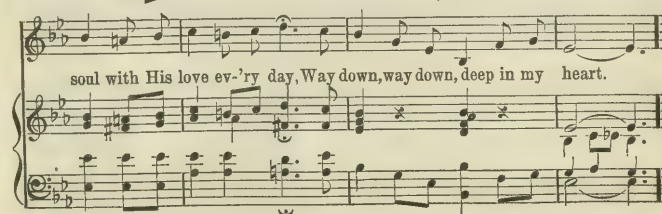
For Je - sus has come in, for-ev - er to stay, Way down, deep in my heart.  
 That thro' all the a - ges will ev - er in-crease, Way down, deep in my heart.  
 More pre-cious than silver, or diamonds or gold, Way down, deep in my heart.  
 Where Je-sus is liv-ing, and drives away sin, Way down, deep in my heart.



REFRAIN



Way down, deep in my heart, Way down, deep in my heart; Filling my



soul with His love ev-'ry day, Way down, way down, deep in my heart.

1. There is nev - er a day so drear - y, There is nev - er a  
 2. There is nev - er a cross so heav - y, There is nev - er a  
 3. There is nev - er a care or bur - den, There is nev - er a  
 4. There is nev - er a guilt - y sin - ner, There is nev - er a

night so long, (so long,) But the soul that is trust-ing Je - sus Will  
 weight of woe, (of woe,) But that Je - sus will help to car - ry Be-  
 grief or loss, (or loss,) But that Je - sus in love will light - en When  
 wand'ring one, (not one,) But that God can in mer - cy par - don Thro'

## CHORUS.

some-where find a song. (a song.)  
 cause He lov - eth so. (loves so.) Won - der - ful, won - der - ful Je - sus,  
 car - ried to the cross. (the cross.)  
 Je - sus Christ, His Son. (His Son.)

In the heart He im - plant - eth a song: . . . . . A song of de-

He plant - eth a song:

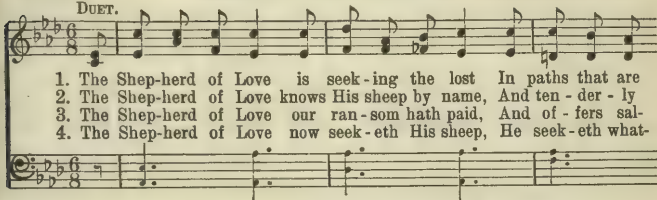
liv'rance, of courage, of strength, In the heart He im - plant - eth a song. (a song.)

## The Shepherd of Love.

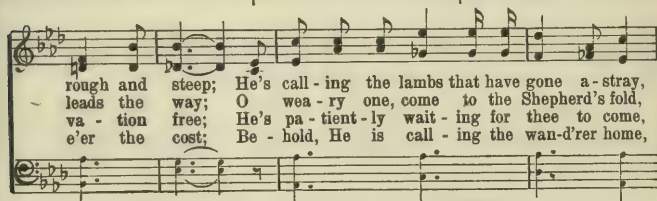
A. S. R.

Copyright, 1911. Robert H. Coleman, Owner. Albert Simpson Reitz.

DUET.



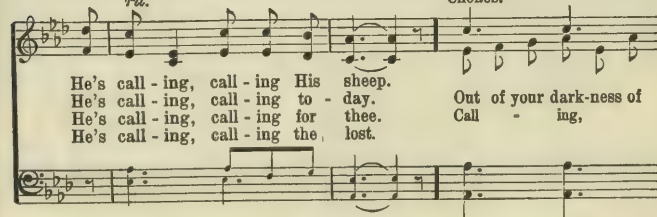
1. The Shep-herd of Love is seek-ing the lost In paths that are  
 2. The Shep-herd of Love knows His sheep by name, And ten-der-ly  
 3. The Shep-herd of Love our ran-som hath paid, And of-fers sal-  
 4. The Shep-herd of Love now seek-eth His sheep, He seek-eth what-



rough and steep; He's call-ing the lambs that have gone a-stray,  
 leads the way; O wea-ry one, come to the Shepherd's fold,  
 va-tion free; He's pa-tient-ly wait-ing for thee to come,  
 e'er the cost; Be-hold, He is call-ing the wan-d'r'er home,

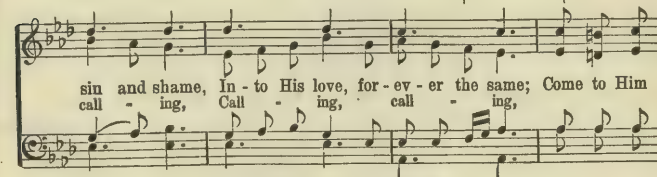
*rit.*

CHORUS.

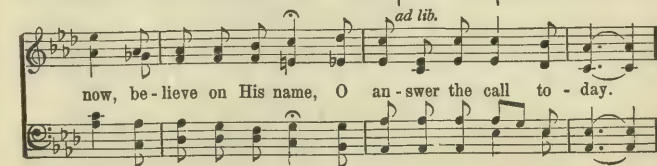


He's call-ing, call-ing His sheep.  
 He's call-ing, call-ing to-day.  
 He's call-ing, call-ing for thee.  
 He's call-ing, call-ing the lost.

Out of your dark-ness of  
 Call-ing,



sin and shame, In-to His love, for-ev-er the same; Come to Him  
 call-ing, Call-ing, call-ing,

*ad lib.*


now, be-lieve on His name, O an-swer the call to-day.

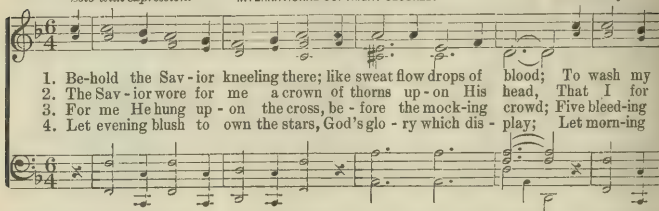
Anon.

*Solo with expression.*

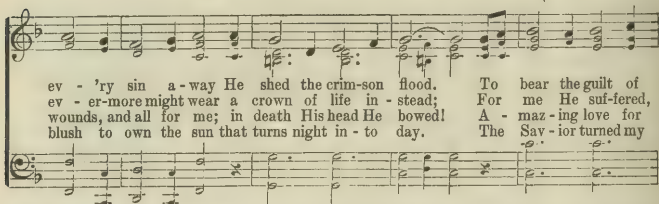
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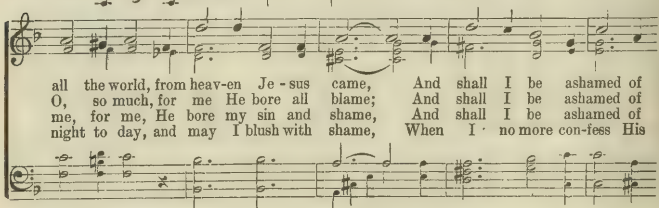
B. B. McKinney.



1. Be-hold the Sav-ior kneeling there; like sweat flow drops of blood; To wash my  
 2. The Sav-ior wore for me a crown of thorns up-on His head; That I for  
 3. For me He hung up-on the cross, be-fore the mock-ing crowd; Five bleed-ing  
 4. Let evening blush to own the stars, God's glo-ry which dis-play; Let morn-ing

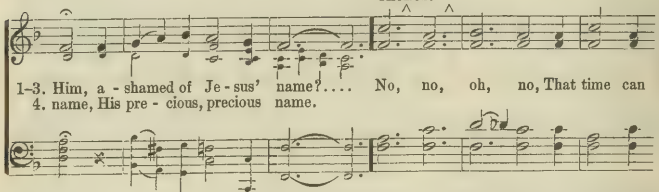


ev - 'ry sin a-way He shed the crim-son flood. To bear the guilt of  
 ev - er-more might wear a crown of life in - stead; For me He suf-fered,  
 wounds, and all for me; in death His head He bowed! A - maz-ing love for  
 blush to own the sun that turns night in - to day. The Sav-ior turned my

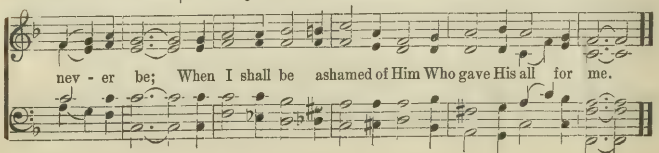


all the world, from heav-en Je-sus came, And shall I be ashamed of  
 O, so much, for me He bore all blame; And shall I be ashamed of  
 me, for me, He bore my sin and shame, And shall I be ashamed of  
 night to day, and may I blush with shame, When I no more con-fess His

## CHORUS.



1-3. Him, a - shamed of Je - sus' name?.... No, no, oh, no, That time can  
 4. name, His pre - cious, precious name.



nev - er be; When I shall be ashamed of Him Who gave His all for me.



B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

*Slowly.*

1. I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus, He has done so much for me,  
 2. He is with me in my tri - als, Best of friends of all is He;  
 3. I can hear the voice of Je - sus, Call - ing out so plead - ing - ly,  
 4. When my work on earth is end - ed, And I cross the mys - tic sea,

He has suf - fered to re - deem me, He has died to set me free.  
 I can al - ways count on Je - sus, Can He al - ways count on me?  
 "Go and win the lost and stray - ing;" Is He sat - is - fied with me?  
 Oh, that I could hear Him say - ing, "I am sat - is - fied with thee."

CHORUS.

I am sat - is - fied, I am sat - is - fied, I am sat - is -

fied with Je - sus, But the ques - tion comes to me, As I

think of Cal - va - ry, Is my Mas - ter sat - is - fied with me?

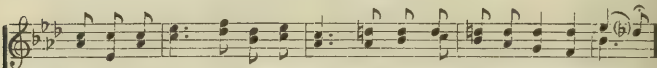
George W. Slauson.

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Haldor Lillenas.

*Duet for Tenor and Baritone.\**

1. Some day, I know not where nor when, Beyond the driv - ing tempest blast;
2. Some day, full soon, sweet Eden's shore May burst up-on my raptured sight,
3. For He who braved the storm king's wrath And stilled the waves of Gal-i-lee,
4. And tho' it hath not been revealed Where heaven's gold-paved highway be;



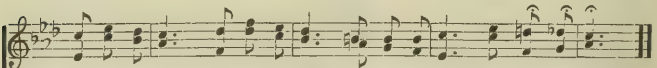
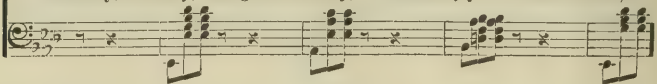
With-in a qui - et har-bor bar, I shall cast anchor safe at last.  
And I shall see the glo - ry land Bathed in the Lamb's e - ter - nal light.  
Will safe - ly guide my storm-tossed bark A-cross life's dark, tempestuous sea.  
I know that I shall one day dwell With Him whose blood was shed for me.



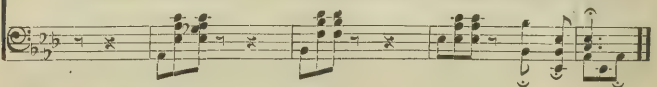
## REFRAIN.



Some day, some day, some glad sweet day, I shall with joy His face be-hold;



Some day shall safe at anchor lay, Some glad sweet day, some glad sweet day.



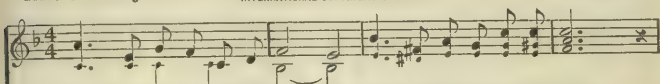
\* Equally suited for soprano and alto voices.

# 456 Have I Grieved Thy Holy Spirit?

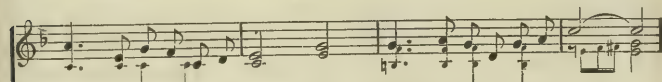
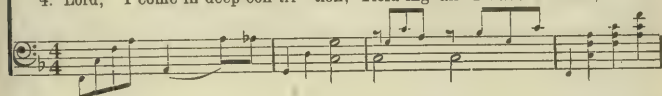
Rev. Oswald J. Smith.

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B. D. Ackley.



1. Have I grieved Thy Ho-ly Spir - it? Have I quenched His pow'r within?
2. Do I lack the grace He giv-eth? Have I pow'r to win the lost?
3. Do I yield to sin's al-lure - ment, Hav - ing lost the pow'r to win,
4. Lord, I come in deep con-tri - tion, Yield-ing all I have to Thee,



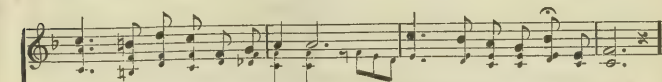
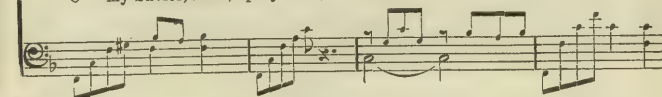
If I have, O Lord, for-give me, Cleanse my heart from ev'ry sin. . . .  
Is my message un-a-vail - ing? Give Him back at an-y cost! . . .  
Since Thy Spirit, grieved, forsook me, When I let the tempter in? . . .  
Mak - ing now a full sur-ren - der— Thine for-ev-er would I be. . . .



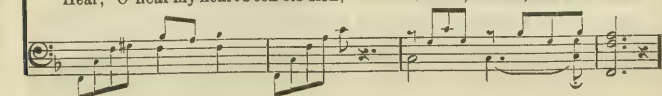
## CHORUS



O my Savior, come, I pray Thee, As I at Thine altar bow; . . . .



Hear, O hear my heart's con-fes-sion, Par - don, cleanse, and fill me now.



# 457 Open My Eyes, That I May See.

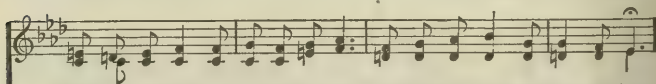
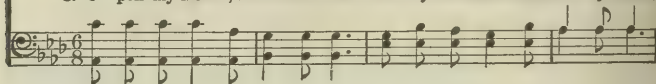
C. H. S.

Copyright, 1923, Renewal by H. F. Sayles.  
F. E. Hathaway, Owner.

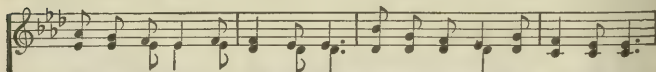
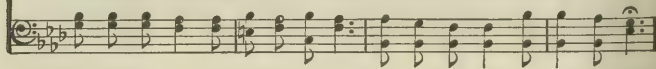
Chas. H. Scott.



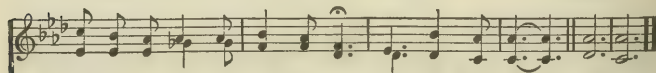
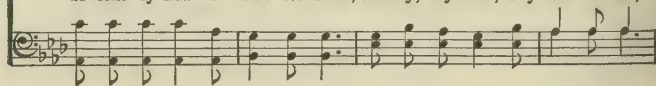
1. O - pen my eyes, that I may see Glimps-es of truth Thou hast for me;
2. O - pen my ears, that I may hear Voi - ces of truth Thou send-est clear;
3. O - pen my mouth, and let me bear Glad - ly the warm truth ev-'ry-where;



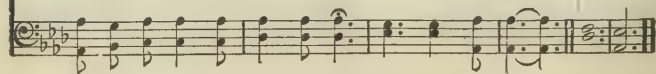
Place in my hands the won-der-ful key That shall un-clasp, and set me free.  
And while the wave-notes fall on my ear, Ev - 'ry-thing false will dis - ap-pear.  
O - pen my heart, and let me pre-pare Love with Thy chil-dren thus to share.



Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;  
Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;  
Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;



O - pen my eyes, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine!  
O - pen my ears, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine!  
O - pen my heart, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine! A - MEN.

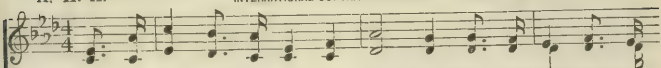


# 458 A Heart That Can Understand.

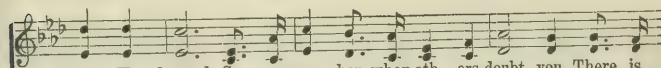
A. H. A.

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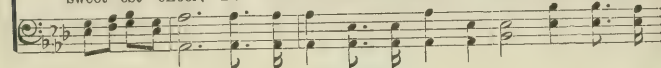
Rev. A. H. Ackley.



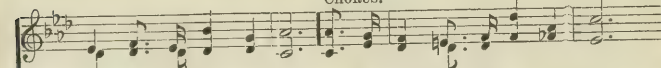
1. There is One who knows all a - bout you, Ev - 'ry step of your
2. He has walked ev - 'ry vale of sor - row, He has climbed ev - 'ry
3. In His heart is the ten-d'rest feel - ing, In His voice is the



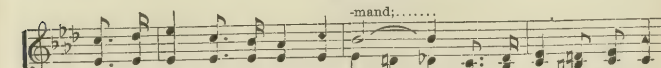
life He planned, So re-mem - ber when oth - ers doubt you, There is  
- hill of care, And the trials of to - day, to - mor - row, He is  
sweet - est cheer, In His touch there is bless - ed heal - ing, And His



## CHORUS.



One who can un - der - stand.  
wait - ing with you to share. O the heart that can un - der - stand,  
presence brings heav - en near.



Answers all of your heart's demand; (demand;) Je - sus knows all your care,



-mand, de - mand;



Ev - 'ry sor - row He will share, With a heart that can un - der - stand.





## Nailed To The Cross.

COPYRIGHT, 1927, BY GRANT COLFAX TULLAR, RENEWAL.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.  
DUET. *ad lib.*

Grant Colfax Tullar.

1. There was One who was will-ing to die in mystead, That a  
 2. He is ten-der and lov-ing and pa-tient with me, While He  
 3. I will cling to my Sav-ior and nev-er de-part— I, will

soul so un-worth-y might live, And the path to the cross He was  
 cleans-es my heart of its dross, But "there's no con-dem-na-tion," I  
 joy-ful-ly jour-ney each day, With a song on my lips and a

## REFRAIN.

will-ing to tread, All the sins of my life to for-give.  
 know I am free, For my sins are all nail'd to the cross. They are nail'd to the cross,  
 song in my heart, That my sins have been taken a-way.

*pp*  
 They are nail'd to the cross, O. how much He was willing to bear! With what

*rit.*  
 anguish and loss, Jesus went to the cross! But He carried my sins with Him there.

## How Long Must We Wait?

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY PRESBYTERIAN COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

Rev. S. M. Glasgow.  
DUET. *Slowly.*

Rev. C. T. Caldwell.

1. Long have we sought e - ter - nal life, Years have we  
 2. You know the love of God man - i - fold, A - ges have  
 3. The a - ged faint and long for the Friend, Dark shad - ows

wait - ed in sin and strife; In darkness groped, sad mis - ry's mate, How  
 brought you their grace un - told; Peace and a hope, no fear of fate, How  
 gath - er - ing bring the end; Fades now the light, 'tis grow - ing late, How

CHORUS.

long? how long must we wait? "How long? how long must we wait?"

"How long? how long must we wait?" The la - borers still are few;

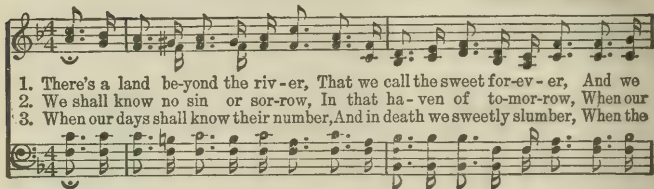
Our Lord has need of you, How long? how long must we wait?;

(Rev. Motte Martin, of Africa, recites the moving incident of a seeker after a teacher for his distant village who, when thrice refused, there being none to send, cried out in his brokenheartedness, in response to the answer, "You must wait;" "HOW LONG MUST WE WAIT? Oh, Teacher, ask the white man in your land, "HOW LONG MUST WE WAIT?")

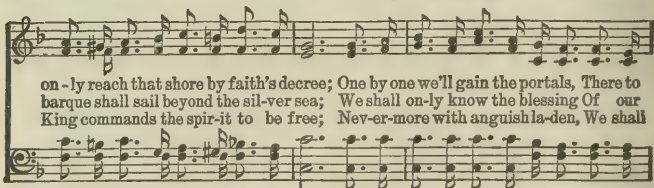
# 461 When They Ring the Golden Bells.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY DION DE MARBELLE.

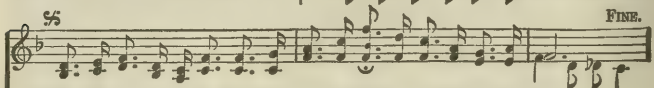
Dion De Marbelle.



1. There's a land be-yond the riv-er, That we call the sweet for-ev-er, And we  
2. We shall know no sin or sor-row, In that ha-ven of to-mor-row, When our  
3. When our days shall know their number, And in death we sweetly slumber, When the

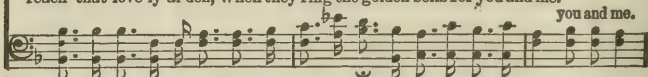


on-ly reach that shore by faith's decree; One by one we'll gain the portals, There to  
barque shall sail beyond the sil-ver sea; We shall on-ly know the blessing Of our  
King commands the spir-it to be free; Nev-er-more with anguish la-den, We shall



**FINE.**

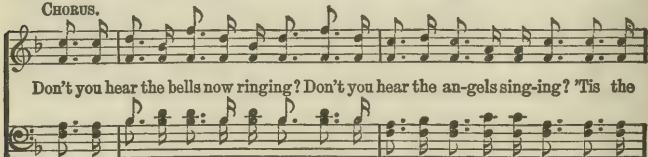
dwel with the immortals, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.  
Fa-ther's sweet caressing, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.  
reach that love-ly ai-den, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.



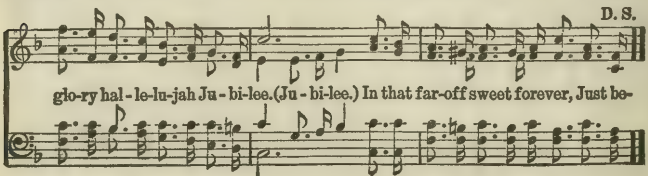
you and me.

*D.S.*-yond the shining river, When they ring the golden bells for you and me. (you and me.)

## CHORUS.



Don't you hear the bells now ringing? Don't you hear the an-gels sing-ing? 'Tis the



**D. S.**  
glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah Ju-bi-lee. (Ju-bi-lee.) In that far-off sweet forever, Just be-

## He Loves Me.

(WHY I SING.)

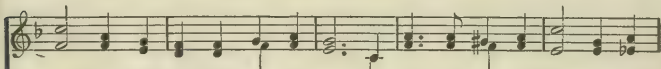
A. H. A.

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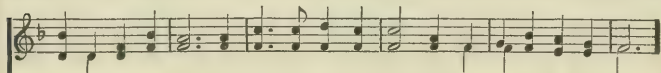
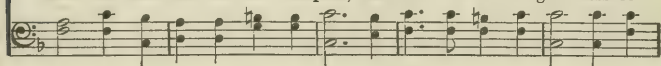
A. H. Ackley.



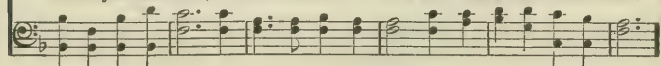
1. My con-fi-dence in Je-sus grows stronger ev-'ry day, His grace I find suf-
2. His love for me is more than a moth-er's for her child, A love that sought and
3. When I am sore-ly tempt-ed to mur-mur and complain; The way grows dark be-



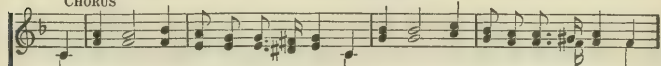
fi - cient to keep me in life's way; When I am sad and lone-ly He  
found me up-on the des-ert wild; His hand of mer-cy led me back  
fore me and life is filled with pain; The tho't of all His good-ness re-



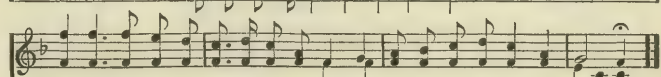
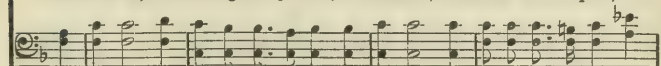
is a friend in-deed; He gives me grace and com-fort in ev-'ry time of need.  
to my Father's home; I know that He will love me no mat-ter what may come.  
stores my troubled mind; No mat-ter what be-falls me I know that God is kind.



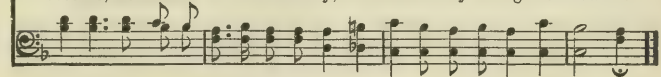
## CHORUS



He loves me, He's liv-ing in my heart; He loves me, He nev-er will de-part; He



loves me, He died for me on Cal-va-ry, And that is why I sing He loves me.



## No Longer Lonely.

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OWNED BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN

R. H.

Robert Harkness.

1. On life's pathway I am nev-er lone-ly, My Lord is with me, my Lord di-  
2. I shall not be lone-ly in my sor-row, He will sus-tain me un-til the  
3. I shall not be lone-ly in the val-ley, Tho' shadows gath-er, I will not

vine;  
end;  
fear;

Ev - er pre-sent Guide, I trust Him on - ly, No lon-ger  
Dark-est night He turns to bright-est mor-row, No lon-ger  
He has prom-ised ev - er to up-hold me, No lon-ger

CHORUS.

lone-ly, for He is mine....  
lone-ly! He is my Friend... No lon-ger lone-ly, No lon-ger lone-ly, For  
lone-ly! He will be near....

Je - sus is the Friend of friends to me;..... No lon-ger lone-ly, No lon-ger  
to me;

lone - ly, For Je - sus is the Friend of friends to me.  
of friends to me.



C. A. M.

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C. Austin Miles.

*Slowly.*

1. I come to the gar-den a - lone, While the dew is still on the  
 2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet, the birds hush their  
 3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him, Tho' the night a-round me be

ros - es; And the voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear, The  
 sing - ing, And the mel - o - dy, That He gave to me, With-  
 fall - ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His

## CHORUS.

Son of God dis - clos - es.  
 in my heart is ring - ing. And He walks with me, and He  
 voice to me is call - ing.

talks with me, And He tells me I am His own; And the

joy we share, as we tar - ry there, None oth-er has ev-er known.

## It Pays to Serve Jesus.

F. C. H.

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The Standard Publishing Co., Owner.

Frank C. Huston.

1. The serv - ice of Je - sus true pleas - ure af - fords, In Him there is  
 2. It pays to serve Je - sus what - e'er may be - tide, It pays to be  
 3. Tho' sometimes the shad - ows may hang o'er the way, And sor - rows may

joy with - out an al - loy; 'Tis heav - en to trust Him and rest on His  
 true what - e'er you may do; 'Tis rich - es of mer - cy in Him to a -  
 come to beck - on us home, Our pre - cious Re - deem - er each toil will re -

## CHORUS.

words; It pays to serve Je - sus each day.  
 bide; It pays to serve Je - sus each day. It pays to serve Je - sus, it  
 pay; It pays to serve Je - sus each day.

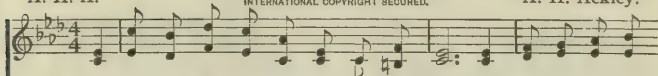
pays ev - 'ry day, It pays ev - 'ry step of the way; . . . . Tho' the pathway to  
 ev - 'ry step of the way;

glo - ry may sometimes be drear, You'll be hap - py each step of the way.

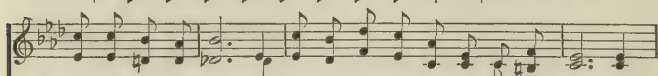
A. H. A.

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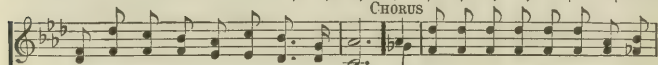
A. H. Ackley.



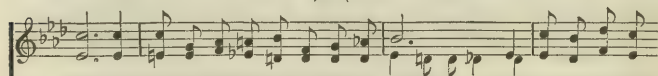
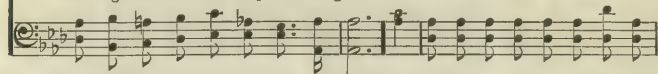
1. God nev - er dis - ap - points, He is my Guide; No one has ev - er
2. Sometimes my cross seems more than I can bear, My grief too deep for
3. When those I love are tak - en from my sight, And on - ly ten - der



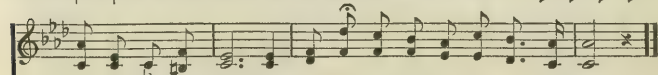
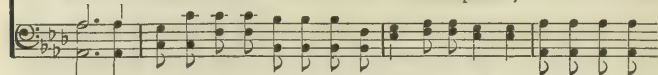
trust - ed Him in vain, So I will cling the clos - er to His side, And  
hu - man words to tell, But still I know that I am in His care, And  
mem - o - ries re - main, I would not lose my faith, but wait for light, Be -



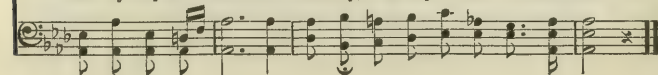
wait un - til He makes the dark things plain.  
just be - cause He loves me all is well. The mys - ter - ies I can - not com - pre -  
liev - ing Christ will turn my loss to gain.



hend, I'll leave to Him, who all my life has planned, His lov - ing kind - ness  
life has planned,

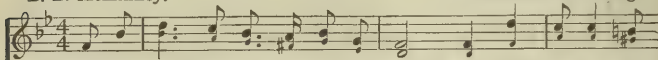


shall my way at - tend, And some day, some day I shall un - der - stand.

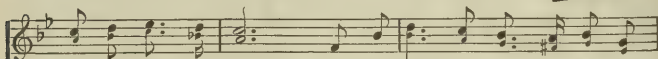
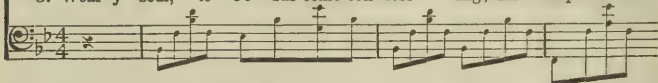


## He Lives On High.

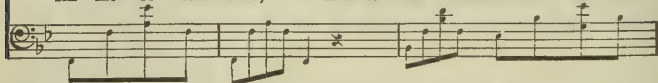
ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

Words by  
B. B. McKinney.Arr. by B. B. McKinney.  
From Hawaiian Folk Song.

1. Christ the Sav - ior came from heav-en's glo - ry, To re-deem the  
 2. He a - rose from death and all its sor - row, To dwell in that  
 3. Wear-y soul, to Je - sus come con-fess - ing, Re-demp-tion from



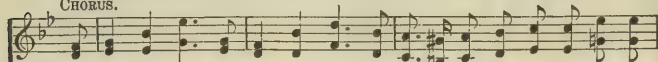
lost from sin and shame; On His brow He wore the thorn-crown  
 land of joy and love; He is com - ing back some glad to-  
 sin He of - fers thee; Look to Je - sus and re - ceive a



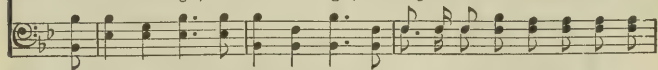
glo - ry, And up - on Cal - va - ry He took my blame.  
 mor - row, And He'll take all His chil-dren home a - bove.  
 bless - ing, There is life, there is joy and vic - to - ry!



## CHORUS.



He lives on high, He lives on high, Tri-um-phant o-ver sin and all its



stain; He lives on high, He lives on high, Some day He's com-ing a - gain.



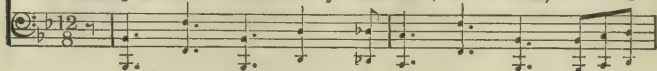
J. P. S.

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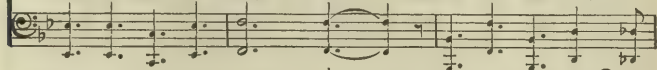
J. P. Scholfield.



1. I've found a Friend.. who is all to me,.... His  
 2. He saves me from.... ev-'ry sin and harm,.. Se-  
 3. When poor and need - y and all a - lone,... In



love is ev - er true;..... I love to tell.... how He  
 cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean-ing strong.. on His  
 love He said to me,..... "Come un - to Me.... and I'll



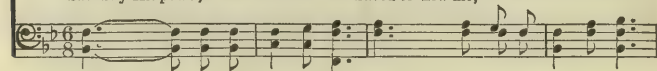
lift - ed me.... And what His grace can do for you.....  
 might - y arm;.. I know He'll guide me all the way.....  
 lead you home, To live with Me e - ter - nal - ly.".....



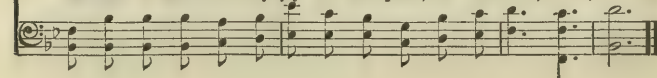
## CHORUS.



Saved..... by His pow'r di-vine, Saved..... to new life sub-lime!  
 Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,



Life now is sweet and my joy is com-plete, for I'm Saved, saved, saved!





## Why Should He Love Me So?

R. H.

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Robert Harkness.

1 Love sent my Sav - ior to die in my stead, Why should He  
 2. Nails pierced His hands and His feet for my sin, Why should He  
 3. O how He ag - o - nized there in my place, Why should He

love me so? Meek - ly to Cal - va - ry's cross He was led,  
 love me so? He suf - ered sore my sal - va - tion to win,  
 love me so? Noth - ing with - hold - ing my sin to ef - face,

## CHORUS

Why should He love me so? . . . Why should He love me so? . . .

Why should He love me so? love me so? Why should my Sav - ior to

Cal - va - ry go? Why should He love me so? love me so?

W. C. Poole.

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B. D. Ackley.

SOLO

1. When I shall come to the end of my way, When I shall rest at the  
2. When in His beau-ty I see the great King, Join with the ransomed His  
3. When life is o - ver and day-light is passed, In heav-en's har - bor my

close of life's day, When "Welcome home" I shall hear Je - sus say, O  
prais-es to sing, When I shall join them my trib-ute to bring, O  
an - chor is cast, When I see Je - sus my Sav-ior at last, O

CHORUS

that will be sun-rise for me. . . . Sun-rise to-mor-row, sun-rise to-

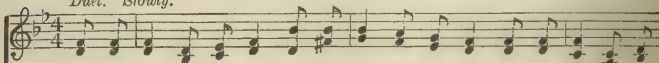
mor-row, Sun-rise in glo-ry is wait-ing for me; Sun-rise to-mor-row,

sun-rise to-mor-row, Sun-rise with Je - sus for e - ter - ni - ty.

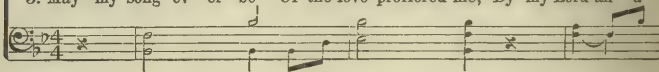
B. B. McK.

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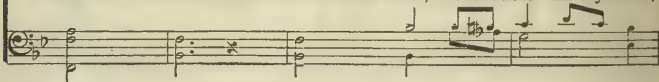
B. B. McKinney.

*Duct. Slowly.*

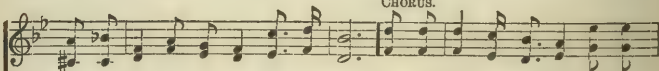
1. 'Neath the stars of the night, Walked the Savior of light, In the gar-den of
2. All the sin of the world On the Sav-ior was hurled, As He knelt in the
3. May my song ev-er be Of the love proffered me, By my Lord all a-



dew-lad-ened breeze; Where no light could be found, Je-sus knelt on the ground,  
gar-den a-lone; Hear His soul-burdened plea, Let this cup pass from me,  
lone on His knees: Praise His won-der-ful name, He who bore all my blame,

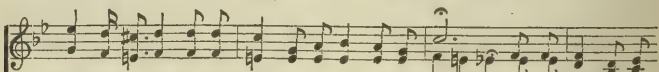
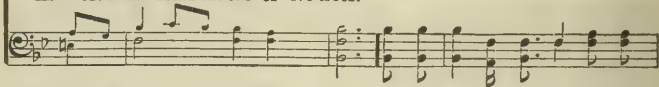


## CHORUS.

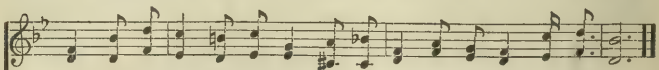


There He prayed 'neath the old ol-ive trees.

"E-ven so, not my will, Thine be done." 'Neath the old 'ol-ive trees, 'Neath the  
As He knelt 'neath the old ol-ive trees."



old ol-ive trees, Went the Sav-ior a-lone on His knees, "Not my will, Thine be



done," cried the Father's own Son, As He knelt 'neath the old ol-ive trees.



## 'Twill Not Be Long.

Mrs. C. D. Martin.

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W. Stillman Martin.

DUET

1. 'Twill not be long—the burdens now we car - ry Will be laid down, and our dear  
 2. 'Twill not be long—the time is swift-ly pass-ing, One mo-ment here, the next with  
 3. 'Twill not be long, but while we're watching, waiting, We'll journey on with an un-

Lord we'll meet; The gates of Day for us will soon be o-pened, Our jour-ney  
 Christ our Lord; Some bus - y day our lis-t'ning ear will welcome The ho - ly  
 slack-ened pace; We'll keep the faith, we'll fight to win the bat - tle, And to the

*Parts* *rit.* **CHORUS**  
 here . . . we'll soon com-plete.  
 sound— . . . the trump of God. 'Twill not be long, each day brings glory  
 end . . . we'll run the race.  
 1. Our jour-ney here

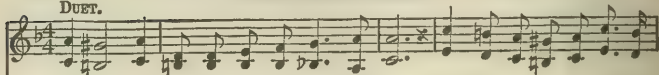
near - er, 'Twill not be long that we can la - bor here; . . . So la - bor  
 can la - bor here;

on, be found a faith-ful serv-ant, The crowning Day is drawing nigh.  
 La - bor on, Crown-ing Day,

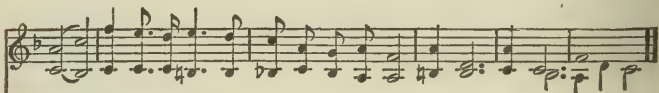
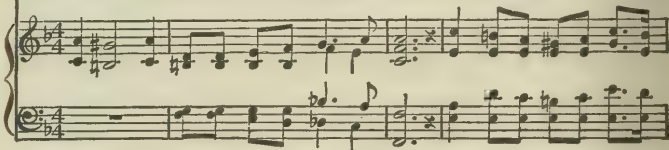
R. H.

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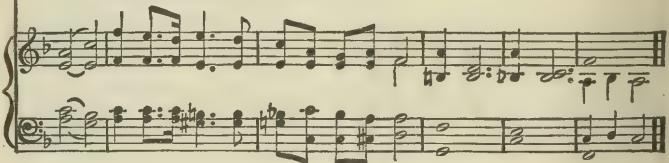
DUET.



1. Some-time all sor-rows shall be o'er, Some-time! All earth-ly care be known no
2. Some-time our loved ones we shall greet, Some-time! When in the Father's house we
3. Some-time when sets at last life's sun, Some-time! Our jour-ney end-ed, la-bor
4. Some-time, I know not when 'twill be, Some-time! My Lord will come a-gain for



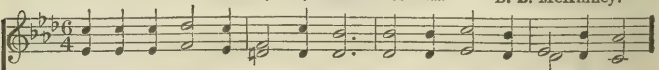
more! Oh, what re-joic-ing on the golden shore,  
meet, On-ly to sit for-ev-er at His feet, Some-time, some-time soon!  
done, Oh, what a crown for ev-'ry vic-t'ry won, some-time soon!  
me, Then I shall reign with Him e-ter-nal-ly,



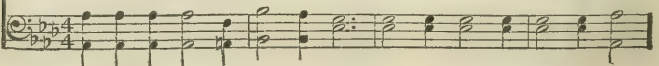
ROMANS 10: 9.

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B. B. McKinney.



How do I know that Christ is mine: Turn to Rom-ans, ten and nine;





# How Do I Know?

Con-fessing Him, trusting Him, Sav-ior di-vine, I know He's mine.

## 475 Christ Will Our Pilot Be.

Lizzie DeArmond.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY THE LORENZ PUBLISHING CO.

Ira B. Wilson.

1. We sail a-long in our lit-tle boats O-ver the great life sea, ..  
 2. We sail a-long in the morning bright, Hap-py and glad are we, ..  
 3. We sail a-long, there are shoals they say, Dangers from which to flee, ..

The break-ers roar and the waves dash high, Who will our Pi-lot be?  
 But still we ask as the rocks draw near, Who will our Pi-lot be?  
 We face the storms with a heav-y heart, Who will our Pi-lot be?

### REFRAIN.

The Christ will our Pi-lot be, .. A won-der-ful Guide is He, ..

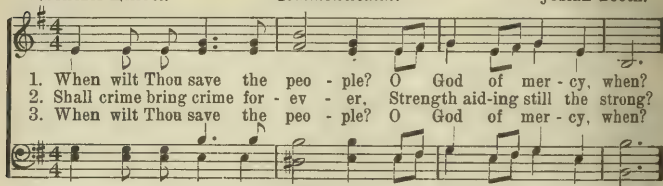
So we'll sail, sail, sail, ... Christ will our Pi-lot be.

# 476 When Wilt Thou Save the People?

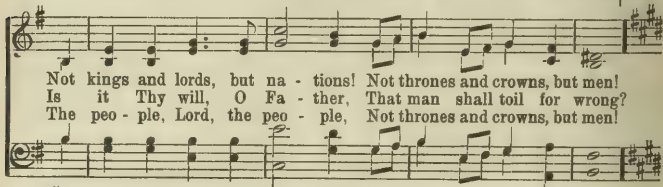
Ebenezer Elliott.

Commonwealth.

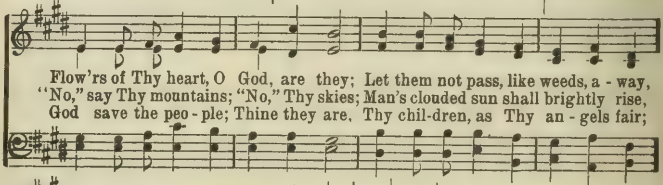
Josiah Booth.



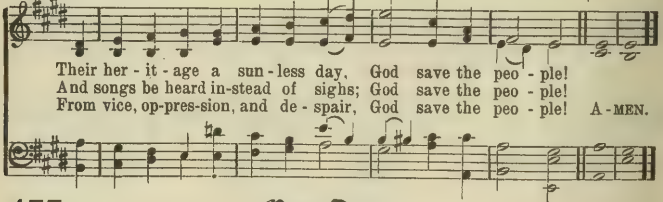
1. When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when?  
 2. Shall crime bring crime for - ev - er, Strength aid-ing still the strong?  
 3. When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when?



Not kings and lords, but na - tions! Not thrones and crowns, but men!  
 Is it Thy will, O Fa - ther, That man shall toil for wrong?  
 The peo - ple, Lord, the peo - ple, Not thrones and crowns, but men!



Flow'rs of Thy heart, O God, are they; Let them not pass, like weeds, a - way,  
 "No," say Thy mountains; "No," Thy skies; Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,  
 God save the peo - ple; Thine they are, Thy chil-dren, as Thy an - gels fair;



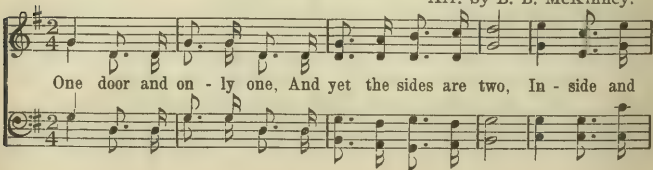
Their her - it - age a sun-less day, God save the peo - ple!  
 And songs be heard in-stead of sighs; God save the peo - ple!  
 From vice, op-pres-sion, and de-spair, God save the peo - ple! A-MEN.

# 477

# One Door.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1935, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

Arr. by B. B. McKinney.



One door and on - ly one, And yet the sides are two, In - side and

# One Door.

out - side, On which side are you? One door and on - ly one, And

yet the sides are two; I'm on the in - side, On which side are you?

478

## The Path of the Just.

Prov. 4: 18.

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A. H. Ackley.

The path of the just is as a shin-ing light That shin-eth

more and more un - to the per - fect day. The path of the just is

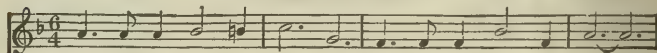
as a shin-ing light That shin-eth more and more un-to the per-fect day.

## Speak To My Heart.

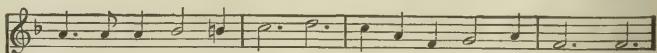
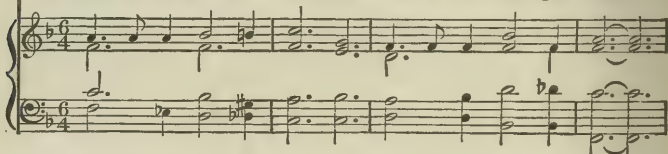
Gene Routh.

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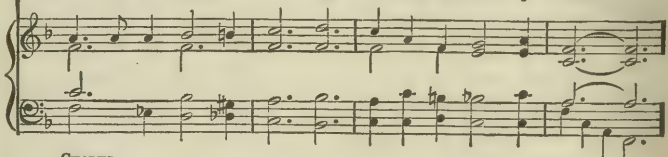
B. B. McKinney.



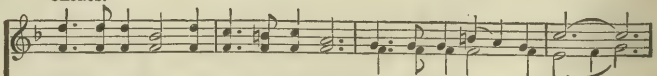
1. Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, Speak that my soul may hear;
2. Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, Purge me from ev - 'ry sin;
3. Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, It is no lon - ger mine;



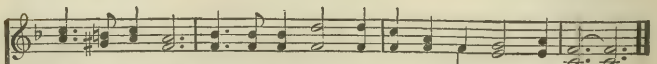
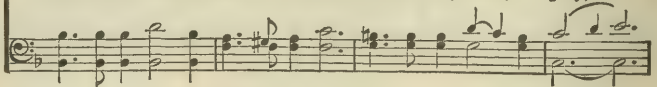
Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, Calm ev - 'ry doubt and fear.  
Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, Help me the lost to win.  
Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, I would be whol - ly Thine.



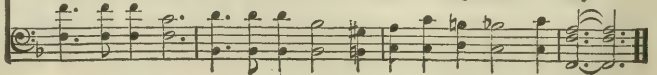
## CHORUS.



Speak to my heart, oh, speak to my heart, Speak to my heart, I pray;



Yield - ed and still, seek - ing Thy will, Oh, speak to my heart to - day.



## Make Me a Blessing.

Ira B. Wilson.

(To the Moody Memorial Church Choir.)

George S. Schuler.

*Slowly*

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1. Out in the high-ways and by-ways of life, Man-y are wea-ry and sad;.....  
 2. Tell the sweet sto-ry of Christ and His love, Tell of His pow'r to for-give;.....  
 3. Give as 'twas giv-en to you in your need, Love as the Master loved you;.....  
 the Mas-ter loved you;

Car-ry the sun-shine where darkness is rife, Mak-ing the sor-row-ing glad.....  
 Oth-ers will trust Him if on-ly you prove True, ev'-ry mo-ment you live.....  
 Be to the help-less a help-er in-deed, Un-to your mis-sion be true.....

CHORUS. *Men or Unison* *Women*

Make me a bless-ing, Make me a bless-ing, Out of my  
 life..... may Je-sus shine;.... Make me a bless-ing,  
 Out of my life

*Men*

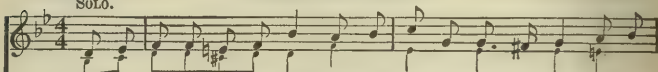
*Women* *Parts* *ad lib.*

O Sav-ior, I pray,..... Make me a bless-ing to some-one to-day.  
 I pray Thee, my Sav-ior,  
 Tenors

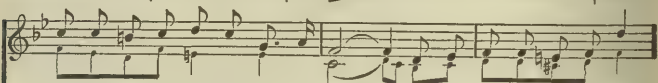
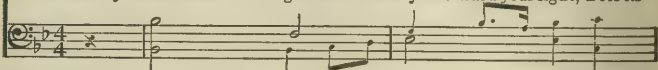


B. B. McK.  
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B. B. McKinney.

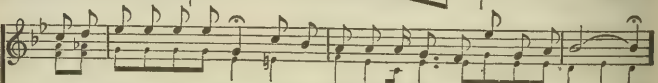


1. In a land of sin and doubt, Where the Master's crowd-ed out, Do you
2. Lonely hearts are sad and drear, Long-ing for a word of cheer, They have
3. Man-y lost ones in the night Turn their eyes to-ward your light; Does its

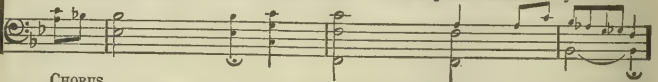


stand a-mong the faith-ful, brave and true?  
lost the joy in Je-sus they once knew;  
gleam re-flect the Sav-ior kind and true?

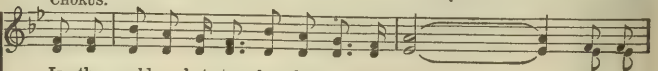
Do you live for God and right,  
Do you light-ly pass them by,  
Does it lead them to His side,



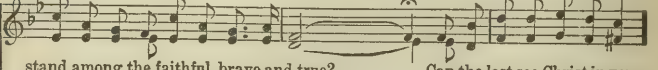
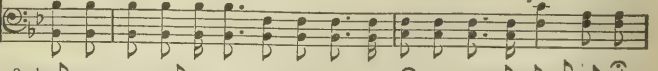
Do you fal-ter in the fight, Is the world a bet-ter place because of you? . . .  
Are you heedless of their cry, Is the world a bet-ter place because of you? . . .  
Do you in His will a-bide, Is the world a bet-ter place because of you? . . .



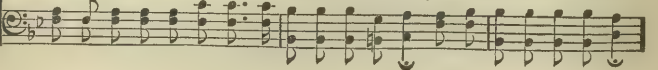
CHORUS.



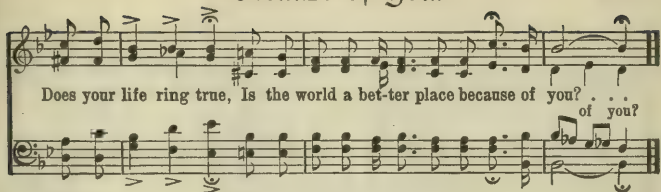
Is the world a bet-ter place be-cause of you? Do you  
be-cause of you?



stand among the faithful, brave and true? . . . Can the lost see Christ in you,  
the brave and true?



## Because of You.



Does your life ring true, Is the world a bet-ter place because of you? of you?

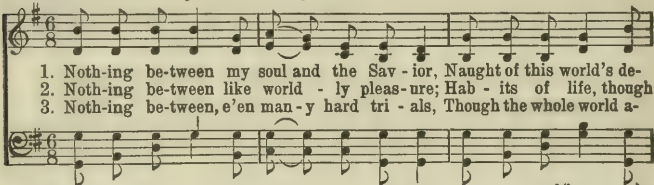
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## Nothing Between.

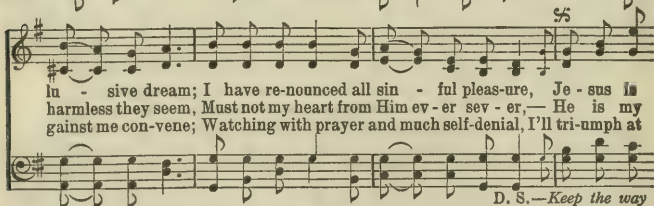
COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY C. A. TINDLEY.

Words and Music by C. A. Tindley.

Arr. by F. A. Clark.



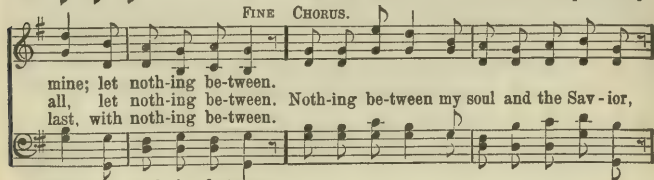
1. Noth-ing be-tween my soul and the Sav-ior, Naught of this world's de-  
2. Noth-ing be-tween like world - ly pleas-ure; Hab - its of life, though  
3. Noth-ing be-tween, e'en man-y hard tri - als, Though the whole world a-



lu - sive dream; I have re-nounced all sin - ful pleas-ure, Je - sus is  
harmless they seem, Must not my heart from Him ev - er sev - er, — He is my  
gainst me con-vene; Watching with prayer and much self-denial, I'll tri-umph at

D. S. — Keep the way

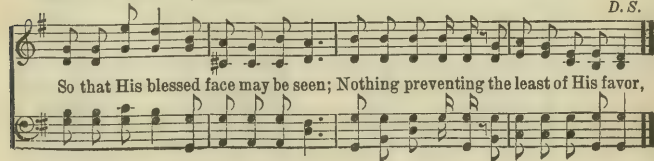
FINE CHORUS.



mine; let noth-ing be-tween.  
all, let noth-ing be-tween. Noth-ing be-tween my soul and the Sav-ior,  
last, with noth-ing be-tween.

clear! Let noth-ing be-tween.

D. S.



So that His blessed face may be seen; Nothing preventing the least of His favor,

## List to the Voice.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1924, BY ROBERT. H. COLEMAN.

B. B. McK.

Arr. by B. B. McKinney.

From "Whispering Hope."

DUET.

1. List to the voice of the Sav - ior Com-ing from heav-en a - bove,  
 2. List to the voice of the Sav - ior Call-ing the wea-ry, op - prest,  
 3. List to the voice of the Sav - ior Call-ing to you and to me,

Filled with a mes-sage so ten - der, Filled with a mes-sage of love;  
 Lov - ing-ly, ten-der-ly plead - ing, "Come, and I will give you rest."  
 Call - ing us o - ver the tu - mult, Call - ing us o - ver the sea;

Soft - ly it speaks to the wea - ry, Ten-der-ly speaks to the sad;  
 Come with your grief and your sor - row, Come with your bur-den of sin;  
 Go, for the lost ones are stray - ing, Far from the Sav-ior they roam:

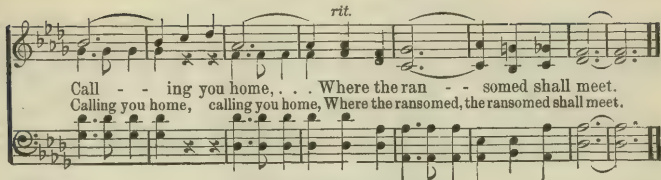
Turn-ing their night in-to morn - ing, Mak-ing the lone-ly heart glad.  
 Trust in the bless-ed Re-deem - er, Life ev - er - last-ing you'll win.  
 "Go in the by-ways and hedg - es" Bring-ing the wan-der-ers home.

CHORUS.

List . . . to the voice, . . . O how ten - - der and sweet, . . .  
 List to the voice, list to the voice, Tender and sweet, (O how) tender and sweet,

# Sist to the Voice.

*rit.*



Call - - ing you home, . . . Where the ran - - somed shall meet.  
 Calling you home, calling you home, Where the ransomed, the ransomed shall meet.

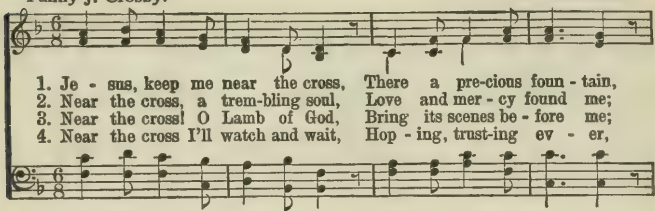
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## Near the Cross

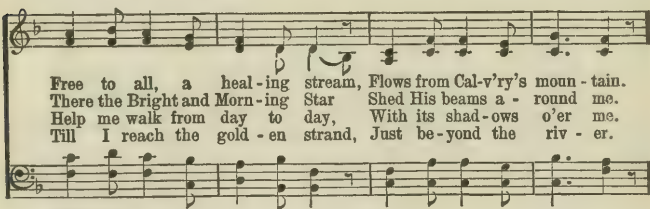
Fanny J. Crosby.

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W. H. Doane.

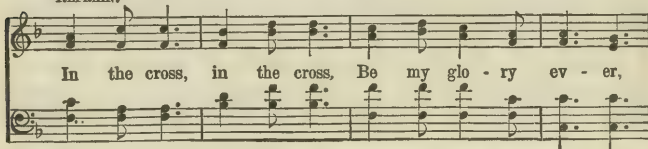


1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre-cious foun - tain,  
 2. Near the cross, a trem-bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;  
 3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;  
 4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust-ing ev - er,

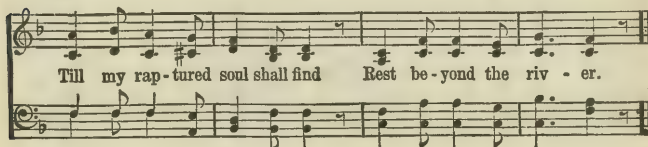


Free to all, a heal-ing stream, Flows from Cal-v'ry's moun - tain.  
 There the Bright and Morn-ing Star Shed His beams a - round me.  
 Help me walk from day to day, With its shad-ows o'er me.  
 Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be-yond the riv - er.

### REFRAIN.



In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er,



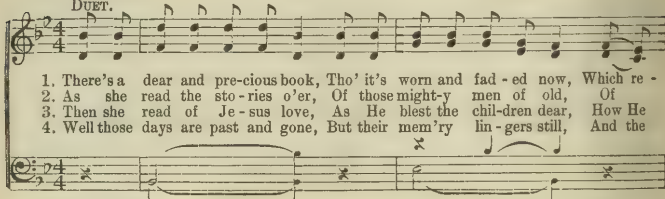
Till my rap-tured soul shall find Rest be-yond the riv - er.

M. B. Williams.

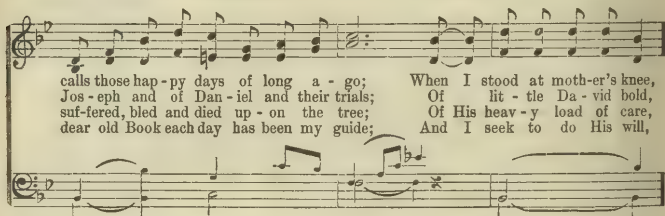
COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN, RENEWAL.

Charlie D. Tillman.

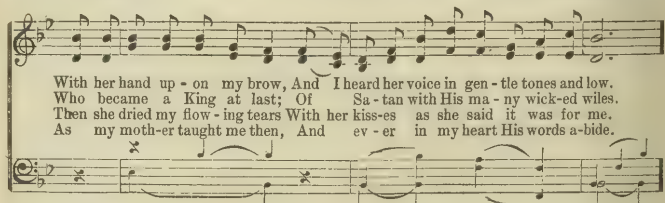
DUET.



1. There's a dear and pre-cious book, Tho' it's worn and fad-ed now, Which re -  
 2. As she read the sto-ries o'er, Of those might-y men of old, Of  
 3. Then she read of Je-sus love, As He blest the chil-dren dear, How He  
 4. Well those days are past and gone, But their mem'ry lin-gers still, And the

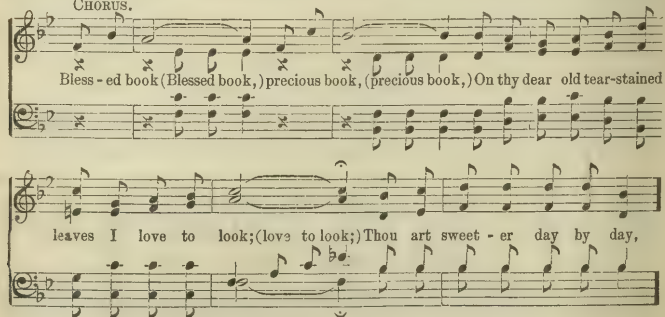


calls those hap-py days of long a - go; When I stood at moth-er's knee,  
 Jos-eph and of Dan-iel and their trials; Of lit-tle Da-vid bold,  
 suf-ered, bled and died up-on the tree; Of His heav-y load of care,  
 dear old Book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will,



With her hand up-on my brow, And I heard her voice in gen-tle tones and low.  
 Who be-came a King at last; Of Sa-tan with His ma-ny wick-ed wiles.  
 Then she dried my flow-ing tears With her kiss-es as she said it was for me.  
 As my moth-er taught me then, And ev-er in my heart His words a-bide.

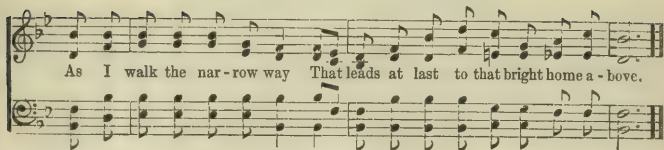
CHORUS.



Bless-ed book (Blessed book,) pre-cious book, (pre-cious book,) On thy dear old tear-stained  
 leaves I love to look; (love to look;) Thou art sweet-er day by day,



# My Mother's Bible.



As I walk the nar-row way That leads at last to that bright home a - bove.

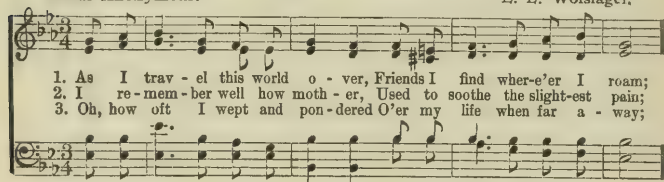
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## Mother.

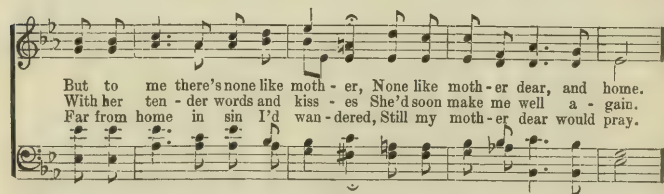
Words Anonymous.

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E. L. Wolsiagel,



1. As I trav - el this world o - ver, Friends I find wher-e'er I roam;  
2. I re-mem-ber well how moth - er, Used to soothe the slight-est pain;  
3. Oh, how oft I wept and pon-dered O'er my life when far a - way;



But to me there's none like moth - er, None like moth-er dear, and home.  
With her ten - der words and kiss - es She'd soon make me well a - gain.  
Far from home in sin I'd wan-dered, Still my moth-er dear would pray.



Precious moth - er, how I love her! How my heart a-bounds with joy!  
They may treat me ver - y kind - ly, Give me wel - come ev - 'ry - where,  
Precious moth - er; how I love her! As I think of her so dear;

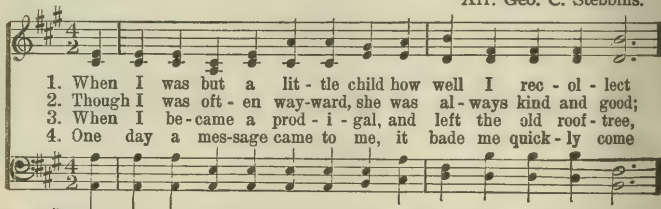


For there's none more true or ten - der Than a moth - er to her boy.  
Yet 'tis not, but just re-minds me Of my lov - ing moth-er's care.  
Oh, there's naught more true or ten - der Than a Chris - tian moth-er's care.

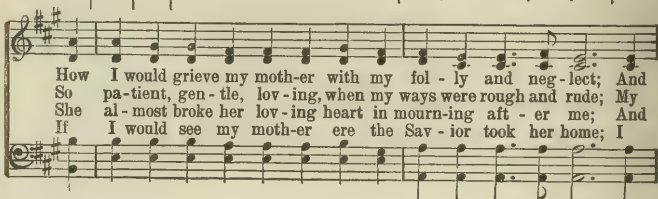
## Tell Mother I'll Be There.

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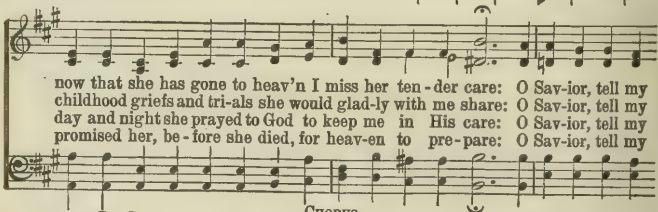
C. M. F.

Charles M. Fillmore.  
Arr. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. When I was but a lit - tle child how well I rec - ol - lect  
 2. Though I was oft - en way - ward, she was al - ways kind and good;  
 3. When I be - came a prod - i - gal, and left the old roof - tree,  
 4. One day a mes - sage came to me, it bade me quick - ly come

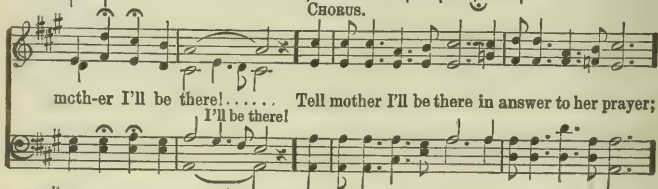


How I would grieve my moth - er with my fol - ly and neg - lect; And  
 So pa - tient, gen - tle, lov - ing, when my ways were rough and rude; My  
 She al - most broke her lov - ing heart in mourn - ing aft - er me; And  
 If I would see my moth - er ere the Sav - ior took her home; I

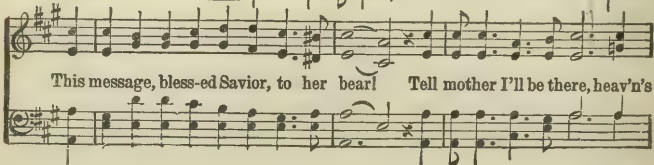


now that she has gone to heav'n I miss her ten - der care: O Sav - ior, tell my  
 childhood griefs and tri - als she would glad - ly with me share: O Sav - ior, tell my  
 day and night she prayed to God to keep me in His care: O Sav - ior, tell my  
 promised her, be - fore she died, for heav - en to pre - pare: O Sav - ior, tell my

## CHORUS.



moth - er I'll be there! . . . . . Tell mother I'll be there in answer to her prayer;  
 I'll be there!



This message, bless - ed Savior, to her bear! Tell mother I'll be there, heav'n's

# Tell Mother I'll Be There.

joys with her to share: Yes, tell my darling mother I'll be there!.....  
I'll be there!

# 488 When We All Get to Heaven.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY MRS. J. G. WILSON.

Mrs. J. G. Wilson.

1. Sing the won-drous love of Je - sus, Sing His mer-cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil-grim pathway, Clouds will o - ver-spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faithful, Trust-ing, serv-ing ev - 'ry day;
4. On - ward to the prize be-fore us! Soon His beau-ty we'll be-hold;

In the man-sions bright and bless-ed, He'll pre-pare for us a place.  
But when trav'ling days are o - ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.  
Just one glimpse of Him in glo - ry Will the toils of life re - pay.  
Soon the pearl - y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.  
1. for us a place.

CHORUS.

When we all get to heaven, What a day of rejoicing that will be!  
When we all What a day of rejoicing that will be!

When we all see Jesus, We'll sing and shout the vic-to-ry.....  
When we all and shout the vic-to-ry.

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Robert H. Coleman, Owner.

Robert Harkness.

R. H.

SOLO OR UNISON. *Moderato.*

1. How wondrous the love of my Sav-ior to me, In giv-ing His life up-on Cal-va-ry's tree;  
2. How great was the sac-ri-fice made once for all, When Christ on the cross answered God's divine call;  
3. How ful-ly complete is the work of the cross, It cleans-es the heart of its sin-stain and dross;

*rit.* - -  
I nev-er could mer-it this gift of God's grace, That made Him my Sav-ior, my sin to ef-face.  
I mar-vel to think that for me Je-sus died, 'Twas love gave my Sav-ior to be cru-ci-fied.  
Sal-va-tion is of-fered to those who be-lieve, To all who trust Jesus and God's Word receive.

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

Oh, won-der-ful love of my Sav - ior, Such won-der-ful love to be-stow;.....

Won - der - ful love of my Sav - ior, my Sav-ior to me;  
Won - der - ful love of my Sav-ior to me, of my Sav-ior to me;  
Won - der - ful love of my Sav - ior, my Sav-ior to me;

Why He should die on Cal - va - ry, Why give His life to set me free, I

# Wonderful Love.

*cres.* *rit.* *ad lib. ff*

can - not tell, I do not know! But it is so! Yes, it is so!

490

## The Kingdom is Coming.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade.

R. M. McIntosh.

1. From all the dark plac - es Of earth's heathen rac - es, O see how the
2. The sun - light is glanc - ing O'er ar - mies ad - vanc - ing To con - quer the
3. With shout - ing and sing - ing, And ju - bi - lant ring - ing, Their arms of re -

§

thick shad - ows fly! The voice of sal - va - tion A - wakes ev' - ry na - tion,  
king - doms of sin; Our Lord shall possess them, His presence shall bless them,  
bel - lion cast down; At last ev' - ry na - tion The Lord of sal - va - tion

D. S.—The earth shall be full of His knowledge and glo - ry,  
FINE. CHORUS.

Come o - ver and help us, they cry.  
His beau - ty shall en - ter them in. The king - dom is com - ing, O  
Their King and Re - deem - er shall crown!

As wa - ters that cov - er the sea.

D. S.

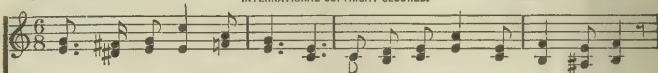
tell ye the sto - ry, God's ban - ner ex - alt - ed shall be!



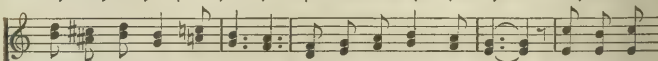
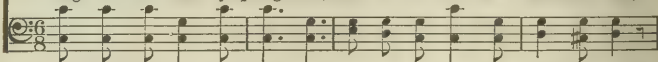
Charlotte G. Homer.

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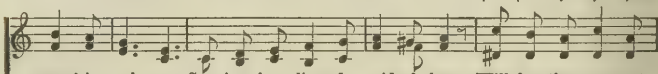
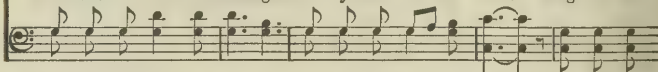
Chas. H. Gabriel.



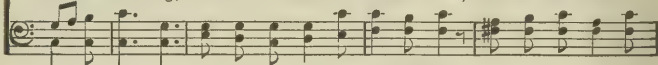
1. Sing to the Lord a new song, Praise Him with hymns of ec - sta - sy;
2. Sing when your heart is ach - ing; There must be oth - ers ach - ing, too,
3. Sing for the sun - ny Spring - time, And for the Win - ter dark and cold;



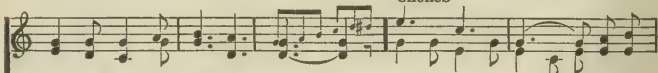
Set the world round a - bout you Throbbing with mel - o - dy; Sing, and the  
Long - ing for just a whispered Word, or a song from you. Sing when the  
Sea - sons a - like their blessings Man - y and rich un - fold. Sing to the



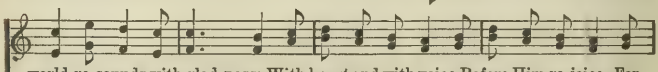
answ'ring ech - oes, Com - ing from lives de - void of cheer, Will be the sweet - est  
sky is dark - est, For there are man - y - it may be - - - Needing your song of  
Lord a new song, And be - fore men His name confess; Give to the world a



## CHORUS



mu - sic you On earth may hear. . . Sing, sing, sing, . . . Till the  
comfort, hope, And sym - pa - thy. . .  
message, God Will own and bless. . . Sing, O sing un - to the Lord,



world re - sounds with glad - ness; With heart and with voice Before Him re - joice, For  
Sing un - - to the Lord; Give praise to Him, for



# Sing to the Lord a New Song.

hon - or and praise un - to Him be-long. Sing, sing, sing, . . . It will  
 prais - - es to Him be-long. Sing, O sing un-to the Lord,

soothe a world of sadness; Sing to the Lord, And praise Him with A joy - ful song.

## 492 The Christian's Good-Night.

Sarah Doudney.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Sleep on, be - lov - ed, sleep, and take thy rest; Lay down thy head up-  
 2. Calm is thy slum-ber as an in - fant's sleep; But thou shalt wake no  
 3. Un - til the Eas - ter glo - ry lights the skies, Un - til the dead in  
 4. Un - til made beau-ti - ful by Love Di - vine, Thou, in the like-ness  
 5. On - ly "Good-night," be-lov - ed—not "Fare-well!" A lit - tle while, and

on thy Sav - ior's breast; We love thee well, but Je - sus loves thee best—  
 more to toil and weep: Thine is a per - fect rest se - cure and deep—  
 Je - sus shall a - rise, And He shall come, but not in low - ly guise—  
 of thy Lord shalt shine, And He shall bring that gold-en crown of thine—  
 all His saints shall dwell In hal-lowed un-ion in - di - vis - i - ble—

Good - night! Good - night! Good - night! (Good - night!)

Joseph Scriven.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1933, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

Chorus by B. B. McK.

Arr. by B. B. McKinney.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear! .....  
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is their trouble an - y - where?.....  
 3. Are we weak and heavy la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?—....

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!  
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions, Is there trou - ble a - ny - where?  
 3. Are we weak and heav - y la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?—

What a priv-i-lege to car - ry Ev'-ry-thing to God in pray'r!.....  
 We should never be dis-cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.....  
 Pre-cious Savior, still our ref - uge,— Take it to the Lord in pray'r.....

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev'rything to God in pray'r! (to God in pray'r!)  
 We should nev - er be discouraged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r, (the Lord in pray'r.)  
 Pre-cious Sav - ior, still our refuge,— Take it to the Lord in pray'r, (the Lord in pray'r.)

O what peace we oft-en for - feit, O what needless pain we bear,.....  
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sorrows share?.....  
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;....

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need - less pain we bear,  
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor - rows share?  
 Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

All because we do not car - ry Ev'-ry-thing to God in pray'r. (in pray'r.)  
 Je - sus knows our ev'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r. (in pray'r.)  
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a solace there. (yes, there.)

All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev'ry-thing to God in pray'r....  
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weakness. Take it to the Lord in pray'r....  
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.....

# Our Dearest friend.

CHORUS.

Pre-cious Je-sus, we will trust Thee, Sim-ply trust whate'er be-fall,.....  
 Pre-cious Je - sus, we will trust Thee, Simply trust what - e'er be - fall,

Thou wilt nev-er, nev-er leave us; Dear-est, truest Friend of all.....  
 Thou wilt nev - er, nev - er leave us; Dear-est tru-est Friend of all. (of all.)

494

## Knocking At The Door.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1933, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

Mrs. C. Slade.

Arr. by B. B. McKinney.

1. Who at my door is stand-ing, Pa-tient - ly draw-ing near, En-trance within  
 2. Lone - ly without He's stay-ing, Lone - ly with-in am I, While I am still  
 3. All through the dark hours drear-y, Knock-ing a-gain is He, Je - sus, art Thou  
 4. Door of my heart, I has - ten! Thee will I o - pen wide, Though He re-buke

CHORUS.

de - mand-ing? Whose is the voice I hear?  
 de - lay - ing, Will He not pass me by? Sweet-ly the tones are fall - ing:—  
 not wea - ry, Wait-ing so long for me?  
 and chas - ten, He shall with me a - bide.

"O-pen the door for me! If Thou wilt heed my call-ing, I will abide with thee."

J. R. Waterbury.  
Unison.COPYRIGHT, 1933. BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.  
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B. B. McKinney.

1. Sol-diers of the cross a - rise! Lo! your Lead-er from the skies,  
 2. Je - sus conquered when He fell, Met and vanquished earth and hell;  
 3. On-ward, then, ye hosts of God! Je - sus points the vic - tor's rod;

Waves be - fore you glo - ry's prize The prize of vic - to - ry!  
 Now He leads you on to swell The tri-umphs of His cross.  
 Fol - low where your Lead - er trod; You soon shall see His face.

Seize your ar - mor, gird it on, Soon the con - flict will be done, Fight un-til the  
 Tho' all earth and hell ap-pear, Who will doubt, or who can fear? God, our strength and  
 Soon, your en - e - mies all slain, Crowns of glo - ry you shall gain, Soon you'll join that

CHORUS. All Parts.

bat-tle's won, Then struggle man-ful-ly.  
 shield, is near; We can-not loose our cause.  
 glorious train Who shout their Savior's praise.

On - ward, is the bat-tle cry!

Onward! Onward!

On - ward! lift the banner high, Christ leads the way In-to the fray, King o - ver  
 Onward, onward!



# Onward.

all is He. On - ward! with the mighty band, On - ward! fol-low  
Onward! Onward!

His command; Go joy-ful-ly, We'll surely see The vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry.

## 496 Send The Old-Time Power.

B. B. McK.

COPYRIGHT, 1933, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.  
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B. B. McKinney.

1. As we gath-er in Thy pres-ence; What a bless-ed, sa-cred hour! In the name of  
2. Take pos-ses-sion of Thy peo-ple, Ev'ry heart and life re-fine, That the world may  
3. Let the flood-tides come up-on us, "As of old at Pen-te-cost," Breathe upon us,  
4. Lord, we claim the old-time pow-er, Claim it thro' Thy ris-en Son, Let the saints re -

CHORUS.

Christ our Sav-ior, Send the old-time pow'r. Send the old - time pow'r, Send the  
know we love Thee, And are whol-ly Thine.  
Ho - ly Spir - it, Woo and win the lost.  
joyce and praise Thee For the vic-t'ries won. old-time pow'r,

old time pow'r... That the lost may turn to Je-sus, Send the old-time pow'r.  
old-time pow'r,

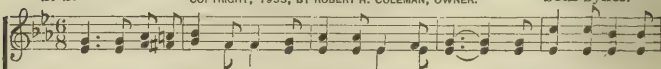
## Love, Wonderful Love.

S. S.

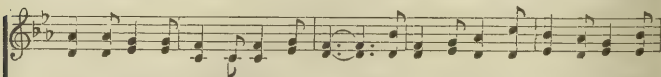
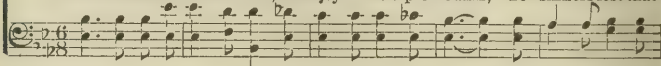
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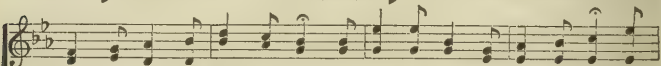
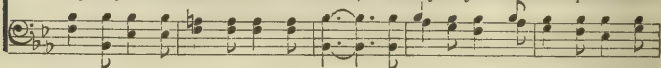
Seth Sykes.



1. Love, wonderful love of God, So boundless and so free, To think that Christ His
2. Love, wonderful love of God, To me has been made known, To me the Spirit
3. Love, wonderful love of God, With joy I now pro-claim, To sinners lost that



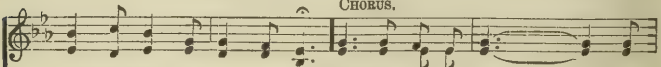
on - ly Son Should die on Cal - va - ry; Oh, love so great, so vast, so high, That  
freely gives, And claims me for His own; Oh, love so wondrous, so divine, That  
they may have Salvation thro' His Name; That they may now with others prove "Christ's



He should for the sin - ner die; Oh, love so great, so vast, so high, That  
I am His and He is mine; Oh, love so wondrous, so di-vine, That  
dy - ing and un-dy - ing love;" That they may now with others prove "Christ's

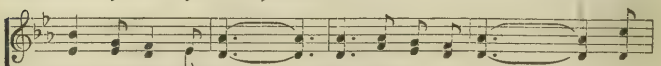


## CHORUS.

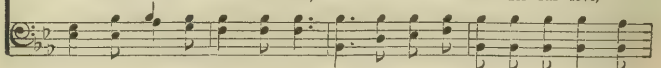


He should for the sin - ner die, Love, won-der - ful love, . . . . . The  
I am His and He is mine.  
dy - ing and un - dy - ing love."

won-der - ful love,



love of God to me; . . . . . Love, won-der - ful love, . . . . . so  
to me; won-der - ful love,



# Love, Wonderful Love.

great, so rich, so free, . . . Wid-er than the o - cean, Deep-er than the  
so free,  
 sea, . . . . High-er than the heav'ns above Is His love to me.  
 deep-est sea,

## 498 Let The Beauty Of Jesus.

Albert Orsborn.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF REV. TOM JONES.

Rev. Tom Jones.

Let the beau-ty of Je-sus be seen in me, All His  
 won-der-ful pas-sion and pur - i - ty; O Thou Spir-it di-vine,  
 All my nature re-fine, Till the beauty of Je-sus be seen in me.

# "Zeal" Our Watchword.

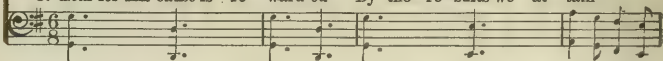
S. W. B.

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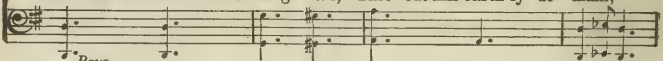
Samuel W. Beazley.

*Unison.*

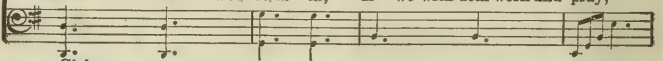
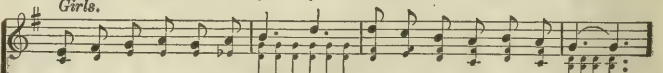
1. On to the work He has giv - en, On with a true, will-ing heart;
2. Zeal for the Mas - ter in - creas-ing, As you pur-sue the right way;
3. Zeal for His cause is re - ward-ed By the re-sults we at - tain



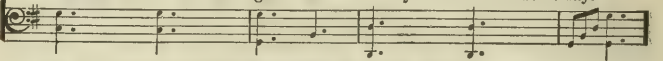
Read-y to help where you're need - ed, Ear-nest-ly do - ing your part.  
 Zeal in His good ways of serv - ice, List'ning for what He may say;  
 In the in-crease of His king-dom, Thro'-out His earth-ly do - main;

*Boys.*

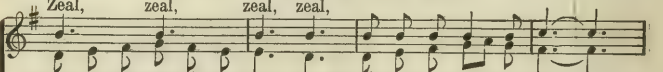
All of one mind and u - nit - ed, Put-ting forth ef-forts that tell;  
 Yield-ing your ev-'ry e - mo - tion To His com-pas-sion-ate will;  
 Souls for our hire He will lend us, If we with zeal work and pray;

*Girls.*

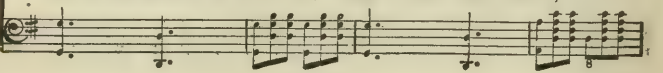
Go with a zeal all con - sum - ing— Do what you may, and that well.  
 Thus to His wis-dom con - form - ing, That your right place you may fill.  
 And aft - er all He will give us Glo - ry in Heav-en some day.

TWO-PART CHORUS, *Female voices upper, Male voices lower.*

Zeal, zeal, zeal, zeal,



"Zeal" for the cause of our Mas - ter, "Zeal" shall our watchword be; . . .



## "Zeal" Our Watchword.

Zeal, zeal, zeal, zeal,

"Zeal" for the work He's as-signed us, "Zeal" wor-thy oth-ers should see—

Zeal, zeal, zeal, zeal,

This is what Je-sus would have us Show in His work here be-low; . .

Then with a zeal nev-er dy-ing, On in His serv-ice we go. . .

## 500 Father! Whate'er of Earthly Bliss!

Anne Steele.

Naomi. C. M.

Lowell Mason.

1. Fa-ther! whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov'reign will de-nies,  
 2. "Give me a calm, a thank-ful heart, From ev-'ry mur-mur free!  
 3. "Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine, My life and death at-tend;

Ac-cept-ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe-ti-tion rise:—  
 The blessings of Thy grace im-part, And make me live to Thee.  
 Thy pres-ence thro' my journey shine, And crown my journey's end." A-MEN.

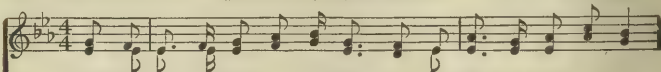


## I Can See the Lights of Home.

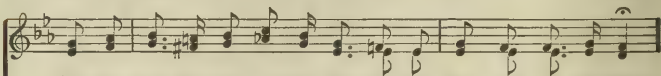
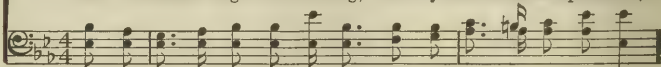
Miss Calia Altstaetter.

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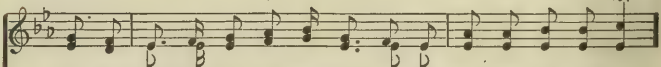
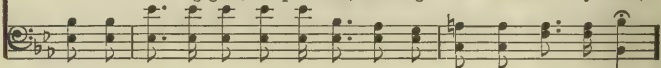
B. B. McKinney.



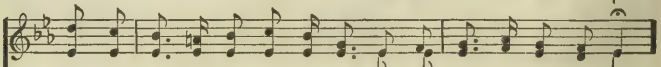
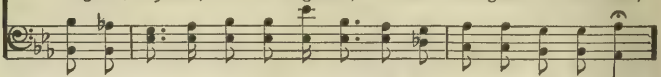
1. There's a home of man - y man-sions in the Fa-ther's house a - bove,
2. When the storms of life are rag-ing, doubts and fears my soul as - sail,
3. When the shades of night are fall-ing, and my loved ones have passed on,



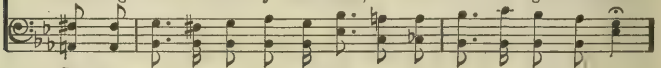
That our Sav - ior is pre-par-ing for the chil - dren of His love;  
His "Let not your heart be troub-led," I can hear a - bove the gale;  
And I'm wait - ing glad, ex - pect - ant, wait-ing for the heav'n-ly dawn,



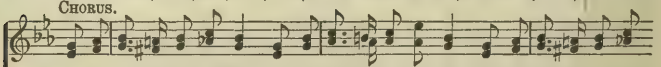
So my heart knows not de-spair-ing, tho' in sor - row oft I roam,  
So with face turned ev - er home-ward, while the bil - lows dash and foam,  
Brighter, bright-er, ev - er bright-er, till the an - gels for me come,



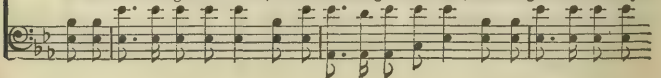
Gleam-ing from the man - y man-sions, I can see the lights of home.  
Gleam-ing from the man - y man-sions, I can see the lights of home.  
Gleam-ing from the man - y man-sions, I can see the lights of home.



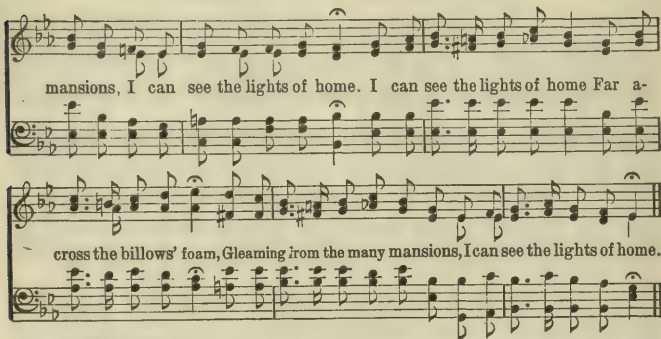
## CHORUS.



I can see the lights of home, I can see the lights of home, Gleaming from the many

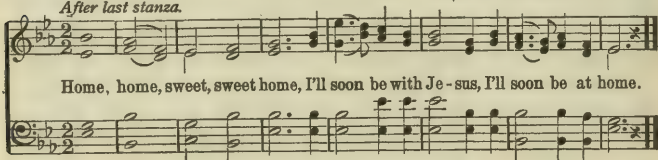


## I Can See the Lights of Home.



mansions, I can see the lights of home. I can see the lights of home Far across the billows' foam, Gleaming from the many mansions, I can see the lights of home.

*After last stanza.*



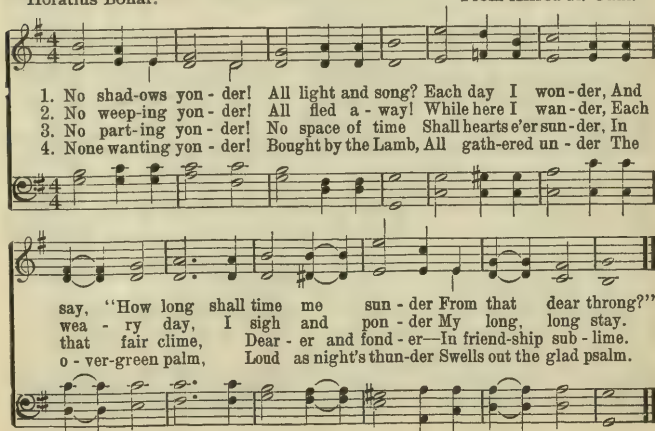
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, I'll soon be with Je - sus, I'll soon be at home.

502

## No Shadows Yonder.

Horatius Bonar.

From Alfred R. Gaul.



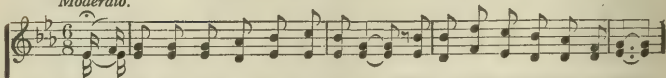
1. No shad-ows yon - der! All light and song? Each day I won - der, And  
 2. No weep-ing yon - der! All fled a - way! While here I wan - der, Each  
 3. No part-ing yon - der! No space of time Shall hearts e'ersun - der, In  
 4. None wanting yon - der! Bought by the Lamb, All gath-ered un - der The

say, "How long shall time me sun - der From that dear throng?"  
 wea - ry day, I sigh and pon - der My long, long stay.  
 that fair clime, Dear - er and fond - er—In friend-ship sub - lime.  
 o - ver-green palm, Loud as night's thun - der Swells out the glad psalm.

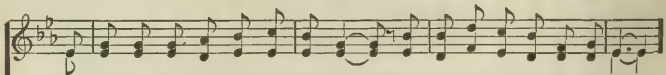
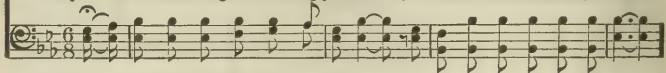
A. F. I.

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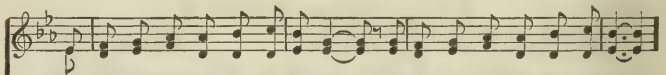
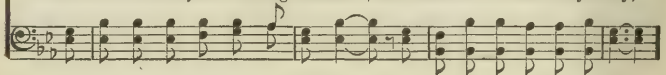
Arthur F. Ingler.

*Moderato.*

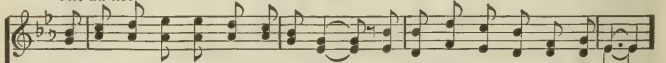
1. There's a ho - ly and beau - ti - ful cit - y, Whose builder and rul - er is God;
2. No sin is al - lowed in that cit - y, And nothing de - fil - ing or mean;
3. No heartaches are known in that cit - y, No tears ev - er moist - en the eye;
4. My loved ones are gath - er - ing yon - der, My friends, too, are passing a - way;



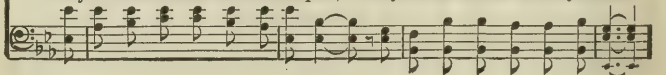
John saw it de - scend - ing from heav - en, When Pat - mos, in ex - ile, he trod;  
 No pain and no sick - ness can en - ter, No crape on the door - knob is seen;  
 There's no dis - ap - point - ment in heav - en, No en - vy and strife in the sky;  
 And soon I shall join their bright number, And dwell in e - ter - ni - ty's day;



Its high, massive wall is of jas - per, The cit - y it - self is pure gold;  
 Earth's sorrows and cares are forgot - ten, No tempt - er is there to an - noy;  
 The saints are all sanc - ti - fied whol - ly, They live in sweet har - mo - ny there;  
 They're safe now in glo - ry with Je - sus, Their tri - als and bat - tles are past;

*rit. ad lib.*

And when my frail tent here is fold - ed, Mine eyes shall its glo - ry be - hold.  
 No part - ing words ev - er are spo - ken, There's nothing to hurt or de - stroy.  
 My heart is now set on that cit - y, And some day its bless - ings I'll share.  
 They o - ver - came sin and the tempter, They've reached that fair city at last.

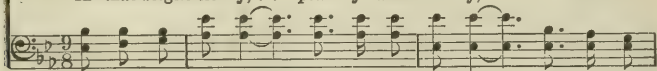


# The Pearly White City.

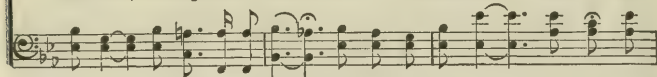
REFRAIN. *Slow.*



In that bright cit - y, . . pearl - y white cit - y, . . I have a



man-sion, an harp, and a crown; Now I am watch-ing, wait-ing, and



long-ing, For the white cit - y that's soon com-ing down. A-MEN.



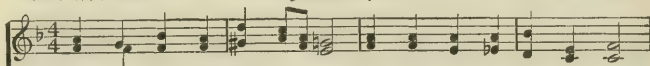
504

## Softly Now the Light of Day.

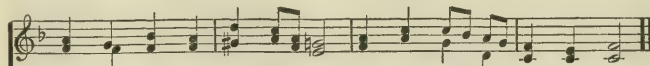
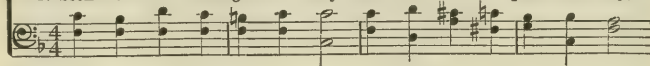
Geo. W. Doane.

Seymour. 7s.

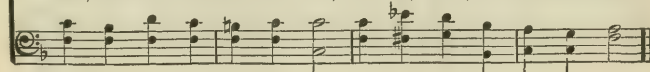
Carl M. von Weber.



1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way;
2. Thou whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,
3. Soon for us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;



Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would com-mune with Thee!  
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin!  
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee!



# 505 Master, the Tempest Is Raging.

Mary A. Baker.

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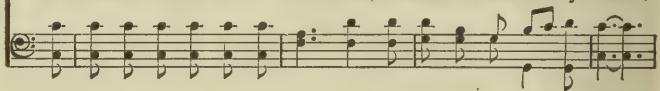
H. R. Palmer.



1. Mas - ter, the tem - pest is rag - ing! The bil - lows are toss - ing high!
2. Mas - ter, with an - guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
3. Mas - ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e - ments sweet - ly rest;



The sky is o'er-shadowed with black-ness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;  
The depths of my sad heart are troub - led; O wak - en and save, I pray!  
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir - rored, And heav-en's with-in my breast.



"Car - est Thou not that we per - ish?" How canst Thou lie a - sleep,  
Tor - rents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul!  
Lin - ger, O bless - ed Re - deem - er, Leave me a - lone no more;



When each moment so mad - ly is threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?  
And I per - ish! I per - ish, dear Mas - ter; O has - ten, and take con - trol!  
And with joy I shall make the blest har - bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.





# Master, the Tempest Is Raging.

## REFRAIN

*p* *pp*

"The winds and the waves shall o - bey My will. Peace, . . . be still! . . .  
Peace, be still! Peace, be still! peace, be still!

Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons, or men, or what-

*cres* - - - *cen* - - - *do*

ev - er it be, No wa - ter can swal-low the ship where lies The Mas-ter of

*ff*

o-cean and earth and skies; They all shall sweetly o - bey My will; Peace, be still!

*p* *p* *pp*

Peace, be still! They all shall sweet-ly o - bey My will; Peace, peace, be still!"

Alice Cary.

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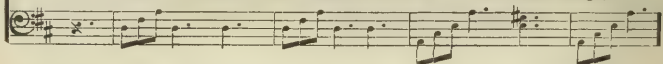
B. B. McKinney.

DUET. *Moderato.*

1. O'er the hills the sun is set - ting, And the eve ..... is drawing on,
2. One day near - er, sings the sail - or, As he glides..... the waters o'er,
3. Nearer home, yes, one day near - er. To our home..... beyond the sky,



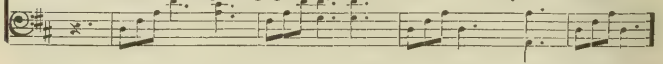
Slow - ly drops the gen - tle twi - light, For an - oth - er day is gone,  
While the light is soft - ly dy - ing, On the dis - tant, na - tive shore,  
To the green fields and the foun - tains, In our Fa - ther's home on high,



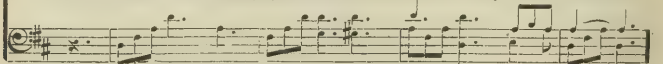
Gone for aye, its race is o - ver, Soon the dark - 'ning shades will come,  
Thus the Chris - tian, on life's o - cean, As his light - boat cuts the foam,  
For the heav'ns are growing bright - er, And the lamps hang in the dome,



Still 'tis sweet to know at eve - ning We are one..... day nearer home.  
In the eve - ning cries with rap - ture, I am one..... day nearer home.  
And our hearts are growing light - er, For we're one..... day nearer home.



Still 'tis sweet to know at eve - ning We are one..... day nearer home.  
In the eve - ning cries with rap - ture, I am one..... day nearer home.  
And our hearts are growing light - er, For we're one..... day nearer home.

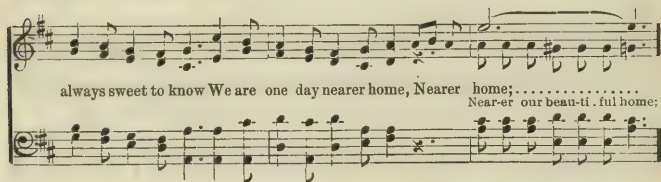


# Nearer Home.

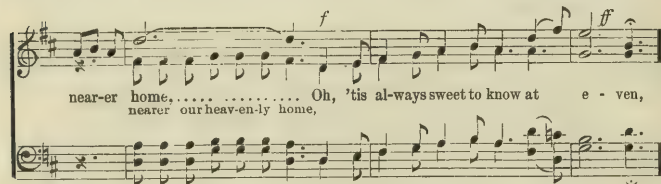
CHORUS. *All Parts.*



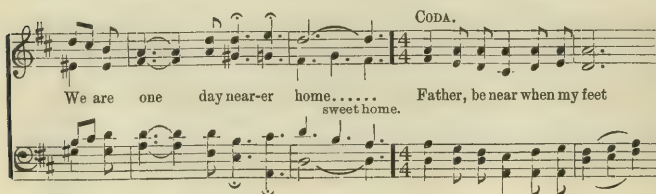
Nearer home,..... near-er home,..... Oh, 'tis  
Near-er our beau-ti-ful home, near-er our heav-en-ly home,



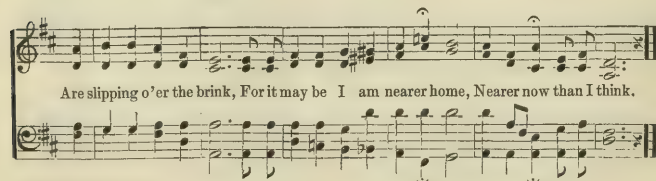
always sweet to know We are one day nearer home, Nearer home;.....  
Near-er our beau-ti-ful home;



near-er home,..... Oh, 'tis al-ways sweet to know at e - ven,  
near-er our heav-en-ly home,



We are one day near-er home..... Father, be near when my feet  
sweet home.



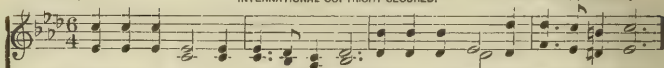
Are slipping o'er the brink, For it may be I am nearer home, Nearer now than I think.

# 507 There Is A Wonderful Name.

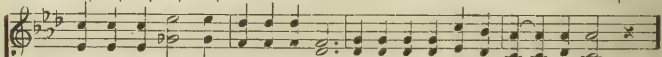
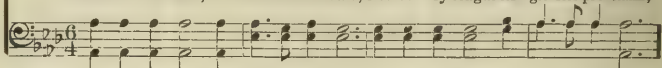
H. L.

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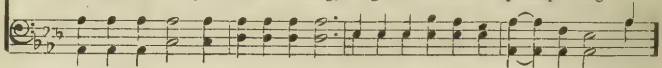
Haldor Lillenas.



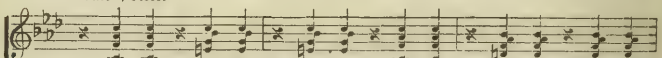
1. There is a name, a won-der-ful name, Thro' ev-'ry age its pow'r is the same;
2. There is a name, a won-der-ful name, Radiant with light, resplendent with fame;
3. There is a name, a won-der-ful name, Let ev-'ry tongue its glo-ries pro-claim;



Great is its charm, un-dy-ing its grace, Never its depths we can ful - ly trace. With  
Name that will ope the portals of heav'n, Name thro' which sin may be free-ly for-giv'n. The  
Ser - a-phims, lift your voic-es in song, An-gel - ic hosts shall its praise pro-long. Let



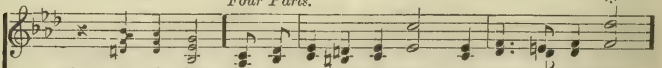
*Male Voices.*



in a dark world it glit - ters and shines, Dis - pell - ing the gloom with  
souls that were bound in sin's gall - ing chain, Their freedom have found a -  
all that hath breath ex - tol it once more, And hon - or it more than



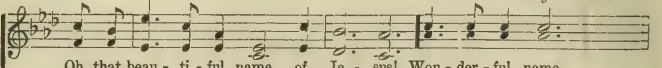
*Four Parts.*



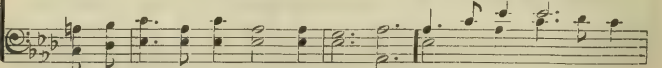
glo - ry di - vine; Oh, that won - der - ful name, That mar - vel - ous name,  
gain and a - gain; Oh, that won - der - ful name, That mar - vel - ous name,  
ev - er be - fore; Oh, that won - der - ful name, That mar - vel - ous name,



*CHORUS. Melody in Bass.*



Oh, that beau - ti - ful name of Je - sus! Won - der - ful name,  
Oh, that won - der - ful



\*The melody is in the bass in first four measures. Tenors may be divided so as to have some of them sing the bass in order to emphasize the melody

# There Is A Wonderful Name.

won - der - ful name, Glo - ri - ous name, glo - ri - ous name,  
name,..... match - less, glo - ri - ous name;.....

## *Melody in Soprano.*

No one can fathom its depth or height, No one describe all its grace a-right;

No one re - veal all its wondrous might, That mar - vel - ous name of Je - sus.

## *CODA (After last verse only.)*

## DOANE

Precious name, oh how sweet, Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;  
Precious name, oh, how sweet,

Precious name, oh, how sweet... Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.  
Pre - cious name, how sweet,



## Praise Ye Jehovah.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1933, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

Arr. from Chas. Gounod, by B. B. McKinney.

1. Praise ye Je - ho - vah, Let all the earth His glo - ry tell, Praise ye Je - ho - vah,  
2. Praise ye Je - ho - vah, The Father ev - er - last - ing: Praise Him in glo - ry,

Who is ev - er kind and mer - ci - ful, Praise ye Je - ho - vah, Who not - eth ev - 'ry  
Ye ransomed hosts un - ceas - ing - ly, An - gels a - dore Him and cast your crowns be -

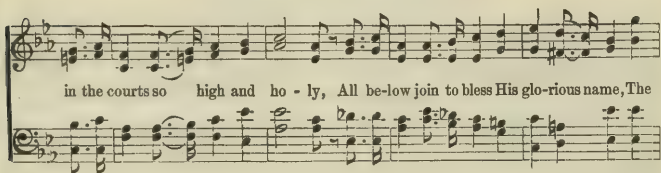
sparrow's fall, Rul - er e - ter - nal, Ev - er spreading peace and righteousness.  
fore Him, Sing all ye peo - ple, And praise the Lord for ev - er - more.

## CHORUS.

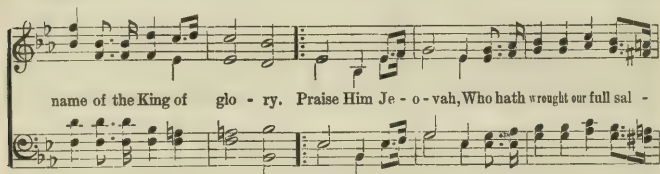
Praise ye the Lord, tell it out that Je - sus reigns In pow'r and might,  
Praise ye the Lord, and might,

love and light; He will rule in love e - ter - nal, Praise Him a - bove,  
and light; Oh, praise a - bove,

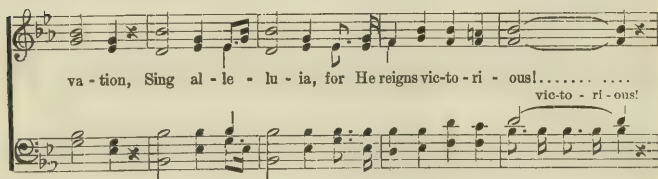
# Praise Ye Jehovah.



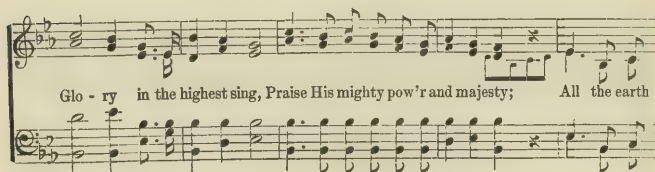
in the courts so high and ho - ly, All be-low join to bless His glo-rious name, The



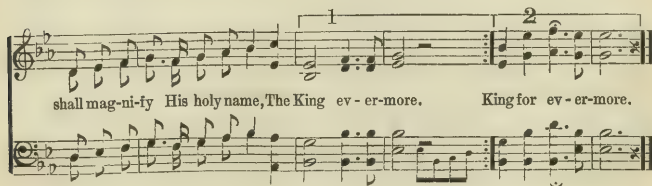
name of the King of glo - ry. Praise Him Je - o - vah, Who hath wrought our full sal -



va - tion, Sing al - le - lu - ia, for He reigns vic-to - ri - ous!..... vic-to - ri - ous!



Glo - ry in the highest sing, Praise His mighty pow'r and majesty; All the earth



shall mag-ni-fy His holy name, The King ev - er-more. King for ev - er-more.

## Unfold, Ye Portals.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1933, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

From Gounod's Redemption. Arr. by B. B. McKinney.

*Moderato.*

\* Introduction.

The introduction consists of two staves of music in 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, starting with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The bass line is in the bass clef, starting with a half note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, a quarter note B3, and a half note C4. The music is marked 'Moderato'.

*f*

Un - fold, ..... un - fold, ..... un - fold, Ye portals ev - er - last - ing,

The first vocal entry is marked 'f' (forte). It consists of two staves of music. The melody is in the treble clef, starting with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The bass line is in the bass clef, starting with a half note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, a quarter note B3, and a half note C4. The music is marked 'Moderato'.

Un - fold, ..... un - fold, ..... un - fold, Ye por - tals ev - er -

The second vocal entry consists of two staves of music. The melody is in the treble clef, starting with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The bass line is in the bass clef, starting with a half note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, a quarter note B3, and a half note C4. The music is marked 'Moderato'.

last - ing, With welcome to re - ceive Him ascending on high, Be - hold the

The third vocal entry consists of two staves of music. The melody is in the treble clef, starting with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The bass line is in the bass clef, starting with a half note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, a quarter note B3, and a half note C4. The music is marked 'Moderato'.

King of glory! He mounts up thro' the sky; Back to the heav'nly mansions hasting, Un -

The fourth vocal entry consists of two staves of music. The melody is in the treble clef, starting with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The bass line is in the bass clef, starting with a half note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, a quarter note B3, and a half note C4. The music is marked 'Moderato'.

\*Original score for accompaniment may be used.

# Unfold, Ye Portals.

*Fine.*

fold, un - fold, un - fold, For lo! the King comes nigh!

*f Soprano.*

But who is He, the King of glo - ry?

*f Chorus.*

He who death o - ver-came, the Lord in bat-tle mighty.

*Soprano.*

But who is He, the King of glo - ry?

Of hosts He is the Lord, of an - gels and of pow'rs; The King of

*D. S.*  
*ff*

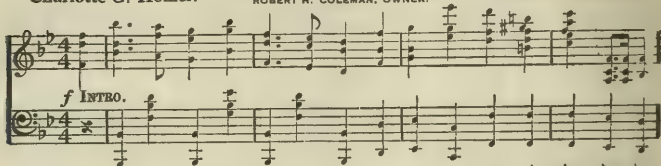
glo - ry is the King of the saints.. Un -

## Draw Nigh, Immanuel.

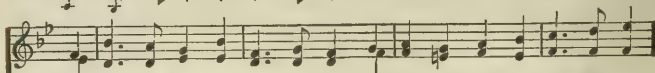
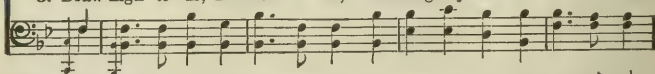
Charlotte G. Homer.

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ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

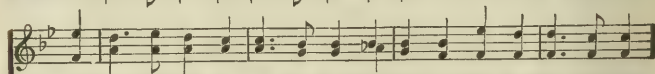
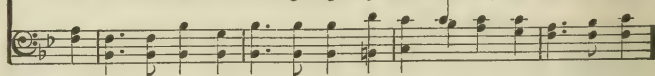
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Draw nigh to us, O God of hosts, And fill us to the ut - ter-most
2. Draw nigh to us, O Might - y One! Our shel - ter be from sun to sun;
3. Draw nigh to us, Im-man - u - el, Thou Might-y God of Is - ra - el!



With zeal to work for Thee to-day, In Thine all-wise ap-point-ed way;  
Our Al - pha and O - me - ga Thou Be - fore whom ev - 'ry knee shall bow;  
Once more from Si-nai's flam-ing height Speak, that we may be led a-right;



Re - veal Thy will in us, and show Thy hand di - vine, that we may know  
De - liv - er us from ev - 'ry sin; In us a might-y work be - gin;  
Al-might - y, ev - er - last-ing King Of kings, with con-trite hearts we sing,



We are Thy chil-dren, Thou our Guide And hid-ing-place, what-e'er be-tide.  
In-crease our faith, our strength renew, Fit us a might - y work to do.  
The righteous maj - es - ty and love Of Him who built the heav'ns a-bove.





# Draw Nigh, Immanuel.

CHORUS.

Draw nigh, draw nigh, Im-man-u-el, In  
Draw nigh, draw nigh, Draw nigh, Im-man-u-el,

Unison.

gran-deur and in maj-es-ty re-veal Thy-self to-day; Re-joice, re-

joice, O Is-ra-el, Thy God Om-nip-o-tent shall reign with

u-ni-ver-sal sway; In gran-deur and in maj-es-ty re-veal Thy-self to-

day; Thy God Om-nip-o-tent shall reign with u-ni-ver-sal sway.

## Awakening Chorus.

Charlotte G. Homer.

Copyright, 1933, Renewal.  
Homer A. Rodeheaver, Owner.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A - wake! a - wake! and sing the bless-ed sto - ry; A  
A - wake! a - wake!  
2. Ring out! ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad-ness! Re-  
Ring out! ring out!

wake! a - wake! and let your song of praise a-rise; A-wake! a-  
A-wake! a-wake! A-wake!  
peat, re - peat a - new the sto - ry o'er a-gain, Till all the  
Re-peat, re-peat, Till all

wake! the earth is full of glo - ry, And light is beam - ing  
a-wake! And light is beam-ing  
earth shall lose its weight of sad - ness, And shout a - new the  
the earth, And shout a - new

MALE VOICES IN UNISON.

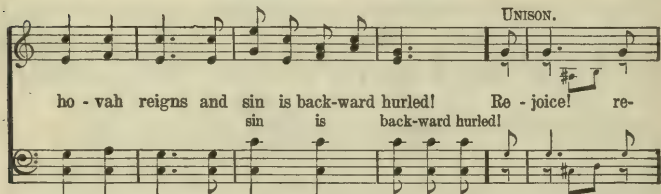
from the ra-diant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills re-sound with  
glo - ri - ous re-frain; With an-gels in the heights sing of the great sal-

FULL HARMONY.

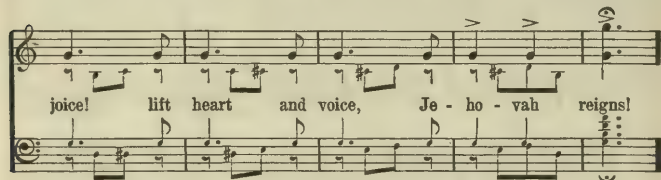
glad - ness, All na - ture joins to sing the triumph song. The Lord Je-  
va - tion He wrest - ed from the hand of sin and death.

# Awakening Chorus.

UNISON.

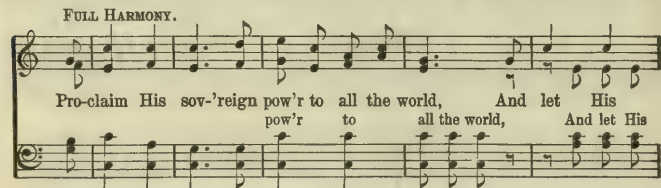


ho - vah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Re - joice! re-  
sin is back-ward hurled!

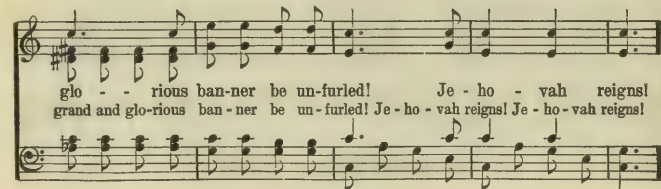


joice! lift heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns!


FULL HARMONY.



Pro-claim His sov'-reign pow'r to all the world, And let His  
pow'r to all the world, And let His



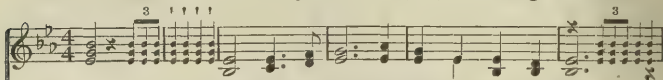
glo - - rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns!  
grand and glo-rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns! Je - ho - vah reigns!



Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice! Je - ho - vah reigns! A-MEN.  
Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice!

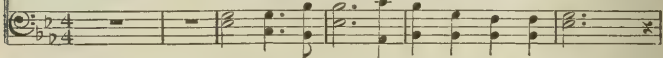
# 512 God of Our Fathers, Whose Almighty Hand.

Daniel C. Roberts. *National Hymn.* 10, 10, 10, 10. George W. Warren.



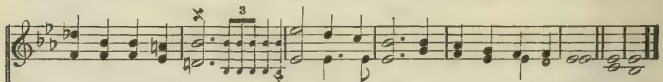
*Trumpets, before each verse.*

1. God of our fa-thers, whose al-might-y hand
2. Thy love di-vine hath led us in the past,
3. From war's a-larms, from dead-ly pes-ti-lence,
4. Re-fresh thy peo-ple on their toil-some way,



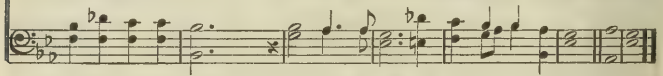
Leads forth in beau-ty all the star-ry band  
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;  
Be Thy strong arm our ev-er sure de-fense;  
Lead us from night to nev-er-end-ing day;

Of shin-ing worlds in  
Be Thou our rul-er,  
Thy true re-lig-ion  
Fill all our lives with



splen-dor thro' the skies,  
guardian, guide and stay,  
in our hearts in-crease,  
love and grace di-vine,

Our grate-ful songs before Thy throne a-rise.  
Thy word our law, Thy paths our cho-sen way.  
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.  
And glo-ry, laud and praise be ev-er Thine. AMEN.



## 513

## I Would Be True.

USED BY PERMISSION OF J. YATES PEEK.

Howard Arnold Walter.

*Peek.*

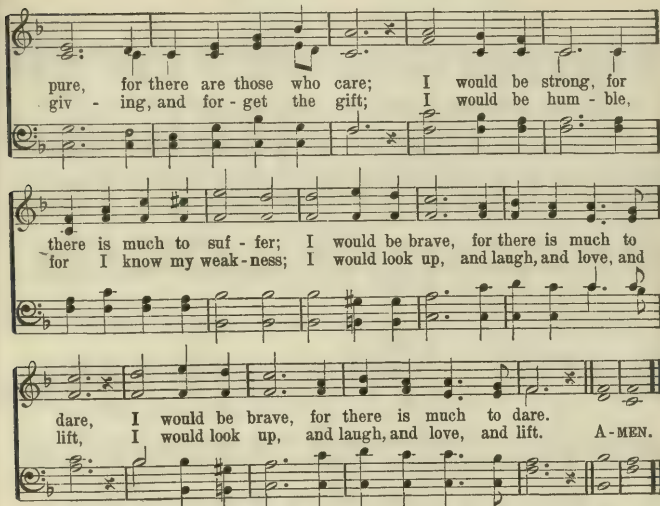
Joseph Yates Peek.



1. I would be true, for there are those who trust me; I would be
2. I would be friend of all—the foe, the friend-less; I would be



# I Would Be True.



pure, for there are those who care; I would be strong, for  
giv - ing, and for - get the gift; I would be hum - ble,  
there is much to suf - fer; I would be brave, for there is much to  
for I know my weak - ness; I would look up, and laugh, and love, and  
dare, I would be brave, for there is much to dare.  
lift, I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift. A - MEN.

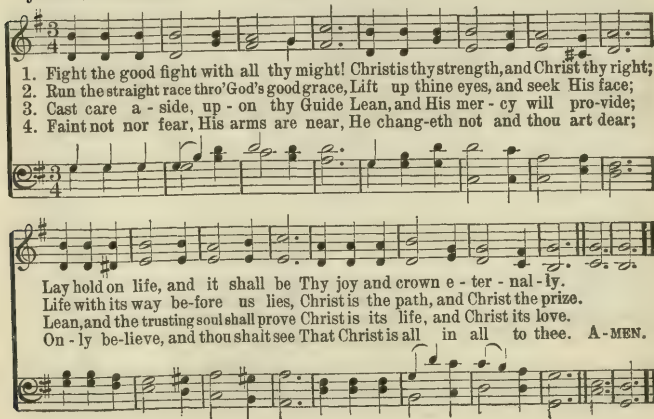
514

## Fight the Good Fight.

John S. B. Monsell.

*Pentecost. L. M.*

William Boyd.



1. Fight the good fight with all thy might! Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
2. Run the straight race thro' God's good grace, Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
3. Cast care a - side, up - on thy Guide Lean, and His mer - cy will pro - vide;
4. Faint not nor fear, His arms are near, He chang - eth not and thou art dear;

Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.  
Life with its way be - fore us lies, Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.  
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove Christ is its life, and Christ its love.  
On - ly be - lieve, and thou shalt see That Christ is all in all to thee. A - MEN.

John R. Clements.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. I'm an heir of God's grace To a pal-ace on high; A won-der-ful  
 2. I'm an heir of God's grace To an un-end-ing song; When we meet face to  
 3. I'm an heir of God's grace, I'm a child of His care; When I fin-ish life's

## CHORUS

place Where I'll dwell by and by.  
 face, In the glo-ri-fied throng. I'm an heir of God's grace, -God's won-der-ful  
 race I'll go home o-ver there.

grace; I'm a child of His love, with His light on my face. My home is a

pal-ace of song o-ver there, I'm a child of God's grace, His child and His heir.

## 516 The King of Love My Shepherd Is.

H. W. Baker.

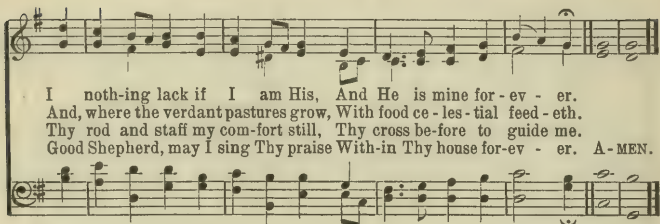
Cecilia.

J. B. Dykes.

1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev-er;  
 2. Where streams of liv-ing wa-ter flow My ran-somed soul He lead-eth,  
 3. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear Lord, be-side me;  
 4. And so through all the com-ing days, Thy love shall fail me nev-er:



# The King of Love My Shepherd Is.



I noth-ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for-ev - er.  
 And, where the verdant pastures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.  
 Thy rod and staff my com-fort still, Thy cross be-fore to guide me.  
 Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise With-in Thy house for-ev - er. A - MEN.

517

# God Save America.

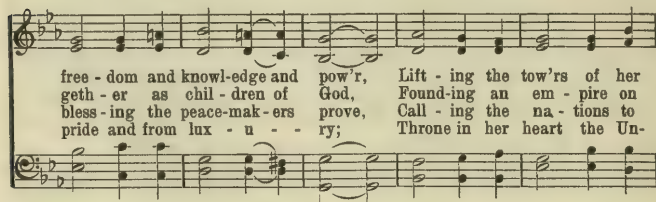
William G. Ballantine.

PROPERTY OF W. S. BALLANTINE.

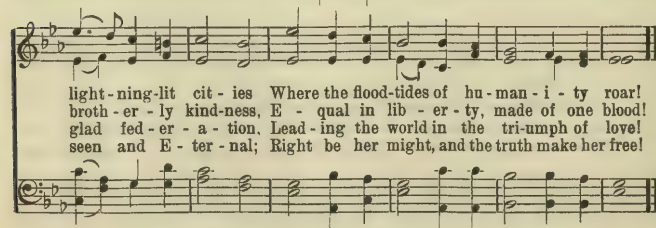
Alexis T. Lwoff.



1. God save A - mer - i - ca! New world of glo - ry, New-born to  
 2. God save A - mer - i - ca! Here may all rac - es Min - gle to-  
 3. God save A - mer - i - ca! Bear - ing the ol - ive, Here be the  
 4. God save A - mer - i - ca! Mid all her splen-dors, Save her from

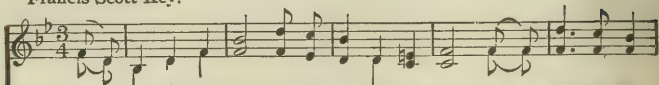


free - dom and knowl-edge and pow'r, Lift - ing the tow'rs of her  
 geth - er as chil - dren of God, Found-ing an em - pire on  
 bless-ing the peace-mak - ers prove, Call - ing the na - tions to  
 pride and from lux - u - - ry; Throne in her heart the Un-



light-ning-lit cit - ies Where the flood-tides of hu-man-i - ty roar!  
 broth - er - ly kind-ness, E - qual in lib - er - ty, made of one blood!  
 glad fed - er - a - tion, Lead - ing the world in the tri-umph of love!  
 seen and E - ter - nal; Right be her might, and the truth make her free!

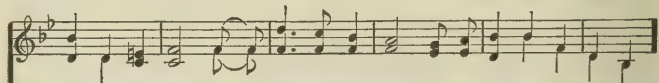
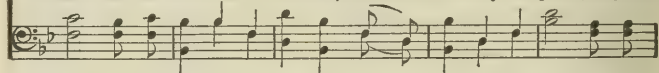
Francis Scott Key.



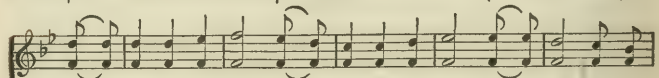
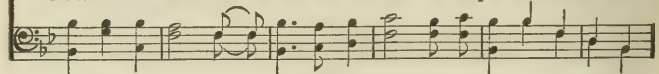
1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
3. And where is that band, who so vaunt-ing-ly swore That the hav - oc of
4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when freemen shall stand Be - tween their loved



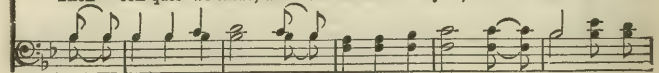
hailed at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the  
 host in dread si-lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the  
 war and the bat-tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a coun - try should  
 homes and the war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the



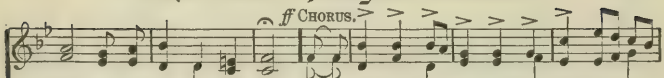
per - il - ous fight, O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?  
 tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos-es?  
 leave us no more? Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pol-lu-tion;  
 Heav'n-rescued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation!



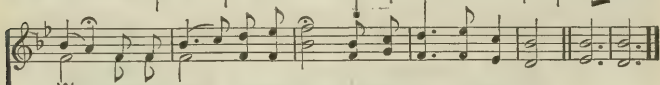
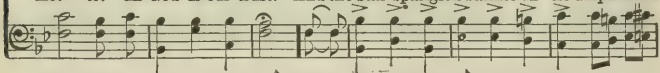
And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the  
 Now it catch-es the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re-  
 No ref-uge could save the hire-ling and slave From the ter - ror of  
 Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is just; And this be our



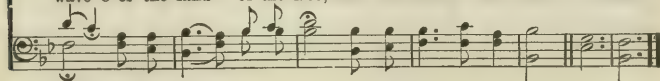
# The Star-Spangled Banner.



night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet  
flect-ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it  
flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-spangled banner in tri-umph doth  
mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled banner in tri-umph shall



wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?  
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.  
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.  
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave. A - MEN.



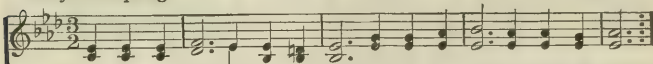
519

## God of Our Fathers.

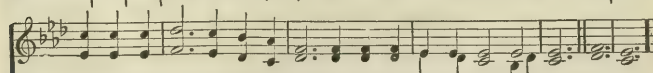
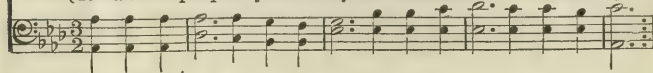
Rudyard Kipling.

Selena. L. M. 6l.

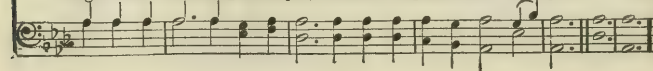
Isaac B. Woodbury.



1. { God of our fa-thers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung bat-tle line, }  
{ Be-neath whose aw-ful hand we hold Do - min-ion o - ver palm and pine: }
2. { The tu-mult and the shout-ing dies, The cap-tains and the kings de-part; }  
{ Still stands Thine ancient sac-ri-fice, An hum-ble and a con-trite heart. }
3. { Far called our na-vies melt a-way, On dune and headland sinks the fire, }  
{ To all our pomp of yes-ter-day Is one with Nin-e-veh and Tyre. }



Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for - get.  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for - get.  
Judge of the nations, spare us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for - get. A - MEN.

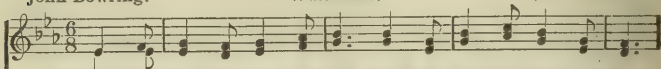


# 520 Watchman, Tell Us of the Night.

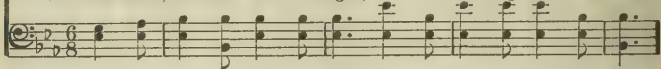
John Bowring.

Watchman.

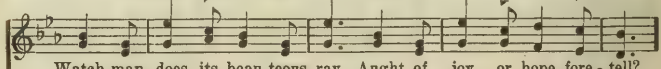
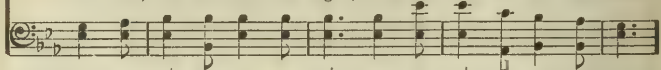
Lowell Mason.



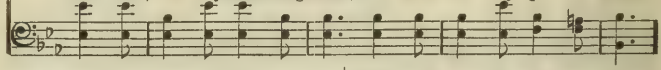
1. Watch-man, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise are.
2. Watch-man, tell us of the night, High-er yet the star as-cends.
3. Watch-man, tell us of the night, For the morn-ing seems to dawn.



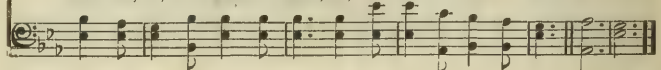
Trav-'ler, o'er yon mountain's height See that glo-ry-beam-ing star!  
 Trav-'ler, bless-ed-ness and light, Peace and truth its course por-tends.  
 Trav-'ler, dark-ness takes its flight; Doubt and ter-ror are with-drawn.



Watch-man, does its beau-teous ray Angh of joy or hope fore-tell?  
 Watch-man, will its beams a-lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
 Watch-man, let Thy wand'ring cease, Hie thee to thy qui-et home!



Trav-'ler, yes; it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is-ra-el.  
 Trav-'ler, a-ges are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth!  
 Trav-'ler, lo, the Prince of Peace, Lo, the Son of God is come! A-MEN!



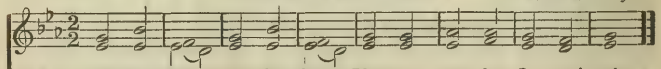
## 521

## Hear Our Prayer.

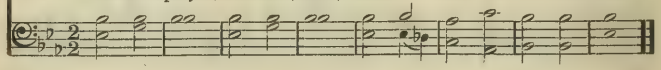
(RESPONSE.)

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B. B. McKinney.



Hear our prayer, Fa-ther, hear, Bless us now for Je-sus' sake.



John S. Dwight.

*Italian Hymn.*

F. Giardini.

1. God bless our na - tive land; Firm may she ev - er stand  
2. For her our prayers shall rise To God, a - bove the skies;

Thro' storm and night; When the wild tem - pests rave, Rul - er of  
On Him we wait; Thou who art ev - er nigh, Guard - ian with

winds and wave, Do Thou our coun - try save By Thy great might.  
watch - ful eye, To Thee a - loud we cry, God save the state. A - MEN.

## 523 Ring Out the Old, Ring in the New.

Alfred Tennyson.

*Waltham. L. M.*

J. Baptiste Calkin.

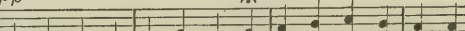
1. Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring, hap - py bells, a - cross the snow;  
2. Ring in the val - iant man and free, The larg - er heart, the kind - lier hand;

The year is go - ing, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true.  
Ring out the darkness of the land, Ring in the Christ that is to be. A - MEN.


## 524 Hear Our Prayer, O Heavenly Father.

Chopin.

*pp*



Hear our prayer, O heav'nly Fa-ther, for the dear Re-deem-er's sake. A - MEN.



525 Father Almighty, We Bow Before Thee.

Handel.

Fa - ther Al - might - y, we bow be - fore Thee, *Organ*  
 Bless us, O bless us, and hear our prayer. A - MEN.

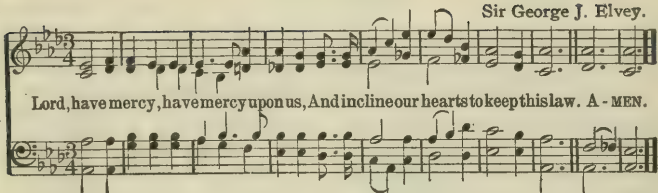
526 Almighty Father, Hear Our Prayer.

C. Lysberg.

Al-might-y Fa-ther, hear our prayer, and grant our requests, for Je-sus' sake. A-MEN.



Sir George J. Elvey.

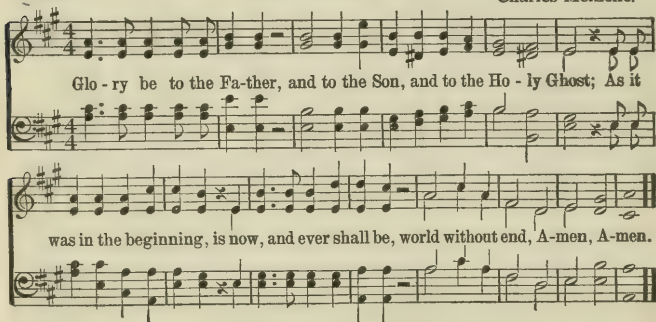


Lord, have mercy, have mercy upon us, And incline our hearts to keep this law. A - MEN.

528

## Gloria Patri.

Charles Meineke.

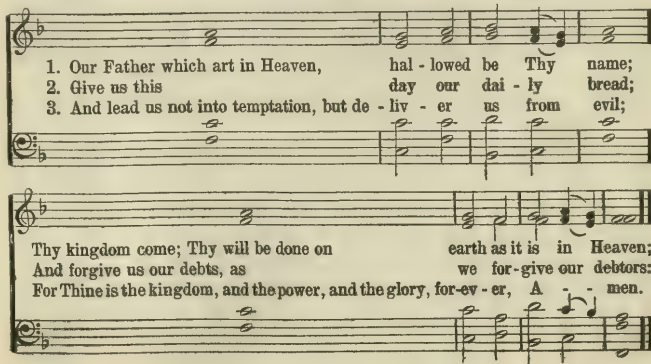


Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it  
was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, A - men, A - men.

529

## The Lord's Prayer.

Gregorian Chant.



1. Our Father which art in Heaven, hal - lowed be Thy name;  
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread;  
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de - liv - er us from evil;

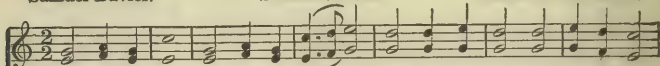
Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven;  
And forgive us our debts, as we for - give our debtors:  
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for - ev - er, A - men.

# 530 Lord, I Am Thine, Entirely Thine.

Samuel Davies.

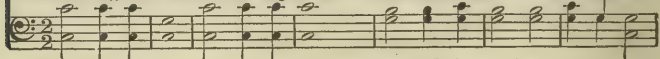
Sessions. L. M.

Luther O. Emerson.



1. Lord, I am Thine, en-tire-ly Thine, Purchased and saved by blood di-vine;
2. Grant one poor sin-ner more a place A-mong the chil-dren of Thy grace;
3. Thine would I live, Thine would I die, Be Thine thro' all e-ter-ni-ty;
4. Here, at that cross where flows the blood That bought my guilt-y soul for God,

*Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;*



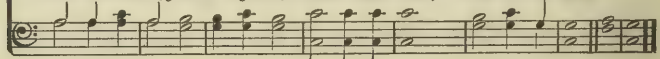
With full consent Thine I would be, And own Thy sov- 'reign right in me.

A wretch-ed sin-nor, lost to God, But ransomed by Im-man-uel's blood.

The vow is past be-yond re-peal, And now I set the sol-emn seal.

Thee, my new Mas-ter, now I call, And con-se-crate to Thee my all. A-MEN.

*Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.*

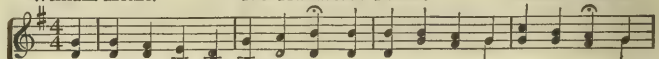


# 531 All People That On Earth Do Dwell.

William Kethe.

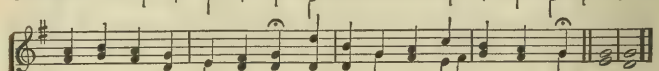
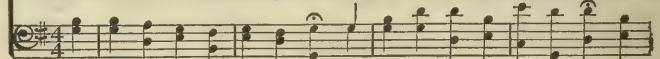
The Hundredth Psalm.

Genevan Psalter.



1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice; Him
2. The Lord, ye know, is God in-deed, With-out our aid He did us make; We
3. O en-ter then His gates with praise, Approach with joy His courts un-to: Praise,
4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer-cy is for-ev-er sure; His

*Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low; Praise*



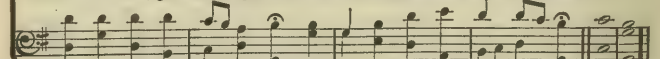
serve with fear, His praise forth tell; Come ye be-fore Him and re-joice,

are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.

laud, and bless His name al-ways, For it is seem-ly so to do.

truth at all times firm-ly stood, And shall from age to age en-dure. A-MEN.

*Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.*



# Responsive Readings

532

## The Creation

(Gen. 1:1-5, 26-31; 2:1, 2

John 1:1-5, 9, 14)

1 In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

2 And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

3 And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

4 And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness.

5 And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

6 And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

7 So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.

8 And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.

9 And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth,

and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat.

10 And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, I have given every green herb for meat: and it was so.

11 And God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, *it was* very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.

12 Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them.

13 And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made.

14 In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

15 The same was in the beginning with God.

16 All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made.

17 In him was life; and the life was the light of men.

18 And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not.

19 *That* was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

20 And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth.

## 533 The Commandments

(Exod. 20:1-17; Matt. 22:36-40;  
John 13:34, 35)

1 And God spake all these words, saying,

2 I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

### I

3 Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

### II

4 Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that it is in the water under the earth:

5 Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God *am* a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth *generation* of them that hate me;

6 And shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

### III

7 Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

### IV

8 Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy.

9 Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work:

10 But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy

cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates.

11 For *in* six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them *is*, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

### V

12 Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

### VI

13 Thou shalt not kill.

### VII

14 Thou shalt not commit adultery.

### VIII

15 Thou shalt not steal.

### IX

16 Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

### X

17 Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that *is* thy neighbour's.

18 Master, which is the great commandment in the law?

19 Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.

20 This is the first and great commandment.

21 And the second *is* like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

22 On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

23 A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another.

24 By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.

6 Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

7 Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

8 Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.

## 534 Remember Thy Creator

(Ecclesiastes 12:1-7, 13)

1 Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

2 While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain:

3 In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,

4 And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of musick shall be brought low;

5 Also *when* they shall be afraid of *that which is* high, and fears *shall be* in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets:

## 535 Noble Womanhood

(May be used on Mother's Day)

(Proverbs 31:10-15, 20, 23, 25, 31)

1 Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.

2 The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil.

3 She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.

4 She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.

5 She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar.

6 She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens.

7 She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

8 Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land.

9 Strength and honour *are* her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come.

10 Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates.



## 536 Honoring God's Day

(Gen. 2:1-3; Exod. 20:8-11; Mark 2:23-28; Acts 20:7; 1 Cor. 16:2; Acts 2:1)

1 Thus the heavens and the earth were finished,

2 And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made.

3 And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made.

4 Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy.

5 Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work:

6 But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates:

7 For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore, the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

8 And it came to pass, that he went through the corn fields on the sabbath day; and his disciples began, as they went, to pluck the ears of corn.

9 And the Pharisees said unto him, Behold, why do they on the sabbath day that which is not lawful?

10 And he said unto them, Have ye never read what David did, when he had need, and was an hungred, he, and they that were with him?

11 How he went into the house of God in the days of Abiathar the high priest, and did eat the shew bread, which is not lawful to eat but for the priests, and gave also to them which were with him?

12 And he said unto them, The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath:

13 Therefore, the Son of man is Lord also of the sabbath.

14 And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them.

15 Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him.

16 And when the day of Pentecost (the 50th day after the Passover Sabbath, being the first day of the week) was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place.

## 537 Christ in Prophecy

(Isaiah 53:3-12)

1 He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.

2 And we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised and we esteemed him not.

3 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: Yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted.

4 But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities:

5 The chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.



6 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way;

7 And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

8 He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth.

9 He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

10 He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation?

11 For he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

12 And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death;

13 Because he had done no violence, neither *was any* deceit in his mouth.

14 Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief:

15 He hath poured out his soul unto death: and he was numbered with the transgressors;

16 And he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

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## 538 The Godly Man

(Psalm 1:1-6)

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

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## 539

## My Shepherd

(Psalm 23:1-6)

1. The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

## 540 God of Nature

(Psalm 19:1-14)

1 The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork.

2 Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

3 *There is* no speech nor language, *where* their voice is not heard.

4 Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,

5 Which *is* as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, *and* rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

6 His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

7 The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

8 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

9 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord *are* true *and* righteous altogether.

10 More to be desired are they than gold: yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

11 Moreover by them is thy servant warned; *and* in keeping of them *there is* great reward.

12 Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

13 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous *sins*; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

14 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

## 541 The King of Glory

(Psalm 24:1-10)

1 The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who is this king of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift *them* up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

**542 Confidence in God**

(Psalm 37:1-9)

1 Fret not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

2 For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

3 Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

4 Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

5 Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.

6 And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.

7 Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him: fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

8 Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

9 For evil doers shall be cut off: but those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth.

**543 God Our Refuge**

(Psalm 46:1-5, 10, 11)

1 God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

2 Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

3 Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

4 There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the most High.

5 God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.

6 Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

7 The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

**544 Security in God**

(Psalm 91:1-10)

1 He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

6 Nor for the pestilence that walketh in the darkness: nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation;

10 There shall no evil befall thee.

## 545 God Our Dwelling Place

(Psalm 90:1-12)

1 Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

3 Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

4 For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning *they are* like grass *that* groweth up.

6 In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

7 For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

8 Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

9 For all our days are passed away in thy wrath; we spend our years as a tale *that is told*.

10 The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

11 Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, *so is* thy wrath.

12 So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

## 546 Give Thanks

(Psalm 92:1-9; 12-15)

1 *It is a good thing* to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O most High:

2 To shew forth thy loving kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night,

3 Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the psaltery; upon the harp with a solemn sound.

4 For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work: I will triumph in the works of thy hands.

5 O Lord, how great are thy works! and thy thoughts are very deep.

6 A brutish man knoweth not; neither doth a fool understand this.

7 When the wicked spring as the grass, and when all the workers of iniquity do flourish; *it is* that they shall be destroyed for ever:

8 But thou, Lord, art most high for evermore.

9 For, lo, thine enemies, O Lord, for, lo, thine enemies shall perish; all the workers of iniquity shall be scattered.

10 The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.

11 Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God.

12 They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing;

13 To shew that the Lord is upright: *he is* my rock, and *there is* no unrighteousness in him.

## 547 Thanksgiving

(Psalm 103:1-18)

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, *bless* his holy name.

2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8 The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

9 He will not always chide: neither will he keep *his anger* for ever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

13 Like as a father pitieth *his children*, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

14 For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

15 *As for man*, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

16 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

17 But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children.

18 To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

## 548 Answered Prayer

(Psalm 116:1, 2, 5-8, 12-18)

1 I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice *and* my supplications.

2 Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

3 Gracious *is* the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God *is* merciful.

4 The Lord preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he helped me.

5 Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.

6 For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

7 What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?

8 I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.

9 I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people.

10 Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.

11 O Lord, truly I *am* thy servant; I *am* thy servant, *and* the son of thine handmaid; thou hast loosed my bonds.

12 I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the Lord.

13 I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people.



## 549 Make a Joyful Noise

(Psalm 100:1-5)

1 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

2 Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

3 Know ye that the Lord he is God: *it is he that* hath made us, and not we ourselves; *we are* his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

4 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

5 For the Lord *is* good; his mercy *is* everlasting; and his truth *endureth* to all generations.

## 550 Beatitudes

(Matt. 5:1-12)

1 And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain; and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

2 And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

3 Blessed *are* the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4 Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5 Blessed *are* the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7 Blessed *are* the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9 Blessed *are* the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11 Blessed are ye, when *men* shall revile you, and persecute *you*, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

## 551 God So Loved

(John 3:14-21, 36)

1 And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up:

2 That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

3 For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

4 For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

5 He that believeth on him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

6 And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil.

7 For everyone that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved.

8 But he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God.

9 He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.



## 552 Good Shepherd

(John 10:1-5, 7-11, 27-30)

1 Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.

2 But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep.

3 To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice: and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.

4 And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice.

5 And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers.

6 Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep.

7 All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers: but the sheep did not hear them.

8 I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.

9 The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.

10 I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

11 My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me:

12 And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.

13 My Father, which gave *them* me, is greater than all; and no *man* is able to pluck *them* out of my Father's hand.

14 I and my Father are one.

## 553 Comfort in Faith

(John 14:1-13)

1 Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

2 In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

3 And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, *there* ye may be also.

4 And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

5 Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?

6 Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

7 Philip saith unto him, Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us.

8 Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Shew us the Father?

9 Believeth thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works.

10 Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I shall do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.

11 And whatsoever we shall ask in *ny* name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

## 554 No Condemnation

(Romans 8:1-4, 14-18, 35-39)

1 There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

2 For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.

3 For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh:

4 That the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

5 For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.

6 For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.

7 The spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God.

8 And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together.

9 For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

10 Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

11 As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.

12 Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

13 For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

14 Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

## 555 Confessing Faith

(Romans 10:8-15)

1 The word is nigh thee, *even* in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach;

2 That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

3 For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.

4 For the scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed.

5 For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him.

6 For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

7 How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?

8 And how shall they preach, except they be sent? as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!

**556 Reasonable Service**

(Romans 12:1-21)

1 I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, *which is your reasonable service.*

2 And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.

3 For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of *himself* more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith.

4 For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office:

5 So we, *being* many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.

6 Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith;

7 Or ministry, *let us wait* on our ministering: or he that teacheth, on teaching;

8 Or he that exhorteth, on exhortation: he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that sheweth mercy, with cheerfulness.

9 *Let* love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.

10 Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another;

11 Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord;

12 Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer.

13 Distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality.

14 Bless them which persecute you: bless, and curse not.

15 Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.

16 Be of the same mind one toward another. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits.

17 Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men.

18 If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.

19 Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but *rather* give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.

20 Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.

21 Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

**557 Lord's Supper**

(I Cor. 11:23-26)

1 For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, That the Lord Jesus the *same* night in which he was betrayed took bread:

2 And when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat: this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me.

3 After the same manner also *he took* the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.

4 For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come.

## 558

## Love

(I Cor. 13:1-13)

1 Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become *as* sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed *the poor*, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh not evil;

6 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

11 When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

12 For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

13 And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

## 559 Return of the Lord

(Matt. 24:36-44; Acts 1:11;  
Rev. 22:20)

1 But of that day and hour knoweth no *man*, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only.

2 But as the days of Noah were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be.

3 For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark.

4 And knew not until the flood came, and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be.

5 Then shall two be in the field; the one shall be taken, and the other left.

6 Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken and the other left.

7 Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.

8 But know this, that if the goodman of the house had known in what watch the thief would come, he would have watched, and would not have suffered his house to be broken up.

9 Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh.

10 Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? *this same* Jesus, which is taken up from you

into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven.

11 Surely I come quickly, Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

## 560 Mind of Christ

(Philip. 2:5-11)

1 Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.

2 Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God:

3 But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men:

4 And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

5 Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name:

6 That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth;

7 And *that* every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

## 561 Parable of the Prodigal Son

(Luke 15:11-24)

1 A certain man had two sons:

2 And the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living.

3 And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living.

4 And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want.

5 And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine.

6 And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him.

7 And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!

8 I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee,

9 And am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.

10 And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

11 And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

12 But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet:

13 And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry:

14 For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.



## 562

## Heaven

(Rev. 7:13-17; 21:4; 22:1, 2, 5)

1 And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?

2 And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

3 Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

4 They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

5 For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

6 And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

7 And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

8 In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

9 And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

## 563

## Temperance

(Proverbs 20:1; 23:21, 29-32; Romans 14:7, 13, 17, 21)

1 Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

2 For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty: and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.

3 Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

4 They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.

5 Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, *when* it moveth itself aright.

6 At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

7 For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.

8 Let us not therefore judge one another any more: but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.

9 For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

10 It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.

## 564

Resurrection and  
the Great Commission

(Matthew 28:1-8; 16-20)

1 In the end of the sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of



the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.

2 And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it.

3 His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow.

4 And for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men.

5 And the angel answered and said unto the women, fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.

6 He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come see the place where the Lord lay.

7 And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you.

8 And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy; and did run to bring his disciples word.

9 Then the eleven disciples went away into Galilee, into a mountain where Jesus had appointed them.

10 And when they saw him, they worshipped him: but some doubted.

11 And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.

12 Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

13 Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, *even* unto the end of the world. Amen.

## 565

## Nativity

(Luke 2:8-19)

1 And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

2 And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

3 And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

4 For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

5 And this *shall be* a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

6 And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

7 Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

8 And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

9 And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

10 And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

11 And all they that heard *it* wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

12 But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.

## 566 The Judgment

(Service)  
(Matthew 25:31-46)

1 When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory;

2 And before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats:

3 And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.

4 Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:

5 For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:

6 Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

7 Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?

8 When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee?

9 Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

10 And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

11 Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels:

12 For I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink:

13 I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.

14 Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?

15 Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did *it* not to one of the least of these, ye did *it* not unto me.

16 And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.

## 567 The Deacon's Office

(1 Timothy 3:8-13)

1 Likewise *must* the deacons be grave, not doubletongued, not given to much wine, not greedy of filthy lucre;

2 Holding the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience.

3 And let these also first be proved; then let them use the office of a deacon, being *found* blameless.

4 Even so must their wives be grave, not slanderers, sober, faithful in all things.

5 Let the deacons be the husbands of one wife, ruling their children and their own houses well.

6 For they that have used the office of a deacon well purchase to themselves a good degree, and great boldness in the faith which is in Christ Jesus.

## 568

## The Word

(Psalm 119:9-16; 18, 32, 44-48,  
54-56)

1 Wherewithal shall a young man  
cleanse his way? by taking heed *thereto*  
according to thy word.

2 With my whole heart have I  
sought thee: O let me not wander  
from thy commandments.

3 Thy word have I hid in mine  
heart, that I might not sin against thee.

4 Blessed art thou, O Lord: teach  
me thy statutes.

5 With my lips have I declared all  
the judgments of thy mouth.

6 I have rejoiced in the way of  
thy testimonies, as much as in all  
riches.

7 I will meditate in thy precepts,  
and have respect unto thy ways.

8 I will delight myself in thy  
statutes: I will not forget thy word.

9 Open thou mine eyes, that I may  
behold wondrous things out of thy  
law.

10 I will run the way of thy com-  
mandments, when thou shalt enlarge  
my heart.

11 So shall I keep thy law continu-  
ally for ever and ever.

12 And I will walk at liberty: for  
I seek thy precepts.

13 I will speak of thy testimonies  
also before Kings, and will not be  
ashamed.

14 And I will delight myself in  
thy commandments, which I have  
loved.

15 My hands also will I lift up unto  
thy commandments, which I have  
loved; and I will meditate in thy  
statutes.

16 Thy statutes have been my  
songs in the house of my pilgrimage.

17 I have remembered thy name, O  
Lord, in the night, and have kept thy  
law.

18 This I had, because I kept thy  
precepts.

## 569

## Singing

(Prov. 3:9; Mal. 3:8, 10; 2 Cor. 8:9;  
1 Cor. 16:2; 2 Cor. 9:7; Acts 20:35;  
Ps. 41:1; Prov. 19:17; Ps. 84:11)

1 Honor the Lord with thy sub-  
stance and with the firstfruits of all  
thine increase.

2 Will a man rob God? Yet ye  
have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein  
have we robbed thee? In tithes and  
offerings.

3 Bring ye all the tithes into the  
storehouse, that there may be meat in  
mine house, and prove me now here-  
with, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will  
not open you the windows of heaven,  
and pour you out a blessing, that *there*  
*shall not be room enough to receive it.*

4 For ye know the grace of our  
Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he  
was rich, yet for your sakes he be-  
came poor, that ye through his pov-  
erty might be rich.

5 Upon the first *day* of the week let  
everyone of you lay by him in store,  
as *God* hath prospered him.

6 Every man according as he pur-  
poseth in his heart, so let him give;  
not grudgingly, or of necessity: for  
God loveth a cheerful giver.

7 It is more blessed to give than to  
receive.

8 Blessed is he that considereth  
the poor; the Lord will deliver him  
in time of trouble.

9 He that hath pity upon the poor,  
lendeth unto the Lord.

10 For the Lord God is a sun and  
shield: the Lord will give grace and  
glory: no good thing will he with-  
hold from them that walk uprightly.

# Church Covenant

(Suggested)

**PREDICATE.** Having been led, as we believe by the spirit of God, to receive the Lord Jesus Christ as our Savior and, on the profession of our faith, having been baptized into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

**COVENANT IN GENERAL.** We do now, in the presence of God, angels, and this assembly, most solemnly and joyfully enter into Covenant with one another, that we will walk together in newness of life, with brotherly love, to His glory, as our common Lord.

We do, therefore, in His strength, particularly engage:

(1)

**IN THE ASSEMBLY.** That we will not forsake the assembling of ourselves together, at such times and places as the Church may appoint, for instruction, prayer, business or evangelizing; that we will strive to promote the prosperity and spirituality of this Church, and to sustain its worship, ordinances, discipline and doctrine.

And that when we remove from this place we will, as soon as possible, unite with some other church where we can carry out the spirit of this Covenant and the principles of God's Word.

(2)

**MUTUAL CARE.** That we will exercise a mutual care, as members, one of another, to promote the growth of the whole body in Christian knowledge, holiness and comfort, in all the will of God; that we will remember each other in prayer; that we will aid each other in sickness and distress; that we will frequently exhort, and if occasion require, admonish one another (according to Matt. 18:15-17), in the spirit of meekness, considering ourselves lest we also be tempted.

(3)

**CONTRIBUTIONS.** That we will cheerfully, and according to our ability, regularly contribute of our means for the relief of the poor, for the expense of the Church, for the maintenance of a faithful gospel ministry among us, and for the spread of the gospel throughout all the world.

(4)

**ALONE AND AT HOME.** That we will not omit closet religion, nor family religion, nor allow ourselves to permit the too common neglect of the great duty of religiously training our children, and others under our care with a view to the service of Christ and the enjoyment of heaven.

(5)

**BEFORE THE WORLD.** That we will walk circumspectly before the world; that we will refrain from such of its games, amusements and fashions as are foes to spiritual mindedness; that we will abstain from the sale or use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage; that we will be just in our dealings, faithful in our engagements, and exemplary in our deportment; that we will avoid all tattling, backbiting and excessive anger, in order that we may win souls, remembering that God has not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.

**INVOCATION.** And the God of Peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting Covenant, make us perfect in every good work to do His will, working in us that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen.

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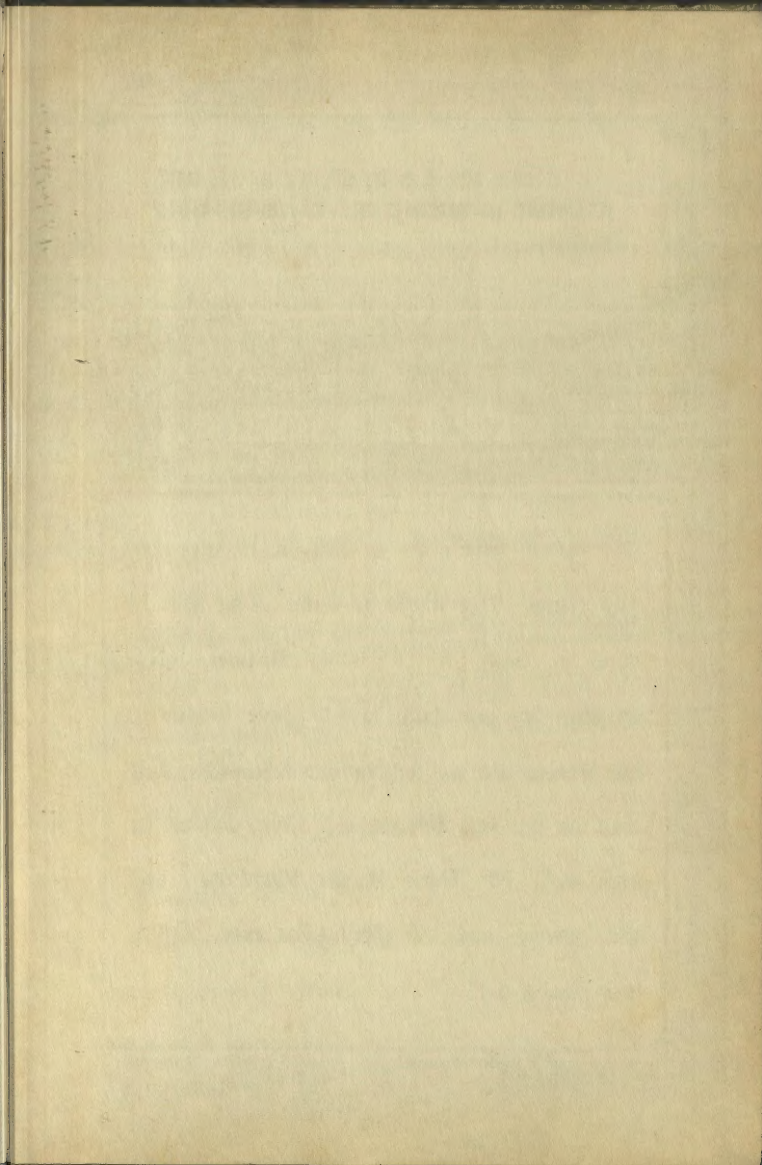
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When the dark shadows come.....	305	ZION STANDS WITH HILLS SURROUNDED.. 53	
When the days are dark and long.... 348			



Bless the Lord, O my soul: and  
all that is within me, bless his holy  
name.

PSALM CIII. 1.

### The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father, which art in Heaven, hallowed be  
Thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be  
done in earth, As it is in Heaven. Give  
us this day our daily bread. And forgive us  
our debts, As we forgive our debtors. And  
lead us not into temptation, But deliver us  
from evil: For Thine is the Kingdom, and  
the power, and the glory, For ever, Amen.

Matthew 6-9-13



Give thanks unto the Lord; for  
he is good: for his mercy endureth  
forever.

PSALM CXXXVI. I.

### Benedictions.

And now may the peace of God, which passeth  
all understanding, keep your hearts and minds  
in the knowledge and love of God, and of His  
Son Jesus Christ, our Lord, and may the blessing  
of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the  
Holy Ghost, rest upon you and remain with you  
now and for evermore. Amen.

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The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of  
God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be  
with you all. Amen.

